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THE SAGE-BRUSH FARMER'S WIFE

BY ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD

H—, IDAHO, 4, 28, 18.

MY DEAR MARY, —

When your belated telegram reached me, I was engaged in taking off hens from eighty new-hatched chicks, looking after one hundred and ten more, making over a dress to save the money for Liberty Bonds, baking war-bread with oatmeal, potatoes, bran, and a mere suspicion of wheat flour (surprisingly good, too), cleaning the house after the men's batching in it all winter, getting ready to receive a new hired hand and hunting anxiously for a hired girl, attending a lecture on food-conservation (where your telegram reached me and nearly scared me to death at first sight), making soap, and planting my war-garden with the aid of a Symphony Orchestra violinist, descendant of the Russian nobility on his mother's side.

You see, my violinist has come to invest in farm-land, and he has taken a notion to get some first-hand experience at farming. He is M— G—, of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and you may remember his visit to Provo, when he played in the tabernacle. He is much amused to think they had to build a platform especially for the eighty-five men in the orchestra, and called the tabernacle the Mormon church. I was simply flabbergasted this morning when he showed us his adver-

tising matter, with the press-notices from all over the world. He had just been praising my corn-waffles, and I was plumb skeered to look him in the face. All I could do was to murmur mournfully, 'Now I can never cook for you again!' But he ate my plain oatmeal mush, cooked under pressure in my steam-canner, with lots of cream, for supper, and we all forgot that we were entertaining a celebrity in disguise.

What a pleasure it was when he resurrected his fine violin from his trunk and played for us! I shall not eat a thing out of that sacred garden — but I suppose we shall have to, in spite of the sacrilege. Shades of his noble ancestors! I wonder what his mother, or those past enthusiastic audiences would think, if they could see his long, artistic fingers poking my onion-bulbs into the ground! He is a close friend of Mischa Elman, played for Galli-Curci only a short time ago, etc., etc., until my head whirls, and I wonder whether I am dreaming, having labored too hard at my various tasks.

How did we come by him? His uncle has a shack just below us, and he came unexpectedly there one day, and we took him in the next, ignorant of his musical worth.

Yours as ever,

A.

P.S. I am much amused at my Symphony artist being my gardener; but it is n't much stranger than me being a farmer's wife, now is it?

H—, IDAHO, 5, 13, 18.

DEAR FOLKS, —

In the midst of my rush I am trying to write to you. I have been cook and general houseworker for family and four hired hands, two of them sleeping in the wagon on some hay. Two are now gone, but with the two left I hardly know the difference. Thank goodness, it is against my patriotic principles to bake cake and pie. That word 'patriotic' shows the state of my mind. It is a wonder I did not write 'idiotic' in its place.

For some time Jim was on the verge of insanity trying to farm a hundred and twenty acres alone — get the crop in and irrigate at the same time. Then it rained hired hands. We have been farming with the aid of a Russian Bolshevik, an English conscientious objector, an I.W.W., and a man from Arkansas who never saw an irrigation-ditch before. The Russian Bolshevik is also a quite wonderful violinist, playing in the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. He wants to buy land, and thought it would be agreeable to help out some farmer who would board him for his labor. And then he wanted to choose what that labor should be, and just how much time he should put on it. Also, he was not giving the farmer any symphony music free of charge.

I revered his genius, but I reached the point where even Paderewski would have been able to irrigate the garden right or go to a hotel. He thought we were quite hard on him when we did n't want to keep him on just for his board, for, like the average city man, he has the opinion that it requires neither skill nor brains to farm, and that he could do it at a moment's notice if so

inclined. I tell you, it takes more brains, courage, and endurance to farm than to do any other work in existence. I consider myself a brave soldier in this world's war, with my uncurled hair, my tired face, and my broken fingernails — down below the quick, so they hurt. That does n't mean that I am the most efficient person for the job. It simply means that I am doing all in my power.

So our Symphony violinist left to-day. Our conscientious objector left some days ago. Jim sent him to another farmer, who found papers in his coat which pointed to his being an I.W.W., and of course the I.W.W. is not allowed in Idaho. So the farmer turned him over to the sheriff. He was a red-headed English boy, and we were all certain he would be deported, but it turned out differently. We had been suspecting his companion who worked for us of being an I.W.W., and I dropped a few remarks to lead him on. His answers convinced me that he was one, and one day my Bolshevik violinist and my Polish hand got into quite a noisy argument as to which was the better Bolshevik, and Trotsky's name was thrown from one to the other, when I banged on the table. 'Now, look here, boys,' I said, no matter about your old-world affiliations. What I want to know is, what organization you belong to right here in America.'

I asked the violinist first, purposely.

He answered, 'None; I am an American citizen.' (He has taken out his first papers, but he is anti-English and anti-American.)

Then I turned to Gus, the Pole, born in Russia, but raised in America. 'And to what do you belong?'

He looked me frankly in the face and answered with a little smile, 'I am an I.W.W.'

'That is what I thought,' I answered quietly. 'You had better tell Mr. G— as soon as you can.'

So Gus — that is his name — ‘fessed up,’ and Jim told him about the arrest of his partner, English George. We should have turned Gus in, I suppose; but we both like him and considered that, in spite of his violent principles, he was really less harmful to this country than the anti-English, anti-American violinist, who talks against the Liberty Bonds and other methods the government has of maintaining the war. Gus was unusually intelligent and well-read, a splendid worker, and, I have no doubt, an agent sent out by the I.W.W. to spread their propaganda. Gus and I had a great many talks, during which he failed to convince me of the right of sabotage.

When Gus heard of George’s plight, he went to the rescue, though we assured him that it meant a prison sentence; but both George and Gus were lucky, for George had been released, and Gus ‘talked’ his way out, as he expressed it in a letter.

Now we have left the man from Arkansas — a quiet, efficient farmhand, and American, thank heaven! We don’t want the ‘melting-pot,’ as America has been called, to boil over and spill any more aliens on our farm.

I have n’t a girl, for the man from Arkansas costs a hundred dollars per month, and we cannot afford the added forty dollars which Mary asks. So, with house, garden, and chickens, you can well imagine that I have my hands full. We go absolutely nowhere. We work from dawn till long after dark, and are never rested. There are times when it strikes me as a terrible life to live, and, like Gus, I ‘long for the Open Road.’ I wonder, when the city person is guying the farm hayseed, if he realizes what a life the farmer and his family live, and all for a mere pittance.

I had the fright of my life a day or so ago. It was my first experience with fire, and when I tell you that five min-

utes more would have meant that Joe and Rhoda — it is too horrible to dwell upon. When my Symphony Orchestra man failed me as an irrigator in the garden, I seized the time right after dinner, when both babies had been put to bed, to go out into the garden and set the water myself. I had just got it set when the violinist came out of the kitchen-door and called, ‘Your baby is crying, Mrs. G——.’ And in spite of the fact that he can’t farm and is anti-B. and A., I shall bless him all my life for calling me. I went into the house and could hear both Rhoda and Joe shrieking at the tops of their voices. I could smell something burning, and stopped to investigate my stove. Finding nothing wrong, I opened the bedroom door. I was choked by a gush of smoke, and could see beyond that one of the beds was on fire, and that in the other Joe and Rhoda were sitting up, screaming in terror. The flames were rushing up, but I beat them out with my hands, and dragged burning bedding and mattress out into the yard, where I poured on water. Remarkably, my hands were not burned.

I went back three times to bring out things, and each time nearly suffocated. The fourth time I brought the babies. The corner in which they were sitting was almost free from smoke on account of a partly opened window beside their bed. White and trembling, the three of us sat on the cellar-door, and my heart was full of thanks as I gazed at the ruined bedding and mattress. Rhoda was almost too frightened to tell me how it happened; but I was so glad to have both of them alive that I was very gentle with her. She had found a match in the pocket of her papa’s bathrobe, which happened to be lying across the foot of her bed. She has always been praised for bringing every match she finds to either her papa or me, so she called and called me to come and get

the match. As I did not come, she decided to light it, and because it burned her finger, she dropped it. Thank God, it did not fall on her cotton dress, but falling on the cotton comfort, it immediately burst into flames, and she was so alarmed that she ran over and crawled in bed with Joe, who woke and began to cry. The violinist was in the next room, but Rhoda was so frightened at what she had done that she did n't dare call him. Then, when the room began to fill with smoke and the flames to climb higher, both children cried aloud in terror.

If I had left them alone — or if I had stayed to set water five minutes longer —

I have been sick about it ever since. Other people have had to bear such things, and why not I? Nothing shall take me from the house again unless Walter or Jim is with them, even if the garden produces nothing. A.

H—, IDAHO, June 9, 1918.

MY DEAR COUSINS, —

We are having real summer days now. The boys have gone up swimming in the weir, flies are droning about, myriads of birds, such as we never had before, are here, and the mountains and the valley are a vision in blues, browns, and greens. The boys are really going barefoot for the first time in their lives. They have tried it several times, but failed; but now Jim tells them that they should be ashamed to wear shoes in war-time, and that the Civil War started the fashion of shoeless urchins. And since the war is a real issue with the boys, they are bravely treading, if somewhat gingerly, the cinder-path, the alfalfa, and the rough ground.

There must be thousands of families in the United States living as we are — almost planning our very breathing according to the war. Both boys have milk customers whose pay goes into

war-stamps. Each child now has a Liberty Bond, though some of them were contracted for with only faith to show where the money was coming from. We are eating strange breads that make us sit down with apprehension at the table. Most of it looks inedible, resembling masonry, roofing, etc., but tasting astonishingly good if you shut your eyes.

But if the bread looks more like the results of an adobe yard, there is no objection to be made on any score to my barley pancakes and barley waffles, corncakes and corn waffles. I use two thirds wheat in my bread, but no wheat whatever in biscuits, waffles, pancakes, and muffins. Besides, we eat lots of oatmeal mush.

A few days ago Jim came home from town and said, 'I turned in the flour-hoarders to the government.'

I turned to him, shocked. 'Why, Jim, that means your friends around here.'

'I have no friends during this war,' he answered. 'The government man asked me if I knew anyone out here hoarding flour, and I said I did. He asked for their names, and I gave them. They have no right to hoard flour during this war, and I have no friends who must be sheltered from the government.'

I agreed with him. I, for one, would be ashamed to have a piece of white bread on the table — unless it were made of white cornmeal. My conscience kicked up a dreadful row when I wanted to buy a dress this summer for best. I have n't had a best summer dress since we came to Idaho, and that's five years ago, and I have had one summer hat — \$1.40, from Sears & Roebuck, or Roars & Seaback, as Jim calls them. Conscience got the worst of it, for I sent away for a simple white dress and hat to go with it. If I had been able to get into my five-year-old white dress, I would n't have done so;

but I cannot go about with a dress in front and none in the back, even to save for the war. I might if I were beautiful, — might even dispense with the gown entirely, — for modesty in my opinion should be used principally to hide imperfections. The beauty of the human body is not wicked when exposed, but only when suggested.

How some of the people here do try to escape helping the government! It is n't because they are farmers, it is because they are ignorant, and know nothing of the labor-pains that are now throwing the world into agonized prostration. I would rather die, cut off in youth, having pulsed with the heart of a world-ideal, than live forever, — hibernate, — shut off in thought and sympathy from highest resolve of the human family.

We have our troubles with our work. A deep community well has been driven at the schoolhouse, and we are looking forward to having some of the water. Jim, being a trustee, was at the bottom of that well — oh, no, I don't mean that literally. I am afraid that, if the well had been driven and only Jim found at the bottom, the community would have been ungrateful enough to be disappointed. As it is, they are kicking, many of them, because he was at the bottom of the plan that gave us the deep well — and yet we are to be without water of any kind for three months next winter, and they know it! I believe they would go around with their tongues hanging out with thirst rather than owe their drink to someone who had the brains to think of driving the well with public funds for the benefit of us all. But farmers are no more jealous of each other than business-men, doctors, lawyers, teachers, or actors.

I forgot to say that our troubles consist of that which frequents the kidneys. Jim had just made some exclamation to that effect when Rhoda made the

startling announcement, 'Joe dropped one of his kidneys.' 'Is that so?' I heard Jim say; 'and then what did he do?' 'Oh,' answered Rhoda, 'he picked it up and swallowed it again.'

We greeted this answer with laughter, Charles joining loudly, whereupon Walter, the sophisticated, challenged, 'Charles, you don't know what a kidney is.'

Charles was equal to the occasion, however. 'Yes, I do,' he said, 'it's trouble. Don't you know papa always says, "kidney trouble"?''

My trouble, of course, is the incurable caused by Joe's birth, and I work and pray at the same time. But what's the use of complaining? I can bear things as long as I can, and when I can't, I can't. And my bearing period usually lasts from sun-up till long after dark. The pain is not so bad that I cannot sleep through most of it. But it is a very foolish and useless trouble to be carried about by a farmer's wife.

Jim is irrigating one hundred and twenty acres as fast as he can, I am irrigating a half-acre garden, and the kids are irrigating everything on the place except their hands and faces. Rhoda fell in the canal this morning all over, and yesterday Joe sat down in a muddy ditch up to his waist. Oh, the joys of wash-day on an irrigated farm!

I get up an hour before anyone else in the house and work in the garden. It is the only time I can squeeze out. And yet the weeds are trying to smother things. But I have my reward, for the world is very beautiful in the tender early morning, with a mist over her waking eyes. And the little birds twitter, while the insects begin to awaken. The smell of it, too — the good, fresh, green earth just waking to another day. And nobody but me and God fully awake there in my garden! The feel and the thrill of it is worth forcing my tired body out of bed to experience.

Don't know when I shall have a chance to write again, so am making a book of this. My love to you all. Think of a green farmhouse on the top of a hill, with the green valley all round, circled by beautiful blue mountains, the blue sky above, with floating white puffs of clouds, and me standing in the garden taking breaths and just soaking it all in. Good-bye.

Yours, A.

H—, IDAHO, *July 4, 1918.*

DEAR COUSINS, —

I am heart and soul for the Non-Partisan League which has just come to Idaho. The farmers are the most patient class in the world — partly because of ignorance. It took educated farmers to start the Non-Partisan League, and it is the educated farmers that are making it 'go.' I have been a victim, as a farmer's wife, of so many abuses by those more powerful than the farmer, that I am ready right now to vote for the League candidates. Senator Borah is to be one of them, and I think the League is apt to favor the Republican ticket more than the Democratic, because Senator Borah was the means of getting a plank into the platform in favor of state-owned water and other utilities. Of course, you know that the League does not put its own ticket in the field, but just supports the men it wants on either ticket, unless there is no good man to be had; then it runs a man of its own.

Returning to our haying, I told Jim that I knew at last that he really loved me, when he came home and told me that he had told the men he asked to help him that 'there was nothing doing on the supper.' I expected them to refuse to help him, but most of them have hay themselves this year, so they did n't balk. That supper, after a big dinner, and mountains of dishes at noon, has always been the straw to break the

camel's back. I consider this one of the bravest, most thoughtful, and loving acts that a farmer ever did for his wife, and entirely without precedent. I hope, for the sake of the other women here, it will start a new fashion. The poor woman next to us had ten men to cook for — they have an old-fashioned hayderrick — noon and night for about a week, and was so sick she was hardly able to be about at the time. Her husband was afraid to squeak, and those helpers did n't care. There is nobody on earth, I verily believe, so utterly heartless with women as some farmers. They regard them as work-animals, and have become so used to seeing them drudge with a burden almost too hard to bear, that they think nothing of it — think nothing of anything except their own convenience and a dollar saved.

Jim had the unique experience of hatching out a batch of chicks with a mowing-machine. True, he cut off the mother's head at the same time, and the operation was not quite delicate enough, as it killed a number of chicks; but the children carefully gathered up the others, and I finished getting them out of the shells, and placed them under a pullet that had been broody for three days. She would n't accept them at first, but I put her in the chick-pen with them, and she had a chance to size them up. She seemed very much distracted. She felt certain that she had not sat on the marked nest-egg long enough to hatch out six chicks. At last she seemed to turn it over in her mind and become resigned. 'Perhaps,' she seemed to think, 'this is just some more war-time efficiency — instead of taking three weeks to bring out my chicks, I have been allowed only three days. I expected to get a good long rest, but I suppose it's a case of work or fight, and I don't fancy the trenches, so here goes.' Whereupon she adopted them.

The casualties are very great on the farm — mostly wild things. Every day the children bring in dead birds and rabbits, and we mourn over them. The farm is overflowing with birds this year although there are hardly any trees. They nest in the earth, with alfalfa waving above them. They are around our doors every day — meadowlark, red-winged blackbird, mourning doves, purple martins, pheasants, orioles, hawks, canaries, mocking-birds, killdeer, and up above, passing over our heads, the sandhill cranes, wild geese, and ducks. The rabbits are very bad this year, and are taking the crops on farms at the outside of the segregation. There have been several rabbit drives. Did you ever see one? To me it is terrible. The men and women chase the rabbits with clubs, and as they club the pitiful creatures to death, the rabbits scream like babies.

The men pile them in ghastly mounds — long-eared, velvet-furred, glassy-eyed. I suppose there is no help for it, as the warm winter has caused them to propagate so freely, and the grass is gone from the range. Also, the farmer got it into his head that the coyote was his enemy, and killed them nearly all in these parts. The coyotes seldom troubled any of us except with their weird cries, and they kept down the rabbit population within bounds.

With much love,

A.

H—, IDAHO, July 12, 1918.

MY DEAR SISTER, —

When I read of the fruit you have been 'putting up,' I feel like saying with a former neighbor of mine that it seems 'hardly impossible' that you should be able to get fruit so easily. Here it is the twelfth of July, and I have n't been able to get my hands on a quart of fruit, that is, excepting a few red currants that grew in our gar-

den. That will be the extent of the fruit-crop on our farm this year. We usually have a few strawberries — not enough to can — but some to eat with shortcake to make them go further; but the frost got them this year, and next year the alfalfa will have them in its all-embracing grasp, having invaded the garden in the solid ranks of an enemy army.

I have just written for seventy-five pounds of cherries, but have not yet heard whether I shall be successful in obtaining them. Have just heard of some dewberries at \$3 per crate. Way out of sight, but feel that we must have them, as I hear on all hands that the fruit crop here is short, and that the merchants in Twin Falls are buying up everything and shipping it out of the country. A fine patriotic thing to do, considering that the local women are frantic for fruit, that the government is urging using home-products, that the railroads are congested with necessary freight, and that by sending these products out, the merchants will be enabled to sell to the women here, who cannot obtain fruits for canning, their own high-priced canned goods next winter. Talk about profiteers!

We simply camp in the summer-time — not an unnecessary thing to catch dust, not an unnecessary thing that must be cleaned. I used to look at your house last winter, with all its china, bric-à-brac, fine furniture, and silver, and try to picture it after one week on an irrigated farm with you taking care of a garden and chickens — but my imagination broke down. I had white spreads on the beds until last week, but I could n't stand the washing — they had to go in the tub every week. You see we have no room for a couch downstairs where the beds are, and some of us want to lie down every day. The beds are the only place to rest. I will not deny a tired father or sleepy boy

the use of the bed just because he has on overalls, and overalls are never clean. So the beds have sage-colored covers on that answer the purpose of comfort if not of beauty.

What housekeeping I do is done under four decided disadvantages, namely, Walter, Charles, Rhoda, and Joe. I had just papered the pantry shelves when I was horrified to notice a dribbling of molasses all over their otherwise clean surfaces. Could I have dripped it in an absent-minded mood? But no, as I gazed upon its varying trail, I decided that I might be absent-minded, but I was not crazy. At least, not in my own opinion. Investigation showed that Walter thought it would be a worthy object to get rid of the flies, which have begun to come. He decided that molasses was the way, and since the flies were coming to the pantry shelves, what could be more natural than to catch them there with molasses?

My gardening is done under the same conditions. All the family camps joyfully on mother's trail when she goes forth to garden. Rhoda carefully nurtures a milk-weed under the guise of 'thome nithe lettuth,' while uprooting all the young beets around it to give it room; Charles thoughtfully pulls the heads off the young beans to help them through the ground; Walter makes dams in the irrigation corrugates, which his mother later vehemently 'damns,' internally if not externally; Joe walks without distinction, treading down young corn, tomatoes, lettuce, etc., and leaving ruin in his wake; and to cap it all, the dog, who adores me, comes in affectionately, with his head cocked on one side, tail waving jubilantly, to watch me thin turnips, and sits down on my biggest, most promising tomato-plant. Of course, the tomato-plant is no more. Then mother rises in wrath. It was the dog that

broke, not only the tomato-plant, but the camel's back. Mother grabs a baby in each hand, and forces the two young hoodlums on ahead of her, with the dog slinking, tail in, at the rear. Oh, well, babies and dogs are more important than gardens, but we do have to provide for the eating on the farm. In fact, the eating problem is about the most important one. I hope to can several hundred quarts of fruit and vegetables before the summer is over, salt down some vegetables, and dry others. Dried fruit I cannot endure, but if we had the fruit to dry, I would gladly do it, so that there would be plenty on hand.

I have a chicken hospital on the back porch that is always 'full up' — every bed taken. After they are well enough to turn loose, my heart is wrung by the fact that they usually die of one thing or another within a day or two, hospital life having unfitted them for meeting the cold, cold world. A few days ago Rhoda was with her father, who was milking, when a beautiful white hen came staggering out of the tool-room, turned up her toes, and proceeded to die. 'Boys, one of you has uncovered the poisoned oats. Go see to it. Rhoda, don't you tell your mamma about that hen,' said Jim.

As soon as Rhoda reached the house, of course she imparted the horrifying news. I went immediately to the scene of trouble and found the hen dying, her head purple. I took her to the house, poured tannic acid solution down her, cut her crop open, having boiled all necessary instruments, dug out the poisoned grain, sewed her up inside and outside, nursed her on the back porch for three days, and she is now hopping about and singing her laying song, which appeals to me as much as that of any grand opera star, this time of year, when eggs are scarce.

We nearly lost our little Joe in the

big ditch—a canal—that runs in front of our house. We had had two scares, and then the awful thing happened. Walter just happened to notice that the little fellow had slipped down the muddy bank and could n't get out. Of course, each of us thought the other one was watching him. I never let him out of my sight now. I can hardly believe that we really have our baby still, after seeing him led to me dripping and shaking from the ditch. That ditch has been my nightmare with three babies. I keep Joe in now unless I take him with me.

Love from your SISTER.

H—, IDAHO, 10, 15, 18.

MY DEAR COUSINS, —

Just at the time that the checks came for Rhoda's and Joe's birthday, the rush season had begun, and it has never slackened a moment since. Now, while I write, the tomatoes and string beans are waiting to be canned, and a rooster is walking placidly about the yard, who will within the hour be occupying an aluminum kettle. It is cook, cook, cook and can, can, can.

We had twenty-six men for our threshing. I did all the cooking, with a woman to come and help serve and wash dishes. Not having any help has kept me too busy to breathe this summer. Mary wanted forty dollars a month, and of course I was to do all the cooking. As our hired man costs us one hundred per month, we could n't see much profit in that.

The view from our house would be worth any amount of money. We are on a rise of land overlooking the valley, with the sweeping mountains all around the horizon. They change in color from hour to hour, pale blue, steel gray, deep purple, and our heads are in the clouds, giving a magnificent sense of space that almost amounts to wings. Many times, as I have been hanging out the clothes,

I have stopped stock still with a sense of elation, as I gazed at the wonderful breadth of sky full of puffy clouds gliding gently along, and I have lost all earth-sense, and have felt that I, too, was gliding along with them, freed from all that hampers one on this globe. I may change my mind, but at present I feel that I could not bear to spend my life anywhere in the world but on this rise of land, facing this clean, mountain-embraced valley, with the clouds and the blue stretching in one vast eternity above me.

I have been laughing to myself about my innocent discussion of politics in one of my letters to you. I understand better about the Non-Partisan League now, and while I am just as good a Leaguer as ever, I can't help feeling sorry for the poor Democrats. I won't ever dare tell my father that I belong to a political organization that would play the Democrats such a mean trick. You see, all we did was to go into the primaries and steal their ticket. Our candidates were all 'Democrats,'—some of them temporarily so,—and since we are a strong organization, our candidates swept everything before them. The state will undoubtedly go Non-Partisan. Thank God for that! We have been robbed of everything but our false teeth, and the business men are just waiting for us to get them, so that they can pry them loose from us. All farmers have to wear them because they never have any money to get their teeth fixed. Oh, the hopes that the farmer lives upon! Oh, the dreams that his daughter nurses! Oh, the despair that his wife dies of! It's a dog's life, Cousin J—, and there are only two reasons that keep human beings living it—ignorance and love of nature.

For there is a thrill about 'raising' things that is not found in anything else in the world. But why should the farmer and his wife be underpaid for

enjoying that thrill? I am raising some of the most delicious fall lettuce that ever angelized a cheese sandwich. If I tried to sell that result of my patience, perseverance, and care, I might realize five cents a head, though it is more probable I would have to sell five big heads for a dime. When this lettuce finally reached your and Cousin L——'s table, it would cost you three or four times that much. That is the sort of thing the Non-Partisans are going to change. Oh, fie! that was n't a good illustration either. But you understand what I mean.

Charles came in this morning with the announcement, 'Mamma, I know what makes the sea salty.'

'Is that so, Charles?'

'Yes, mamma; the reason is that our ships keep taking salt over to the English and the French, and the Germans keep sinking them.' While I was recovering from this disclosure, he added, 'Don't they pay people for making discoveries, mamma?'

'Sometimes,' I answered.

'Well, then, mamma, don't you think I could get paid for making that discovery?'

When I considered how many thrift-stamps he had probably bought in imagination since making his 'discovery,' I hated to disillusion him. However, he went on his way happily, and to-night he will come home from school with other wonderful discoveries, for which there is no money-value, but which are invaluable to keep his mother amused and well balanced.

Love to you both.

A.

H—, IDAHO, Nov. 2, 1918.

DEAR COUSINS, —

The mountains are so beautiful now! They stretch in a long, graceful, undulating line, generally cold blue, with the snow shining in pearly veins. We are

on such high land that we look down toward the mountains on all sides; for on clear days we can see the Sawtooth Mountains to the north. The valley is so big and we are so high, that we have no sense of being shut in; rather, we have the soaring freedom of the mountain-tops and the clouds whose intimates we are. I feel selfish when I see daily our gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, for I realize that we are so few out here compared with the thousands that never see such awesome illuminations.

A.

H—, IDAHO, 12, 1, 18.

MY DEAR COUSINS, —

The war is over. We are like runners who were speeded up to take several laps more, and who have suddenly and unexpectedly reached the end. It is no wonder that I cannot believe that it is over, for I have not participated even in the fake celebration. Echoes of the real thing came to us only through the newspapers and letters. We went quietly on, baking our bread and milking our cows. But it is like that poem which says, 'But, oh, the difference to me!' Life has lost its savor. The paper is a dull squabble about indifferent topics that concern us but little. Glad I am that the war is over. Gladder than I can say. But I suffer slump from long-sustained excitement.

Jim was elected to the legislature on the Non-Partisan ticket — that is, on the Democratic ticket. But we lost the state. It was the farmers' own fault. The men are trying to say that it was 'flu,' fright, etc., but it was just plain farmer ignorance and indifference. The farmer deserves all he is getting. And I am caught in the web with the rest of them. I am not nearly as useful as most of them, though I work as many hours, for my mind will lift itself up in dumb rebellion, to ask what all this long labor is about that brings so little return in

the things that make life more easy to live. While the world is in the grip of famine, three fourths of Idaho's potatoes were left to rot in the fields because the farmers were required to grade their potatoes for market to a certain size. For these graded potatoes they received less than a dollar a hundredweight, and paid twenty-five cents for the sacks. Would n't you think that they would make three grades, small, medium and large, and sell the medium at a higher price? The reason for this waste is that the farmers held contracts for all potatoes at ninety cents a hundred. If big and little were taken, the farmer could have made a fair profit. When the contractors saw this, they worked a little political scheme and had the rule compelling the farmers to supply only the high-price potatoes at that price, leaving the others to rot. Chicago buys these same potatoes for four dollars a hundred. Someone may say that this is all legitimate dealing with the farmers, but they'll have to prove to me that it is not only a square deal to the producer, but to the starving millions who would be glad to eat those great big baked potatoes that have become famous on the 'diners.'

Last year the farmers received about fifteen dollars for their hay. This year the sheep-men have refused to pay more than twelve, measured their own way, which, according to the government measure, means only ten dollars per ton. Yet wages were twenty per cent higher this year, and labor one hundred per cent harder to get, with machinery and every necessary supply fifty per cent higher in cost. Jim refuses to sell at this price, so our hay stands in four monumental mounds — monuments to the farmer's long-suffering patience. The sheep-men have the money, and have combined against us, so there is no help.

In spite of what has been said in the paper, we have received but \$1.90 for wheat. This gives but small profit to the farmer. That reminds me, one of our neighbor farmers was anxiously telling Jim that he had read in the paper that next year wheat would be 'a drudge on the market.' I thought the only drudge on the market was the farmer's wife. The idea of wheat occupying that place amused me greatly. Another man was in just as the paper arrived. He seized upon it and began reading about 'Choss in Berlin.' This awful thing captured my imagination, and I heard him no further. I was consumed with a desire to know what this 'Choss' was, and decided finally that it must be some famous general who had hitherto evaded me, particularly as he seemed to throw the people into great consternation. As soon as possible I laid hands upon the paper and read, 'Chaos in Berlin.'

Things are so beautiful as I look out upon them from my hill-top! Last night I gazed upon the world wrapped in her moon-veil mysterious, and said, 'How perfect! 'Tis like heaven.' But — is heaven like this? Or do the dead gaze out upon heaven as I upon the world, and say, 'How perfect — 'tis like a higher heaven'? Always and always reaching on and on, beyond perfection that is no longer perfection, to that perfection which, too, ends in a doubt? Fools! for the moon-veil hides the earth — the good brown earth; the good green growing things; the trees, the birds, the clouds; enough of joy to fill a heaven full, and that, having not learned to love and use to the uttermost, will make all heaven seem empty when it comes, — lacking, — through lack of power to joy it forth.

We send our very best love to you all. May M — soon join you in our hope.
A.

DREAMS AND COMPOUND INTEREST

BY MR. AND MRS. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

I

THE Square was all but deserted. Even the time-worn court-house, centred among weeds and scrawny catalpas, seemed dozing, and the little county seat's one stone-fronted building, the First State Bank, with blinds drawn, appeared to have shut its eyes wearily after one more fussy day in heavy harness.

Inside, Bob, the youthful teller, was clacking away at the Burroughs, jerking his skinny, stringy neck each time he yanked the handle. The cashier mumbled solemnly as he stacked the twenties in five-hundred-dollar piles. James Osborne, the president, — bag-eyed, with a stern, inexorable face, a rock-ribbed jaw, and heavy figure, — sat writing letters. And at her desk near his, Janet Graham, the girlish vice-president, was going over belligerent-looking mortgages.

Her mind was far from southeastern Kansas. Mechanically, she would note the dates on the interest coupons, and then, after jotting down a memorandum, she would stop and think a moment of her husband, Robert. His letter, which had come from New York on the noon train, was on her mind and in her heart. She slipped it out of its envelope and read it again. It told her that the managers could not even consider his play. It was too high-brow. That sort of thing would not go. 'And probably they are right,' he added.

'You know, dear,' he wrote candidly, 'it takes only a few days' peddling to transform a philosophical comedy into

a tragedy. They were nice to me. I did n't expect so much attention. I should not have been surprised at complete indifference, if not rebuffs. Instead, I was taken out to dine by three potentates, and on each occasion told how utterly absurd I was to put my energy into this style of work. And I guess it's the truth, sweetheart.'

Intuition as well as judgment whispered to Janet that in Robert's very absurdities lay his power. Any number of clever men could manufacture the popular current play and straightforward, interesting story. But to write sparkling moonshine that left the bemused reader uncomfortably conscious that, while apparently talking in the absurdest fashion, the author had somehow given a penetrating criticism of life — this was left for the few who, when their genius had ripened, wrote for all time.

That *The Miracle Men* had a touch of this quality, Janet was as positive as Robert was doubtful. He had brought it to her, saying in his gentle naïve way, 'Of course, Janet, no civilized human being should write a play with such persons as these in it. I'm afraid the very characters are enough to queer its chances.'

In a modern setting, this droll comedy presented a group of rare spirits in commonplace, sordid environments. Voltaire had become a fishmonger; Chesterton, a plumber; Shaw, a 'gimme-the-rent' Irish landlord; Shakespeare, a successful movie-owner; Poe, an undertaker; Dante, an Italian ice-cream vender; Beethoven, a pianist in

a Fourteenth Street theatre orchestra; Juliet, a worker in a box-factory, and Hamlet, — alas, not Romeo, — her dopy husband.

There were others, all similarly situated. Their immediate lives were materialistic, but the artist in them strove for their pasts. In Hamlet's one-room domicile, this extraordinary company gathered to plot an escape from the actual, and regain their former glories; but, each innately hostile to the others, their plans collapsed in utter disappointment. Their effort to organize genius was as futile as an attempt to persuade an eagle, an angel, a demon, and a fish to pull together for one purpose. The play presupposed a degree of culture. Otherwise the delicate nuances of irony were lost. If it was talky in places, it was scintillating talk. It was actable in the right atmosphere. But Janet, always just, had to admit that she could not wholly blame the commercial managers.

'I gave them up,' wrote Robert, 'and went down to Washington Square, where I met several young men and women who are interested in a little theatre. I found them receptive, even cordial. They probably thought the play just freakish enough to command attention. There won't be a chance this spring, but they will try it out early next fall *if* — notice the *if* — if I put up twenty-five hundred dollars to guarantee them against loss. If it is less, they agree to rebate the difference, though between ourselves I rather question the value of their promises. It seems to be quite taken for granted there will be some loss. They summer at Provincetown, and I can go up with them to work on the scenery and costumes. The play will be presented at least six times, which is fair. I have also been to see the publisher of whom I spoke in my last letter. He will publish the play *if* it is produced on the

stage, *if* — another *if* — if we guarantee five hundred in case the first edition of a thousand falls flat. I know how you feel, darling, but I am strongly convinced that I should go home and forget about it. I have had lots of fun writing this thing. Why go further? Think it over carefully, Janet.'

Practical judgment told her to call it off; but Robert's dreams were hers. She wanted him to have a fair chance. Three thousand dollars was a lot of money; but who would have known Thomas Hardy if he had n't financed his first novel? Suppose many of the initial thousand of the published play should be left? Were n't the remainders of others' early editions cherished now by the discriminating world? It was n't as if it were a question whether or not Robert could write. The utilitarian side to his gift was as clear and as lucrative as her own banking methods. Years spent with newspapers and magazines had taught him how to turn out articles that were always in demand at a good figure. But this spark that was 'different,' that experimented — Janet did not want it smothered; she wanted, passionately, to help kindle it into flame.

II

When they were married, three years before, many papers carried items about them. She was, they said, precisely the sort of young woman that alarmists of not so very long ago were lifting their voice against in warning. She had not been long out of college when the death of the head of her family called her to take that place and make its third generation of country bankers. She had accepted cheerfully what seemed to her a clear duty to 'carry on,' and had settled down in her little native town. It had never occurred to her, once Robert had found he could continue his work from there, that she should not combine a

business and domestic life; and systematizing her day, she took as much pride in her cozy home as in the dividends the bank declared.

Blessed with a happy, enthusiastic temperament, she gave an impression of buoyant youth that made her seem much less than her thirty years; her compact little figure radiated charm and vitality, and sunny chestnut hair curled about a merry, piquant face, lighted by warm, friendly, brown eyes that registered infinite shades of feeling. Often care-free as a child's, sometimes they were luminous with wisdom.

As she returned to the Harvey mortgage, which she had deserted for Robert's letter, she frowned her dissatisfaction. Here was a man who should not be in arrears, a farmer who could make money. Where others less able than he were meeting their obligations promptly, Harvey was lagging behind, letting interest grow into the dread monster of compound interest. The conviction grew in Janet's mind, that if Robert were to have the means to bring his play before the public, Harvey would be one of the men who would have to pay up.

'Jim,' she called suddenly to Osborne, 'this second coupon of the Harveys fell due several weeks ago. That makes them two years back in their interest. It totals around seven hundred dollars. Don't you think we should have Joe and his wife secure it by a chattel mortgage on their growing crop?'

James Osborne was of the old school. He had been cashier under Janet's father, and had taught her practically all she knew of the business. He seemed uncompromisingly stern, but she had found that under a gruff exterior beat one of the kindest of hearts. Both Osborne and Janet, like many country bankers, applied themselves to farmers' problems. They knew when to be easy and when to tighten the reins.

And as the Grahams and Osborne owned two thirds of the stock, what they decided was law. Where Osborne was sometimes too conservative, a trifle old foggy, perhaps, Janet might have been too venturesome. Together they struck a balance, one that encouraged healthy dividends twice a year.

'Yes,' agreed Osborne, grimly, 'we'll have to do something all right. Joe is on one of his buying tears right now. Just look at this.' And he handed Janet a check.

'On us for four hundred dollars!' she exclaimed; and seeing some penciling in the lower left-hand corner, read: 'Part payment on Buckeye McKinley Segis.'

'Can you beat it? He is overdrawn now.'

Janet's lips set closely. Robert's dreams would never become tangible realities if a few more Harveys were to nest under the shelter of the First State Bank.

'It came through Kansas City this morning,' observed Osborne.

'I see it is a sight draft dated from Illinois. He is probably at some stock show. Jim, what do you think of that man?'

'Well, it's hard telling,' replied Osborne. 'He's a sort of genius, he is. But his dreams are too big for his pocketbook, so he lets them lop over into other people's. He used to do first-rate until he got this high-grade-stock craze and took the notion that he was appointed by the gods to develop the dual-purpose breed of cattle. We've lent him money off and on for the last fifteen years. There was a time when all he had to do was to ask for it; but somehow he seems to be going down hill lately. You know how things stand as well as I do. We've got to put our foot down and put it down hard.'

'He always seems so superior to his wife,' mused Janet. 'But I suppose,'

she added shrewdly, 'that is because he gets out so much and mingles with stimulating people, while she is so tied at home. She and the two older boys about run the dairy. I notice one of the daughters helps deliver the milk.'

A vigorous rattling at the door interrupted them. As the teller opened it, Janet saw a large, stolid woman, in a straight, rusty coat that concealed any possible grace. Held tightly was a huge armful of baby, and clinging to her skirts was a bewitching-faced little butterfly of a girl.

'How-do-you-do, Mrs. Harvey?' said the young man, easily.

'Just fine, Bob,' returned the woman in a deep, pleasant voice. 'Is Mrs. Graham in?'

'Come back here, Fanny,' invited Janet, rising and going to open the door to a semi-private office. 'Do sit down and unwrap the baby. How old is he now?' she asked, watching Mrs. Harvey divest the infant of the heavy outer blanket.

'Four months. But it ain't a boy. It's a girl.'

'Oh, so she is,' returned Janet placidly. Long ago she had learned when in doubt to take it for granted that every child was a future president. 'What a darling! And you call her — ?'

'Pearl.'

'Of course,' thought Janet. 'Pearl or Pansy. The more prosaic the mother, the more poetic the name.'

'This here one's Marie,' continued Mrs. Harvey. 'She'll be two in May.'

'My baby will be one in May!' exclaimed Janet. 'So this is what she will be like a year from now. It does n't seem possible they can grow so rapidly.' With tender curiosity she looked at the little girl, whose appealing violet eyes, chiseled features, and exquisite body made Janet wonder how Fanny Harvey could have produced such a lovely creature. 'She is adorable,' she said sin-

cerely, and went briskly to get some paper and a pencil for Marie to play with while she and Mrs. Harvey talked.

'Give me Pearl,' she said, 'while you take off your coat and Marie's. It's so warm in here I'm afraid you may catch cold when you go out. These spring days are very deceptive. I'm going to take off the rest of this wee lamb's wraps.' And she was soon cooing down mother-fashion into the little face. 'Marie two years, and this one four months! Seven children already, and Fanny not more than three years older than I!' she thought. 'Well, for women like her, motherhood is as incidental as for their stock.'

'I've never seen your baby,' ventured Mrs. Harvey.

'Here is a picture of her taken at eleven weeks,' said Janet proudly. And with Pearl still in her arms she went to get it.

'My, ain't she sweet!'

'She is quite different now,' answered her mother softly. 'I know someone who is most awfully hungry,' she laughed; for little Pearl had begun to rummage in the folds of Janet's smart frock. 'It's impossible even to try to think until one's baby is contented. I know from experience. Come into the directors' room; it's more secluded.' And as they sat down at the long table, she added, 'When Alice was younger she used to have her dinner here every afternoon.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Harvey with eager interest. 'I told Joe they must take the baby over here to you.'

It struck Janet as odd that Joe and Fanny Harvey had speculated upon where she nursed her baby. 'Yes,' she smiled, 'but now I feed her when I put her to sleep before I come in the afternoon, and then the first thing when I get home. She does splendidly. I think I shan't wean her until the hot summer is over.'

Mrs. Harvey nodded her approval. 'It's best not to,' she said with authority. Then, with a gesture dramatic in its simplicity, she opened her waist a trifle farther. A jagged, ugly scar crossed the breast against which little Pearl lay.

Janet's eyes misted with quick tears. 'Oh, my dear, did you have to go through *that*?'

'The sixth,' said Mrs. Harvey, with a significant glance at Marie. 'And she had to go on one. But this,' with a touch of her roughened fingers on Pearl's hair, 'this has two. You have no trouble?'

'None at all,' Janet answered gratefully.

Mrs. Harvey sighed. It was a sigh that told as much as her words. 'I have a hard time with all my children,' she confided. 'Before they come, too. Seems like I can't hardly get through my work. Joe used to tell me how you was always here in the bank every day. I've heard folks wonder how you get any time to give to Alice.' Janet noticed the easy use of her baby's name, as if it had been often on Mrs. Harvey's tongue. 'But I tell 'em, "Land! I wish I could give as much time to mine." It worries me how I have to let them go; but when there's only one pair of hands —'

'They are beautiful children,' said Janet warmly, drawing Marie close. 'I wonder if Alice will be quite as enchanting. Wonderful little souls! There is nothing like them.'

The faces of the two women filled with expression. A genuine sweetness, a certain sound experience shone from both. They talked of their children. Alice was eleven months and walking everywhere. Marie had walked at the end of ten. And her little legs were straight? But one could see! Pearl had the colic badly. Had Fanny used one of the bands that go over the shoulders

under the shirt? They did n't slip, and kept the little stomachs so warm. Johnny was just starting to school and found the two-mile walk pretty far. Joe hoped soon to be able to buy a pony for the children to drive. They had been promised one for a year, but Gladys had been put off from her music for more than that. She seemed so pale this spring. Did she have enough vegetables with iron in them, spinach and carrots and such? A warm intimacy, as real as the fundamental facts upon which it rested, drew the two together. Gentleness and motherhood possessed the room. On the soft, ample bosom little Pearl slept.

The clock sounded the half hour, and a ripple of uneasiness flowed between them. Janet became acutely conscious that time was passing. Now, with little Pearl asleep, was the time to talk. She was aware, too, from the tension in Mrs. Harvey's silence that she, also, was gathering her forces for some difficult utterance. They must get down to business. Yet, somehow, it was harder than usual. Heretofore, she had always dealt with Joe, and thus had not been made poignantly cognisant of the Harveys' struggle. Women had the capacity to give the most ordinary transaction emotional coloring, while men usually impersonalized most deals. They knew how to keep their feelings in one compartment and cold facts in another. Janet's generous heart longed to give instead of to demand, but the latter had to be done, if not by her, then by Jim. There was no point in shifting responsibility. And besides, there was Robert's letter from New York. She was quiet a moment longer, then a little abruptly, —

'I'm awfully glad you came in this afternoon, because I was just going to write you. We must do something about this back interest. It can't be allowed to pile up as it is doing now. In the first place, it is n't good business on

our part, nor fair to our stockholders; and then, it just makes it that much harder for you, Fanny, if you let your interest compound. You must clear some of it up. Mr. Osborne and I think we shall have to ask for a chattel on your growing wheat and corn as security.'

Mrs. Harvey's face clouded. 'You know, we would've paid if we could. If we get any kind of a crop, we'll turn over as much as we can spare and live. I don't think you ought to ask for a mortgage on the only thing we've got we can call our own.'

'Fanny,' said Janet gently but with unmistakable firmness, 'I am sure Joe is perfectly straight, but when he owes as much as he does here and then goes to Illinois and writes a check on us for four hundred dollars that reads "part payment on Buckeye McKinley Segis," we are certainly going to see to it that we are protected, and that when you harvest your wheat this summer, some of it is coming to us and not going into more stock. If it is what you were planning to do anyway, — and I take your word for it when you say it is, — you surely can't consistently object.'

'Joe knows what he is doing when he buys the best,' said Mrs. Harvey, with spirit. 'It is n't for you to criticize his methods.'

'Not his methods,' agreed Janet evenly, 'but the results of those methods. Why did n't you have a better wheat-crop last year?'

'The Hessian flies got into it, and besides, it jointed before winter set in.'

'The chances are neither would have happened if you had turned your stock on to it.'

'How do you know we did n't?'

'My dear,' replied Janet, 'it's our business to know. It was because your fences were n't stock proof. Is n't that true? And was n't that because Joe was here and there and everywhere?'

'He makes more buying and selling

stock than raising it. He knows the best way to advertise his stuff is at the shows. And he sure hopes to breed the dual-purpose cow, a Holstein and Shorthorn in one. He's got more brains than any other farmer around here.'

'I know he has brains, Fanny,' admitted Janet willingly. 'And he understands stock. I realize, too, that your farm is worth more than enough to clear the mortgage, the interest and all expenses, and then leave a wide margin. We are not worried about the loan. But you don't think we want ever to foreclose, do you? That's not our way. You tell Joe to stay at home and stick either to milk or to beef. He dreams too much about this dual-purpose cow,' Janet continued sharply. 'He wants beef and milk from the same breed — we have n't got it yet. We may get it, at some distant time. Many stockmen believe it. Personally, I have my doubts. A cow eats forty pounds of feed a day, let us say — if she's a Holstein it goes to milk, if she's a Shorthorn it goes to beef. That food can't do both. You can't get something for nothing. Joe means well, but why does n't he work along established lines and leave this problem to moneyed faddists and experiment stations? He ought to think of you and these children.'

'You're not thinking of them much,' Janet Graham, retorted Mrs. Harvey bitterly, 'or you'd knock off that compound interest. I don't see what cause you have to kick about our being slow, when every day we put off paying you, you're getting ten per cent on the back interest, besides the regular six and a half on the mortgage.'

Both women were hardening. But Janet, accustomed to dealing with all sorts of people, explained patiently: 'You rented money from us which, invested, has brought you milk and calves. Rented to someone else, it would have brought us in rent promptly. And

you can't tell how much or how little not having that income may have cost us. Money produces just as surely as a cow produces. Frankly, I, for one, need our share of this particular rent very much.'

'If our wheat had done better, we could've paid it all. Even then, if our alfalfa had n't been winter froze and —'

'Fanny,' broke in Janet quickly, 'I'm going to talk plain English to you. It's just people like your husband who justify compound interest. He is honest in intention, but if we were too easy, he would let his debts run and run and accumulate. There must be some penalty that makes it too expensive not to meet his obligations. You have splendid land and good stock, and you can pay every dollar you owe, if you'll stick to the dairy business with good grade, and some registered, animals. You know, I'm not against fine blood. On the contrary. But I think Joe has no business to go into it to the point where this present situation is the result.'

'He'll never be contented until he breeds the animal he's working for. To him all the money in the world will never be worth that.'

Slow tears gathered in Mrs. Harvey's tired eyes and trickled down her flushed cheeks. 'Maybe you think I have n't talked to him, Janet. A man who knows farming like him, and me working like I do, and the three older children helping so willing. I wish to God he could get this breed. It is n't only the money it would bring us, though you know how such stuff sells. But it would be the peace. He's found the right kind of a bull up in Illinois. Here's his telegram.'

As she fumbled for it, there arose before Janet the picture of Joe Harvey — a man of middle age, above medium height, dressed always with a certain careless style, shoes polished, great, capable hands, heavy dark hair, with

touches of gray growing thick on a massive head, positive jaw, and eyes that gleamed like new steel when he was making one of his 'trades'; genial, square in all his dealings, but quick to see and take every legitimate advantage. A practical stockman who could be successful, forever pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp; dreaming among cows — a dream that was an ominous crescendo of disappointment.

Simultaneously there flashed into her mind Robert with his whimsical smile, his dear eyes shadowed with visions, and his play of Machiavelli and Voltaire and Chesterton. Another idealist, but her own, whom she would stand by with every bit of intelligence and every ounce of determination, yes, just as Fanny Harvey was standing by hers.

'Here's his night-letter,' said Mrs. Harvey. 'It come this morning.'

Janet read: 'Have found exactly animal looking for Holstein will cross with Nell Beachwood arrange loan for one thousand put it through for me girl I depend on you.'

The stillness deepened until little Pearl's breathing and the friction of Marie's pencil on the paper vied with the tick of the clock in distinctness. In the eyes of each of the women glowed the reflected light of her husband's radiant dream. Harvey's called for a thousand, Robert's for three.

To Janet, imaginative, sensitive soul that she was, the moment seemed woven of the very tissue of tragedy. She must play her part in frustrating one man's creative triumph, that another's might be quickened; in condemning Joe Harvey to the common level, that Robert might advance toward brilliant achievement. It was cruel! Then the good sense that usually guided Janet through the mists of her sympathies reasserted itself. Clearly it was not for her to finance the Harveys' castles. She and Robert had their own castles.

'Can't be done,' she said decidedly, and there was finality in her voice. 'We hold a chattel on stock now that we took because Joe almost convinced Mr. Osborne and myself that it was his one chance to win out. That was when he bought the Shorthorn, Nell Beachwood. She was all that was necessary to attain the perfect result. Now he has her and it is still the same story — it is another animal he needs.'

'Nell Beachwood did drop some fine calves. He is getting them better and better.'

'I'm awfully sorry, but it can't be done,' repeated Janet. 'Even if he did produce what he's after, I question if he could exploit the new breed successfully. It's the turning-point for you, Fanny.'

'We can give a chattel on our growing crop as security for this loan,' pleaded Mrs. Harvey desperately.

'We expect that, as I showed you before, to protect the back seven hundred,' Janet reminded her. 'We can't loan another dollar until you begin to clean up what you owe and get things in shape. I wish we did n't have to, honestly, but we must protest Joe's sight draft. I warned him myself the next time he drew on us in that way we could not honor his check.'

'That'd be a raw trick!' blazed Mrs. Harvey.

'I've explained,' said Janet patiently, torn by the bitter disappointment she was causing.

She rose quietly. Marie, caught by the note of pain and anger in her mother's tones, crowded against her. Waking, Pearl began to fret. The two women might have been trying to converse from different stars.

Janet knew that in Mrs. Harvey's present mood discussion was useless. She held out her arms to take the baby while the mother put on her wraps. Then, quite unconscious of their faultless teamwork, the two pairs of practised hands rolled little Pearl in the heavy blanket. As the rose-petal cheek, so like her own little Alice's, rested on Janet's shoulder, she touched it tenderly with her lips. The movement, the look in the eyes, no mother could misunderstand. Mrs. Harvey melted a trifle.

'It is n't everyone she takes to like you. Here, Marie, give Mrs. Graham her pencil.'

Marie clung to it.

'Oh, do let her keep it.'

'No,' insisted Mrs. Harvey, 'she's got to learn to give up the things she wants. She may as well begin now.' And as Janet opened the door for her, she added stiffly, 'Good-bye.'

When it had closed behind them, Osborne asked, 'Have a good talk?'

'Yes,' replied Janet wearily. 'She came in about that check. Wanted to borrow a thousand.'

'A thousand!' Osborne fairly snorted.

'Oh, I made her understand she could n't have it,' Janet assured him. 'They'll come to time. The compound interest will act as a spur. Jim, my heart aches for that woman.' And to herself she added, 'Fanny Harvey, whom I thought like her stock, for whom there were so few problems —'

Janet went back to her desk, where, pushing aside the mortgages, she wrote hastily to Robert, pouring forth her faith in his dreams and urging that between them they could afford the three thousand.

THE AIRMAN'S ESCAPE

BY GEORGE W. PURYEAR

I

ON the evening of July 25, our squadron was ordered to send up the next day an intermediate patrol between Châteaue-Thierry and Aulchy-le-Château at six-thirty the following morning. The orderly awakened us that morning (July 26) a little before time for the flight. I dressed as quickly as I could, in the clothes which I found on the foot of my bed. These happened to be some old clothes in which I had been helping my mechanics on my plane the evening before. We did not stop for breakfast, but had it postponed until eight o'clock. A flight before breakfast is a dandy appetizer.

The weather was very unfavorable, and it was raining slightly when we met for formation. Two of the five turned back to camp on account of the weather. The remaining three of us, while patrolling, encountered a German two-seater which had ventured over alone under the protection of the weather. There was no definite battle-line in that territory, because of the constant shifting and the open nature of the fighting. The combat began over territory occupied by the Allies, but carried us over territory occupied by the Germans, without my knowledge. After a short combat, the gunner in the German machine was shot, and the pilot, being thus unprotected, was forced to dive straight to the ground to save his own life. I followed, shooting at him all the while. When he reached the ground, I flew around him once and saw the pilot pull his gunner

out and start away with him on his shoulder. I never thought for a moment but what we were in Allied territory, and in my enthusiasm landed, as is usually done when a plane is brought down, — in your own territory, of course, — and that is how I became a prisoner of Germany.

The particular field in which I landed, according to Captain Roosevelt, had been in Allied hands only the day before and was again in Allied hands within a few hours after my capture. At the time it was one of their most advanced machine-gun positions.

The field looked smooth, and my landing was all right; but when I tried to turn round, the ground not being familiar to me, and I, in my enthusiasm, not being quite cautious enough, my machine struck a rut and upset. As soon as it was thus out of commission, I became uneasy, and thought, for the first time, that I did not know exactly where I was, and probably might be in enemy territory.

There were no unfriendly signs on the ground, but I noticed a German anti-aircraft barrage above. I heard machine-guns firing all around me, but none were firing at me. Seeing a captive balloon not far in the distance, I took the compass from my machine, and with it saw that I was southwest from this balloon, which gave me hope that I was still in Allied territory; but it developed that this was a German balloon, and I was between it and their advance positions. At this moment I saw a lone unarmed soldier coming toward

me from the direction of a thicket to the south. He approached me in friendly fashion, but soon after his arrival a whole bunch of Germans came running up in the opposite direction and nabbed me.

Until this time, which, however, was only a moment or two, I was right by my machine. It was reported by a pilot with me that I was last seen running in great haste toward a house; but I suppose he saw the German pilot, who, with his wounded gunner on his shoulder, ran into a nearby house, which was used as an advance dressing-station, and from the air mistook him for me. After asking me if I had any firearms, and feeling to verify my statement that I had not, they took me into the dressing-station where the pilot had taken his gunner. Then, with all the Germans about me jabbering 'Dutch,' I began to realize my position; and never in my life have I felt so low as I did at that moment, and I hope that I shall never feel so again. The gunner of the German machine had, among others, two bullets through his stomach, from which he died. Here they took my flying-suit, goggles, and Sam Brown belt. They searched me for papers, but found nothing but my name and squadron number, which were written on the inside of my Sam Brown.

The pilot of the German plane was very indignant because he said my comrade had fired on a wounded man (meaning the gunner) after he was on the ground. They seemed also to contemplate having me shot because my machine-gun was loaded with incendiary bullets, which have flat noses and look like dum-dums.

First of all I was taken by auto to an old French château a few miles back, to an intelligence officer, who questioned me through an interpreter. From there I was marched under guard to a little French town, where we arrived about

three in the afternoon. They took me before another set of intelligence officers, who spoke English perfectly. After I had got by them, I was put in with some two hundred French prisoners, with two officers. It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon and I had had nothing to eat that day. They gave me a chunk of their imitation bread — or rather, their substitute for bread, for it certainly did not imitate it in any way that I could see. It looked and tasted like an old clod of dirt. Also they gave me some of their substitute for coffee. It is brown-colored and reminds you of coffee only because it is given hot. Although I was, by then, very hungry, I could not force myself to eat this. A little later one of the German soldiers gave me a bowl of porridge made of barley and horse-meat. That would not seem very palatable to the American soldier in his own lines; but it was the regular diet of the Germans, and at that particular time it was a treat to me.

That night, feeling like the most despondent human being on earth, I began to plan and work to escape from the hands of the Huns, and I never quit until I landed on the Swiss side of the Rhine the 11th of October.

We arrived at Laon at about four in the afternoon. This was the 28th of July. A good many French civilians, who had been in the hands of the Germans since 1914, were still there. They greeted us sadly as we marched along, and exchanged a few words with the French prisoners.

The men were here placed in a large French garrison, where prisoners of all the nationalities of the Allies were penned together, including a few hundred Americans. I was taken down to a house in the town, which had been converted into a jail. Here I found four American infantry officers, — Lieutenants Ferguson, Shea, Bushy, and Oats, — ten or twelve French officers, mostly

fliers, and two Royal Flying Corps officers. On the wall of one of the rooms of this house, I saw where 'Dusty' Rhodes, a man of my squadron, who we all thought was dead, had written his name. He was only one of the many men reported dead whom I saw in Germany. We stayed here three nights, on almost starvation rations, during which time I made my first acquaintance with the doughboy's friends, the cooties, which the infantry officers had brought from the trenches.

Early on the morning of July 31, we were all put on the train and started for Germany. After riding all day, all night, and all the next day, we arrived, about 11 P.M., at Rastatt in Baden. At different places along the way we were given liberal portions of German soup. Food in Germany means soup, and almost always turnip-soup. During the first day we picked up another American flier named Miller, also of the First Pursuit Group, although of a different squadron from mine.

Our first night at Rastatt was spent in an old fort, very musty and damp. The next morning, August 2, we were taken to the officers' prison-camp at Rastatt. There were many French and British officers here, and three American medical officers. Here I first met the aid of the Red Cross. It was the British. The American Red Cross had not established itself there at that time, and the British supplied the six of us with food in the emergency; and you can wager that some real old 'bully' was a treat. It was a life-saver. The German food there was so awful that I hardly believe anybody could have lived on it.

II

The day after my arrival at Rastatt, I discovered a way to get out of the camp, and began to prepare for an attempt as best I could. It being 140 kil-

ometres to the Swiss border, and my shoes being already worn out, — which, of course, was my first consideration, — Captain Genese, a British officer, who had two pairs, kindly lent me a pair.

André Conneau, — 'Beaumont,' — a French pilot whom I had first met at Laon, wanted to make a try for it. He had been a flier of note even before the war, having done lots of flying about Rome and in the Orient. I thought him a good companion for the undertaking, and we planned to go together. I was quite unprepared, and one of the American doctors, Captain Maxson, who, I wish to say, was a regular fellow and as fine as they are made, advised me not to undertake it until I was better prepared. I did not want to lose an opportunity, however, and Conneau, who looked stout and hard and fearless enough to do anything, was anxious to be off.

People often ask me how one occupies the time shut up in a prison-camp, and I answer that, as for myself, I spent most of my time planning and working to get away. I have studied the map of Germany, especially of Southern Baden, so much, that I could draw a map of it as well without a copy as with one. Conneau had a good compass, a poor map, and a mind to go. We calculated that it would take anywhere from seven to fourteen days to get to the border. We collected all the food we could accumulate, doing without, ourselves, in order to save it; and on the night of August 5 made our attempt. Three other officers, two British and one American, also escaped by the same route that night. The American was Alexander Roberts, who, having also been recaptured after seven days, was on the scene when I made my successful break from Villingen.

The buildings in which we stayed were old brick buildings with thick walls, — quite suitably built for a jail, — which formed part of the outer walls of

the camp, the windows being heavily barred. There was a certain window on the second story of one of these buildings, one bar of which had been carefully cut at the bottom, so that, though it remained in its normal place, it could easily be forced aside, thus making way for the passage of a man's body. The guard on the outside patrolled back and forth past this window, but when he was near the other end of his beat, he could not see it, because of an intervening corner. Our plan was that, when the guard was at that end of his beat, while he did not have a view of the window, we should pass out and descend to the ground by means of a rope made of sheets from the bed, and dash across to the darkness beyond, before he returned to where he could see. This allowed, of course, a very short time for so much action. The lights in the quarters were turned out at ten o'clock, and we intended to make our getaway as soon as possible thereafter. The guard changed on the even hour, and we hoped to get off, if possible, before the twelve o'clock change.

Shortly after ten o'clock we were at the place and ready for action; but at that time of the year, it was hardly dark at ten o'clock by German time. We waited until eleven before we could think of starting. At that hour we took off our shoes, so as to cross from the wall to darkness without noise. We had a helper, an Englishman, who, from a different room, could watch the guard when at the other end of his beat. We were to go or stop by his signal. According to our plan, I was to go out first and meet Conneau at a prearranged place. In a few moments the signal of 'Right-O' was passed down to us. The rope, with one end firmly fastened to a good bar, was cast out, and I started through the opening. It was a tight squeeze, hampered as I was with my pockets full of food-stuff.

Just as I was about half-way out, the signal to stop was whispered back to us. The rope was drawn up and I had to scramble back in. The guard came on, passed the window, and in a little while returned on his beat. The signal to go was passed down to us, and I started out again. This time I got outside and half-way down before the danger signal came again. I could not return this time, so I slipped to the ground, and lay flat in the semi-darkness against the wall of the building, listening to the noise of my heart and scared to breathe while the guard passed within a few feet of me. Also at the same moment several guards off duty came by together; but none of them saw me. In a second after they had passed, my musette bag with provisions was passed down by the rope to me. This indicated, of course, that the guard was out of sight. I grasped the bag and sprang noiselessly across the lighted space to darkness beyond, forgetting to wait for my blanket, which I intended carrying in the absence of a coat.

I had to wait about a couple of hours for Conneau. The guard was changed at twelve, and it was long after the disturbance created by this that he came out.

We then started on our long journey. I had only my light uniform, no overcoat of any kind. Conneau had a good fur-lined leather flying-coat, which up to that time the Boches had not taken from him. Both of us were plainly uniformed, which, of course, was a dead giveaway if we should be seen in the daytime. At night, however, my helmet looked enough like a Boche cap, and our uniforms would not show clearly.

As soon as we were clear of the town our route took us into the Black Forest. All through the night we were in and out of the forest, and the following day were hiding in it.

About two o'clock that morning it

began to rain on us, and I don't think that it ever stopped raining for a period of over a few hours at once during the three nights we were at liberty. We went on that morning until we were completely exhausted, stopping at day-break. We dropped on Conneau's coat, which he spread on the wet ground as a bed for both. We were soon awakened, however, by the downpour of rain. The coat would keep us clear of the water from below, but we had nothing to keep off the rain from above. We got up and used the coat as a roof. The Frenchman was a true comrade and would always deprive himself in order to share the protection of his coat with me. We could not pass the day, however, standing like this. Our feet were already very tired and painful.

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, and it certainly applied here. We had to do something to better our predicament. We sought out a small spreading tree, and with our knives cut branches from the neighboring trees, carefully fitting them into the branches of this one, until we succeeded in making a sort of thatch-roof which would turn the rain reasonably well. Under this we spent the day, eating very scantily of our provisions.

The next night we were in the more open country. Conneau was mistaken as to our location on the map, and kept going too much to the west. I suggested that I thought we were bearing too far west, but I intended him to be the leader and did not press the matter. We made a good distance, however, and spent the following day in a little wood. There are no barns or straw-stacks in Germany, or in France, such as there are in the rural districts in our country, in which a tramp may find a dry hiding-place.

The rain and cold were beginning to tell on me. The Frenchman became very uneasy about my health. I had

developed a cough, which worried him much more than it did me, except that when I was about to burst from wanting to cough, I could not do it for fear the noise would cause our detection. Also, sores were beginning to come on my tired and continually wet feet. Conneau had some Red Cross bandage, which he had brought for use in an emergency, and he tried to bandage me up. That evening, while we crouched together vainly trying to avoid the rain, he suggested to me that he did not think it possible for us to continue, unprotected as I was. He remarked that we still had ten or twelve days before us, and that I would only die if we tried to make it. I told him, in my best French, that we would walk straight into hell before we voluntarily gave ourselves up on account of my health.

That night we made a long stage of it. Though my sore feet were becoming much worse, I said nothing of them to Conneau. I even pressed forward, keeping ahead most of the time. In fact, after I had pressed on unheeding my feet a while, though I could feel that the sores were becoming more and more galled, they became less sensitive, and I walked on them much as I have seen a horse pull unflinchingly against a sore shoulder.

Conneau, however, still lost on his map, kept leading toward the west, until about 3 A.M. we came upon the banks of the Rhine. Then there was no doubt as to our location, and that we were miles to the west of our course.

Now, when we found our location by seeing the Rhine, Conneau said that he knew of a big aerodrome about a night's walk from there, on the road toward the Swiss border. It being on our route, we decided that we would go by this aerodrome, and see if there was any possibility of stealing a plane.

We had not gone very far when a German sentry stepped in the road a

few feet directly in front of us and challenged us. If we had been in condition at all, we could have run; and he certainly could not have got both of us, and probably neither; but being leg-weary, sorefooted, and exhausted, we did not attempt to run.

Thus ended my first attempt to get out of Germany.

III

When we got back to Rastatt, about ten o'clock that night, we were put in solitary confinement cells and locked up without any formality or questioning. Though I was alone in my cell, I had fellow sufferers. In this wing of the basement were six cells, and by coming to the grated hole in our doors, while the guard was outside of the hall connecting our cells, we could speak to one another. The next morning after my arrival, I became acquainted with my neighbors. I could see only two of them but I could speak with any of them. In there with me were Lieutenant Chalmers and Lieutenant Crowns, two Americans, who, after eleven days, had been recaptured near the border; Captain Newman, a British officer, who, with Captain Turner, also British, had escaped about three weeks before, and after nine days out, had succumbed to the physical strain. He had given all his remaining supplies to his comrade, who he was in hopes had made it. Conneau had one cell and I had one, and the sixth was vacant. That evening Conneau was taken out, and Lieutenant Tucker, the British officer, who escaped alone the same night I did, was brought in. He, having on a civilian disguise, had made fine progress for four days, but, in order to dry his feet, had built a fire in the Black Forest, which was a dead giveaway. Two days later Captain Turner, Captain Newman's partner, was brought in. He had been taken

right on the border after fourteen days. All of us had escaped by the same route.

On the morning of the fifth day (August 13), I was sent with a transfer of British and American prisoners to Karlsruhe, where we were taken to the prison-camp. As we entered, we went through a little building and were searched to the skin. They took all equipment of every kind, including my flying-helmet, which left me bareheaded, in which state I remained for the balance of my imprisonment. Some of the fliers had on only flying-boots. They lost them also, which left them barefooted. In this way they collected lots of maps and compasses. All the money anyone had was taken up and he was given canteen money in its stead. (I, however, had been captured without a cent.) After that you were not supposed to have any other kind of money.

After being here two or three days, Conneau and I were called separately before the commanding officer and questioned on our escape from Rastatt. I answered all his questions truthfully, except as to how and just when I got out of the camp, which was, of course, the thing he wanted.

As to that I only told him that I had escaped without the implication of any of the guard. My answers were taken down in the form of a letter, which I was made to sign and which was sent to Rastatt. Before dismissing me, he complimented me. Flattery is their specialty. He asked me what was my civil profession before the war. When I answered him that I had just finished my training as a lawyer, he said, 'Ah, I see! You know what to answer and what not to answer.'

About the 19th or 20th of August a transfer of eighteen British fliers and seven Americans, including myself, was started from Karlsruhe, by train, we knew not where. The Americans were Lieutenants Miller, Baker, Albertson,

Floyd, Batty, and Pecham. We had for our guard a commissioned officer and eighteen men for the twenty-five of us. As we were taken out of the camp, we went through the search-house one at a time and were stripped to the skin just as we were on entering. We were allowed to have only two days' rations of Red Cross food with us, and if any man had more, it was taken from him. They had had particular trouble with fliers, and did not want to take any more chances. They paraded the guard before us and made them load their guns in our presence.

After two days and one night on the train, we arrived at Landshut, in Bavaria, about forty kilometres north of Munich. At the station the Americans and the British were separated. The British were taken to a British camp, somewhere in the town, and we to an old castle on a high hill northwest of the town. We were met at the station by the interpreter, Feldwebel (Sergeant-Major) Capp. It was a long winding climb up to the castle. Mr. Capp (as we later came to call him), with a detail of the guard, escorted us. The old castle, so Mr. Capp said, was begun in the eleventh century, and when we entered the portal it certainly appeared to be a formidable prison.

We were immediately put through a thorough search under the camouflage of a medical examination: probably that was a secondary purpose. We were taken, one at a time, into a long room, and required to take off all our clothes and walk over to another part of the room, where the Hun doctor, with a couple of assistants and Mr. Capp, looked us over to see whether we were physically O.K., and also to see if we had any maps or compasses hidden on our naked bodies. To examine your teeth properly, they had to look under your tongue. It was a thorough examination all right. They gave us an out-

fit of prison clothes, and questioned us on our health while we dressed. They retained our clothes for disinfection, so they said; but we had cause to believe that the real reason was to search them more closely. In spite of all this, however, Lieutenant Batty came through with his map of Germany. He had it stuck with adhesive tape under the bottom of his foot. When he stood stripped for the inspection, presumably medical, not even the cunning Hun had the slightest idea that he stood on the map of Germany. It was a good little map, and in less than a week the camp was so strewn with copies of it, that it would have been as impossible for the Germans to clear that camp of maps as it would be to bale the Mississippi dry with a pail.

The seven of us were then put in one room, where we were shut up from the others — quarantined, so they said. We were given food which in quality was much superior to any which the Germans had given us before this. This was in Bavaria, and Bavaria seemed to have more food than other districts. We were not given enough to satisfy our hunger, however, and shut up as we were, it was pretty bad. The following morning we were each given a loaf of sour black bread weighing about four pounds. Our eyes bulged at the sight of it, and our mouths watered; but we were informed that this was to be our bread-ration for ten days. I want to say right here that I certainly hold a high opinion of a man with sufficient will-power to make one loaf of bread hold out ten days under such circumstances. Being naturally of an indulgent nature, my bread was 'out' when the time was barely half gone. The little which remained of our Red Cross food, which we brought on the trip from Karlsruhe, was, after a most rigid examination, given to us, but it too was soon finished.

The day after our arrival they started a series of inoculations which eventually comprised three for typhoid, two for cholera, and the last, — a five-in-one, — vaccination, which was given by cutting us in five places on the right shoulder with a knife. In my case, all five took, and I still carry the five scars as a *bon souvenir*.

This camp had for orderlies three Italians and one wounded Frenchman. The Italian orderlies serving the whole camp would secretly carry notes to and fro between us and the men outside. There were, when we arrived, twenty-two fliers in the camp. Among these were several boys whom I had known. The twelve men of the 96th Squadron who had been lost all in a bunch on July 10 were here. These were Major Brown, Lieutenants Browning, Lewis, Smith, McDonald, Rutterman, Duke, Tichenor, McChestney, Mellen, Tucker, and Strong. The others were Captain James N. Hall, Captain Williamson, Lieutenants Battle, Kidder, Wardle, Layson, Rhodes, Gile, Raymond, and Phylar.

These, with the orderlies, were all the prisoners in the camp. It was only aviators who had the choice pleasure of going through this camp and having themselves inoculated and vaccinated almost to death. A week or ten days after our arrival another transfer came in. They were Lieutenants Roberts, Todd, White, Whiton, Wells, Harvey, Conley, Hollingsworth, Gorman, and McElvain. A good many of the men going through with us were in the British Royal Flying Corps, but American by birth.

Of those who were there before us, Lieutenants Wardle, Miller, Tucker, and Strong were in solitary confinement in the civilian jail of the town. Lieutenant Wardle had made an attempt to escape from the train bringing him from Karlsruhe to Landshut. He had

been caught by the guard from the train, and was very brutally handled. He served thirty-one days in jail, with a sentence of fourteen days. Lieutenants Miller, Tucker, and Strong served twenty-seven days, with only an eight-day sentence. They had attempted to escape from this prison-camp a few days before our arrival. They had got outside the inner walls, but finding themselves inclosed by yet another wall, had surrendered. Major Brown and Lieutenant Battle were put in on suspicion only, and served ten or fifteen days.

The commanding officer of this and the British camp, Major —, was the most contemptible brute that I ever met. He usually stayed at the British camp, leaving us in charge of Mr. Capp. Whenever he visited us, however, there was 'hell to pay.' He had to be saluted exactly according to his taste. If he overheard a man whispering or making a noise at any time, he took it as an insult and went into a rage. He was as disagreeable as possible. He would call us up and bawl us out in German every trip, and make Mr. Capp interpret it to us. He seemed to be in constant misery lest some of us should escape. He threatened everything imaginable in case of such an offense. He had our shoes taken up every night, and had our noses counted in bed at every change of guard all night long.

Mr. Capp, other than being a natural-born liar, as all Germans are, was a fairly reasonable man, and was himself often ashamed to carry out some of the orders of the major.

After a few days in our room, the seven of us had been let out with the others, and by degrees our clothes were given back to us. A good portion of the boys were by now receiving their parcels, and we had enough to eat. We would entertain ourselves in different ways, as well as we could in the limited space of the camp. I have a picture

taken of the group, which I value as a rare souvenir.

One night the bunch put on a local-talent show. And, even penned up as we were, we had a good show and enjoyed it. We surprised ourselves at the talent we found in the bunch. We were entertained first by music from Lieutenant Rhodes on the guitar, — strung like a banjo because we had no banjo, and he was a talented banjo-player only, — Lieutenant Raymond on a violin, Captain Williamson on a mouth-organ, and Captain Hall on the Sweet-Potato Whistle. Lieutenant McChestney recited from 'Service.' Lieutenant Wells, who I know would make a hit on Broadway, gave a couple of solos, accompanied by Lieutenant Raymond on the violin. The crowd was then given a live song by five of the list, and the show was brought to a close by a cracker-eating contest by Lieutenants Harvey and Battle. Lieutenant Harvey walked off with the victory, devouring his twelve crackers, which had been spared from our scanty supplies, and whistling, as required, between each two, in a manner which showed he enjoyed the privilege.

IV

During all this time the idea of escaping was always uppermost in my mind, and we were not idle.

Landshut was about 240 kilometres from the nearest point of the Swiss border. I knew that that was the biggest item, the walls of the old castle and the major with his precautions and threats included. This camp was very small, already cramped and crowded. I discovered that the Germans had intended to keep only a small number (less than fifty) of American fliers in this camp, until a big permanent camp was built there, or near there, for all American officers. We learned that American

officers were being sent to Villingen. Major Brown, Lieutenant Wardle, and Lieutenant McDonald had been sent there from this camp. We did not absolutely know any of these things, but we had our reasons for believing them. Many more captured American fliers were coming. We concluded that men who had finished their inoculations would be transferred from here about as they came in, keeping the number down, and would probably be sent to Villingen. Major Brown, Lieutenant Wardle, and Lieutenant McDonald had been transferred after application to Mr. Pastor, on account of difficulty with the major. Through Lieutenant Browning, who acted as spokesman for us, I asked to be sent in the first transfer. I did not give my true reasons for wishing the transfer, but they were, that I knew where Villingen was located on the map; that it was only 40 kilometres from the nearest point of the Swiss border; that I felt sure that I could in some way get out of any prison in Germany, and knew that, when I escaped, I would have a hundred times better chance of making Switzerland from Villingen than from Landshut, six times as far away.

My application was made about the 7th of September, and orders came for a transfer of ten, including my name, on the 12th. We did not *know* where we were going, but I had my hopes of Villingen.

During this time the restless spirit to escape was moving more than one of us. Each of us had drawn himself a copy of Lieutenant Batty's map. Many had, by magnetizing a common needle, made for themselves makeshift compasses. We had discovered where, by cutting through two ordinary wooden walls, we could advantageously get to the walls about the castle, where it would be easy to get over them. With saws made from ordinary case-knives we had cut

through one of these walls, and were working on the last one when we heard that the transfer was going to be made. Most of this work had been done by Lieutenant Batty and Lieutenant Rhodes. I wish to say right here that, if any man ever worked to escape from Germany, it was Lieutenant Batty. Although he never succeeded in escaping, it certainly was not his fault. If the war had lasted, I feel sure that he would eventually have made it. Others in the party to escape as soon as the way was cut were Lieutenants Floyd, Kidder, and Pecham. My vaccination had me out of condition for the time being, and I aided only by keeping watch while Batty worked. I hoped, however, to recover soon, and I was storing up supplies for the journey.

As soon as the news came of the transfer, I immediately dropped all thought of escaping from Landshut, and heralded the good news. The order also included Lieutenant Rhodes. About all who had applied, and the three yet in jail down town, were included, namely Captain Williamson, Lieutenants Rhodes, Tichenor, Rutherfordman, Albertson, Battle, Mellen, Tucker, Strong, and myself.

'Dusty' (Lieutenant Rhodes), on the other hand, did not wish to go. The way out of the camp was practically clear. He had got worked up in his plans to escape from here, and hated to abandon them. I counseled him that he should be glad to ride a train five sixths of the way to liberty.

He was disappointed, however, and in the hope of not being sent, he played sick on the morning of the 14th, when we were to go. He was undoubtedly the sickest-looking man I ever saw. He evidently was sick at having to abandon his plans, or he could n't have looked so much so. Mr. Capp, however, said he must go, sick or not. I, though anxious to go, was still on the sick list

from my vaccinations. He and I, therefore, were listed as sick, to receive special attention on the trip. I was also especially listed with the three men from jail, as men who had attempted to escape.

As soon as we were under way, 'Dusty' began thinking of escaping from the train. I advised him to wait until the train was somewhere in the neighborhood of Tuttlingen, where it would be nearest to the Swiss border. I told him that, though a little sick, I was good for a couple of days in the woods, and agreed to try it with him if he would wait. Tuttlingen is only about 25 kilometres from Switzerland at the nearest point, and our route at one place would come within less than 20 kilometres of the border.

On an ordinary cigarette-paper I had a map of this part of the country. In my housewife I had an ordinary-looking needle, which was a compass. This could be easily carried through almost any inspection. I had no idea, however, of trying to take even this map into the Villingen camp. If I did not make use of it before I got there, I would throw it away, because I knew that I could, and I can yet, draw one just as good from memory, if necessary, at any time. And I always so conducted myself that the Germans never even suspected that I wanted to escape until I had gone.

We were traveling in a fourth-class passenger car. These cars are not cut up into compartments like the better-class ones, but are something like our street cars. They have a door at each end. The seats are fixed facing one another, however, in a manner which forms a group of six sitting spaces. We with our guard occupied the whole car. There were five of these six-place compartments, and narrower seats across the aisle.

'Dusty' and I were together in the compartment nearest the end. He was

restless and nervous. I tried to advise him: told him that he would draw the attention of the guard. I told him that I would n't leave that train where we were, if it had stopped and the guards all went off chasing rabbits.

'Dusty,' however, was too restless to wait. The guard was not very strict at first, and during the night, a little out of Ulm, he snatched his opportunity and dashed from the train. Where he jumped was over a hundred miles from the Swiss border.

He made a beautiful getaway, dashing through the open door at our end of the car, between the sergeant and the officer of the guard who sat on either side, and jumping into the darkness from the moving train. So sudden and quick was his exit, that even I scarcely saw him. I was not aware of his intention to break just at that moment. In fact, I don't think his plan was formed one second before it was executed. I was lying on my seat, and he was returning to his, which was the one nearest the end. This brought him within two strides of the door, which was standing open; and seeing that the Germans on either side did not have their eyes on him, he stepped between them and was gone like a flash.

Instantly a rasping, hissing noise filled the car, like a dozen rattlesnakes

in anger. Instantly those seven men, who had looked so peaceful and quiet a moment before, were as wild beasts. Each held his post with an expression in his eye of an animal in agony. The officer first moved. He jumped to the alarm signal to stop the train, at the same time throwing his pistol in the face of Lieutenant Battle, whom for some reason or other they seemed to suspect. The train stopped immediately, and two of his men went out. In a few moments they returned. He had gone. One of the men, seeing me lying where I had been all through the excitement, grabbed me by the back of the neck and set me up with a sarcastic, 'Sick, eh!' He thought that I too was only pretending sickness, since my comrade had shown his cards.

'Dusty's' dash for liberty was one that anyone would admire, and we all hoped he would get through. I had observed his rashness, however, and had my fears of his success. I knew that to cover that hundred miles in the enemy country required something more than sheer bravery and a willingness to take a chance.

After his escape, the 'screws' were put to us. Our shoes were taken from us, and we were crowded into two little compartments and were scarcely allowed to breathe.

(To be concluded)

GERMAN COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION

BY EVANS LEWIN

I

'THE history of our Colonies in the world war has shown that the German Colonial Empire was no proper "empire" at all, but just a number of possessions without geographical and political connection or established communications. This shows the direction our aims must take.'

In these words Dr. Solf, then the German Secretary of State for the Colonies, summed up the aims and policy of German colonial expansion, at a period when it appeared possible that Germany might demand and obtain a greatly extended colonial empire in Africa. Commenting upon this idea of colonial expansion, the *Vossische Zeitung* stated that Germany wanted 'a solid colonial empire in Central Africa, to include the Cameroons, the Congo, Portuguese West Africa, German Southwest and East Africa, and portions of Portuguese East Africa and Rhodesia. These territories comprise what we need. They can form a solid colonial empire, which will satisfy our wishes.' In other words, what Germany required, as expressed in hundreds of pamphlets and newspaper articles, was a compact and solid block of African territory stretching from ocean to ocean across the continent, including the basin of the Congo with its magnificent system of internal waterways, and the complete control of the great Central African lakes, which form a system of internal navigation comparable only with the Great Lakes of North America.

This conception of a vast southern empire as a tropical appanage of the Fatherland was based upon two fundamental ideas: the control and exploitation of the tropical products necessary for the expansion of German industries, and the establishment of a strategic fortress capable of menacing the sea-routes of the South Atlantic on the one side and of the Indian Ocean on the other. Taken in conjunction with the Mittel-Europa idea, with its extension across Asia Minor to the shores of the Persian Gulf, the Mittel-Africa plan would soon have rendered impossible the continuance of British ascendancy in India, and would have led eventually to the Germanization of the East.

Since the period, not far distant, when Germany first, with faltering and hesitating footsteps, under the guidance of Bismarck, set out on her journey of adventure on the continent of Africa, giant strides have been made, both in the building of the edifice and in the growth of new ideas and new conceptions of the nature and extent of the desired tropical storehouse. Year by year, as Germany felt her way across the rich territories which she had acquired through cautious and subtle manoeuvring, new features were added, until at length the earlier builders would not have recognized the original structure commenced by a few independent merchants and traders, but continued as the task of an imperial people. In common with all other colonizing nations, Germany shared in the assimilative processes of modern Imperialism. Her manner of

assimilation alone was different, and reverted, so far as Africa was concerned, to the methods of the dominations of antiquity, with the addition of modern scientific *Kultur*. What she had acquired by treaty with the natives, and had supported by arrangements and agreements in the council chambers of Europe, was held by the sword and governed by the ruthless application of force.

The story of German administration in Africa, and to a lesser extent in the Pacific, is the history of a conflict between the radically opposed conceptions of personal freedom and foreign domination. It was essentially a contest between such moral forces and ideas as existed among primitive peoples and the non-moral, and sometimes immoral, forces of modern materialism. The native races with which Germany came in contact ranged from barbarous and sometimes cannibalistic tribes, as yet untouched by the refining influences of European civilization, through a succession of tribes of a higher standard of ethics and conduct, to races which had long been in touch with the Arab culture of the East or the European civilization of the West. None were what may be termed civilized, in the European sense of the word; but, as a general rule, they were more or less bound together by one fundamental principle — the tribal community of landed property, as opposed to the European conception of personal ownership. It was this system that Germany set about to destroy by acquiring the tribal lands, by disregarding the treaties she had solemnly pledged her word to respect, and by changing the natives from freemen, responsible to their own chiefs, to serfs dependent upon their European masters. 'The entire colonial policy,' declared Major-General Baron H. von Puttkamer, 'is based upon the principle of Europeans depriving the inferior natives in foreign countries of their land

by main force and maintaining their position there by force.'

The tribes to be Germanized were, as has been said of varying degrees of civilization. They ranged from the semi-Christianized natives of Southwest Africa, — such as the Hereros, — and of the Cameroons, — such as the coastal tribes, — to the fierce and intractable warriors of Adamawa (Northern Cameroons) or Makondeland (German East Africa). Inter-tribal warfare raged in all the German colonies. The tribes, wherever they were loosely joined in confederations under a paramount chief or united under the sway of some powerful sultan or ruler, — as with the people of Ruanda in German East Africa and the Hereros and Ovambos of Southwest Africa, — were able to offer, and sometimes did offer, a strenuous resistance to their new masters; but wherever they were small village communities, or formed comparatively small confederations, as was generally the case in the Cameroons and Togoland, they were easily subdued and caught in the German economic machine.

Nothing could have been said against the process of assimilation and the gradual extension of European administration over vast areas of territory, had they been conceived and carried out in the interests of the natives themselves. It would have been impossible for Englishmen, more especially, to protest against a process that has been followed in every British colony, to the ultimate benefit, it is to be hoped, of the less advanced races of mankind. But German methods were not founded upon any existing system; and, although German administrators were learning wisdom, they were novices in the art of ruling non-Europeans, and were at first, and in most cases to the end, unwilling to learn. Germany had 'a method of colonization peculiar to herself,' and did not need 'to learn from foreign nations.'

II

The natives of Africa, whether they are regarded as economic assets or as human beings, are in reality children, with certain vices of their own, but in their raw state uncontaminated by a corrupt and material civilization. They may be moulded like clay in the hands of the potter, and it is the duty of those higher in the scale of civilization, as it is understood in Western Europe and America, to see that these children of nature are not crushed lower and lower, until they become mere helots and slaves of a soulless domination. This is the essential justification of European control. Yet from the first it was announced in the *Koloniale Zeitschrift*, that self-interest was to be the main-spring of German policy in Africa. 'We have acquired this colony,' it was written, 'not for the evangelization of the blacks, not primarily for their well-being, but for us whites. Whosoever hinders our objects we must put out of the way.' Avoiding the charge of hypocrisy, so freely leveled at those who have adopted other views, the Germans have laid themselves open to another, and perhaps more sinister, impeachment. 'Our whole colonial policy,' declared Bebel, 'is conceived only from the point of view of material profit.'

In the early days of German colonization, from 1884 up to 1900, it was fondly hoped that the German colonies would become the homes of contented and prosperous German settlers. It was believed that German Southwest Africa and considerable portions of East Africa might become 'white men's countries.' In the first of these colonies the pursuit of this policy led to the practical extermination of the only native race capable of affording a labor-supply for the white colonists. The Hereros, badly administered, robbed of their lands and cattle, and treated with great

severity, were driven into the frightful Kalahari Desert — old men, women, and children — and left to die of thirst, or else killed in one of the most terrible and bloody wars that has ever disgraced African soil. Out of a total of a little over 80,000, less than 20,000 survived, and the bloody hand may be inscribed with justice on the escutcheon of Southwest Africa. This campaign is graphically described in all its horrors by a pastor of Hamburg who, in one of the most moving books ever written, sketches in broad and vivid outline the sinister record of this inhuman war.¹

In German East Africa, with its large native population of some seven or eight millions, the same policy of ruthless extermination could not be pursued; yet it is officially admitted that in one campaign, the Majimaji rebellion, 75,000 people were killed. The majority of these also were driven into regions where they were allowed to perish of hunger. In the other African colonies, the Cameroons and Togoland, there has also been a full quota of risings, ruthlessly suppressed, and punitive expeditions against an almost defenseless people. In fact, within a few years, as was admitted by the great German naturalist Dr. Schillings, Germany slaughtered some 200,000 natives in her colonies.

Yet, in spite of this preliminary holocaust, the ideal of the German colonies for the German people was all the time an impossible one. With the exception of Southwest Africa, which is suitable for white colonization on a considerable scale, the German colonies in Africa cannot be considered as possible homes for Europeans — if by home is meant permanent settlement. Even in the favored highland districts of German East Africa, around Kilimanjaro, in the Usambara Mountains, and in Ruanda, the direct rays of the tropical sun make it impossible, under present

¹ *Peter Moor*, by Gustav Frennson.

conditions, to rear European children, without constant visits to Europe; and a colony without children is, for the settlers, a land without sunshine and a country without morals. It must be admitted, therefore, that, with the one exception mentioned above, the German African colonies can be regarded only as tropical storehouses filled with the products needed in European markets.

By slow degrees this conception was forced upon the attention of the German people. In numberless lectures and addresses intended to popularize the colonies, this purely material aspect of German colonization was insisted upon. It is difficult to visualize the condition of affairs in the German colonies, since it has differed in the various territories and in different parts of the same colony. Each colony, and each district of a colony, has had its own problems, and these problems have been handled by different men of varying capacities and of varying moral worth. It is not safe, therefore, to generalize from what has occurred in any special district; but it is safe to state, from the mass of testimony coming from many different districts, which is overwhelming and conclusive, that, generally speaking, German administration has been marked by cruelty, oppression, and a disregard for native opinions, feelings, and rights. 'In our colonies,' said Deputy Dr. Ablass, 'a ruthlessness and a brutality are used which mock at humanity.'

The ruling conception of tropical reserves has dominated the minds of German administrators and has led to a state of affairs detrimental alike to native and European interests. It has resulted in the establishment, particularly in the Cameroons, Togoland, and German East Africa, of great trading and planting corporations which have controlled large tracts of territory and have established plantations run by what has practically amounted to slave

labor. In the Cameroons the individual planter has received little encouragement and native cultivators none at all. In German East Africa, perhaps more suitable on the whole for planters of limited financial resources, the same tendency has been observable, but to a less degree. It may be said that the policy of Germany in her three tropical colonies has been to favor the establishment and development of large estates by organized capital rather than the encouragement of numerous independent holdings. Individual cultivation by native holders has been rendered difficult, if not impossible, in many districts, by the system of forcing natives to leave their small farms in order to work on the larger plantations and on government undertakings. Thus, in the Cameroons, where some 30,000 natives, recruited in a comparatively restricted area, have been employed annually on the plantations and government works, whole districts have been denuded of their adult male population, villages have been depopulated, and lands left untilled. The most striking example of this silent conflict between organized capital and native ownership is found in the Rio del Rey district, but there are others almost equally suggestive.

To take the Cameroons as our principal example, it must be stated that the present plantation areas form but a small proportion of this vast territory, about half as large again as Germany itself. They are nowhere very far from the coast, for the greater part of the territory, although administered by Germany, has not been developed from the economic point of view. From the Rio del Rey district, on the borders of (British) Nigeria, the plantation areas stretch through the Johann-Albrechtshöhe and Victoria districts to the Cameroons estuary. Through the southern part of this area, the Duala district, a railway runs northward for a comparatively

short distance, having its coastal terminus at Bonaberi, opposite the port of Duala. Farther along the coast, and inland, plantations exist in the Edea, Kribi, Ebolowa, and Jaunde districts, which are partly served by a railway running southeastward from Duala toward the Njong River.

The commercial exploitation of these areas formed one of the most active features of German administration; but it was an exploitation confined mainly to the great plantations, and the results, satisfactory enough to the interests of the owners, insensibly tended to enslave the natives, to diminish the real resources of the country, and to create a perpetual feud between the plantation owners on the one side and independent European merchants and native cultivators on the other. While the output of the plantations was gradually increasing, independent native cultivation was continuously decreasing; and in this respect no more striking object lesson can be afforded than a comparison between the cocoa industry in the (British) Gold Coast Colony and in the Cameroons respectively. In the former, within a few years, by the efforts of the natives themselves, assisted by the government, a most flourishing industry has been established, valued at some £2,000,000 annually, while in the latter, the output just previous to the war was less than £250,000 in value, and this came almost exclusively from the large plantations.

There is thus a conflict between British and German economic methods, which holds good generally with respect to the German colonies. But the difference in the actual methods of administration has been more striking still. In order to obtain the necessary labor for their large plantations, the Germans have resorted to a system of forced labor which has led to the gravest abuses, more especially in the Cameroons and Togoland, but also in German East Af-

rica. This crime against the natives is proved up to the hilt by the revelations made in the Reichstag by Deputy Erzberger, the leader of the Centre party, and by Deputies Dittmann, Wels, Wiemer, and others, and elsewhere by many independent and disinterested witnesses, both German and foreign, missionaries and laymen.

In order to understand this question aright, the German conception of tropical labor must be thoroughly appreciated. Briefly it is this — that the natives unwilling to work (that is, for European masters) must be made to do so by means that permit of no alternative between forced labor and actual starvation. There has been no gradual encouragement to independent labor, as has been the case in the Gold Coast and elsewhere, but an actual physical compulsion to do work on behalf of others. The German conception of labor has been admirably and forcibly expressed by three leading Germans. Colonel von Morgen, the owner of large plantations in the Cameroons, said in 1907 that 'the only real tax, which is also of cultural value, is compulsory labor. We can do nothing in the tropics without native workmen. As we in Germany have compulsory schooling, so there must be compulsory work in the colonies.' A similar view was expressed by Major von Wissmann, who, according to Bismarck, was one of the few men who returned from Africa with a 'white waistcoat' — a rare achievement in those days; while Dr. Karl Peters, the hero of the Kilimanjaro floggings and hangings, expressed himself as follows:

'A very good recipe is to demand a hut-tax from every nigger over the age of sixteen, and one of not less than five pounds, so that they are forced to work: otherwise we shall soon be responsible for a lot of lazy *canaille* from Algoa Bay to the Great Syrtis, who will force Europe to give up the opening up of

Africa unless the colonists . . . simply exterminate the useless rabble. To me the most advantageous system seems to be one in which the negro is forced, following the example laid down by Prussian military law, to devote some twelve years of his life to working for the government. During this time he should receive food and shelter, and a small wage, say about two shillings a month, like a Prussian soldier.'

In fact, in the pursuit of German economic policy, the natives of African soil were to be dragooned and Prussianized in order to feed the German commercial machine. How this has been done has now been shown in numerous publications, based upon authoritative information; but it may be stated here that the most brutal compulsion has been practised in many large districts, and that men have been deliberately driven to the plantations, like so many cattle, with halters round their necks. The scandal has been ventilated time and again in the Reichstag. It is necessary here only to quote the words of Deputy Dittmann, uttered a few weeks before war broke out.

'Ostensibly there is no forced labor, as the Secretary of State, Dr. Solf, assured us. Truly, however, the system of work-tickets introduced in East Africa by the government really means a brutal compelling to forced work on the plantations; for every black man must prove by this card that he has worked at least twenty days each month for white men. If he cannot, he is dragged to the district police station, and there officially flogged with the sjambok, according to the new order regarding work; this is done without even the request of the employer. Gentlemen, surely there we have without doubt the most brutal compulsion to plantation work which it is possible to conceive.'

This forcing to work prevailed to a greater or less extent in all the German

colonies, but in certain districts it was leading to a steady and continuous diminution in the native population. This fact cannot be disputed even by the apologists of German *Kultur*, for Dr. Solf himself admitted in 1913, when addressing the South Cameroons Chamber of Commerce, that 'it is a sad state of things to see how the villages are bereft of men, and how women and children carry heavy burdens; how the whole life of the people appears on the roads.¹ What I saw on the high roads at Jaunde and Ebolowa has grieved me most deeply. Family life is being destroyed; parents, husbands, wives, and children are being separated. No more children are born, as the women are separated from their husbands for the greater part of the year. These are wrong conditions and difficulties which must cease.'

III

Perhaps the feature of German colonial administration which has attracted the greatest attention has been the system of flogging and intimidation adopted in all the German colonies, without exception, but more especially in Africa. It has already been mentioned in connection with forced labor, of which it forms, indeed, the inevitable and natural complement; but floggings were part of the ordinary administrative system, and were inflicted for trivial offences and serious crimes. In this respect the Germans have proved themselves to be many years behind other European nations, and it is indeed remarkable that a people boastful of its material progress should have employed, nevertheless, methods that have long been discarded by other western nations, from motives both of expediency and of humanity. Flogging in German Africa was systematized, as was every-

¹ Alluding to the convoys of natives carrying palm-kernels and other products.—THE AUTHOR.

thing else German. It is almost incredible, and would be laughable if it were not so serious as an example of the German treatment of small matters, that natives who dared to drink out of a soda-water bottle could be flogged. Hygiene practised at the end of a whip presents a lesson indeed for the emulation of sanitary reformers.

The orgy of floggings that was indulged in marks the lowest degradation of the African native; and although the Germans systematized this punishment by numerous regulations giving it an official sanction and recognition, and kept minute records of the numerous official floggings, this systematization did not prevent those numberless illicit applications of the whip which have tortured the backs of the natives and shamed the humanity of the Germans. Had flogging been the punishment for really serious crimes, little need have been said except to remark that native criminals are not infrequently the product of contact with European civilization. But flogging has been resorted to for the most trivial offenses. As a respected Prussian judge, Herr Rören, stated in the Reichstag, 'It has happened, and does happen, that even about household blunders, if the cook is not punctual with the dinner, or it is not to the Station Director's taste, he is ordered a flogging for it'; whilst Deputy Ledebour, speaking in irony, said, 'Therefore, light offenses or heavy offenses, flog you must.'

Nothing in the old days of recognized slavery can have exceeded the brutality with which this punishment has been administered. While, in the words of Secretary of State Dernburg, 'the State is always asked to carry a whip in its hand,' and has thus lent its sanction to this inhuman practice, private individuals have not been slow to follow such an example. Every allowance must, of course, be made for a white minority

situated in the midst of a barbarous or semi-barbarous people; but when everything has been said in mitigation of the punishment itself, nothing remains to be urged in favor of the extreme severity of its application. Natives have been maimed for life; many have been killed outright by the almost incredible brutality of their tormentors; and in all cases they have been cowed and hardened by the repeated application of the whip.

The fault of the system lay in the rigid inflexibility of its application quite as much as in the brutality of those whose duty it was to administer punishment. The African native as a rule can be managed without violence; but when this is requisite, it is the duty of the State to see that the instruments of violence are not themselves brutalized and inhuman. In the German African colonies too much license has been permitted to non-commissioned officers, who have frequently been of a low and brutal type supposed to be specially suitable for colonial work, and to native soldiers drawn from warrior tribes whose lowest instincts have been aroused by the possession of almost unlimited powers over the unfortunate members of other tribes. The legal number of twenty-five strokes, often exceeded, has earned for the German colonies the name of the 'Colonies of the Twenty-five,' and the monotonous song of the rhinoceros or hippopotamus whip, falling in measured cadence on the bleeding backs of its victims, has been heard far beyond the confines of German territory.

The official figures of floggings probably contain but a small proportion of the total number of cases. Yet, to take one colony alone, Southwest Africa, in one year, out of certainly not more than 80,000 natives subject to German rule, of whom no more than 17,000 were men, no fewer than 1262 were flogged and 2371 sentenced to more or less severe

punishments. 'This is such an enormous percentage,' said Deputy Noske, 'that one does not really understand on what principle justice is administered.'

The administration of justice formed, indeed, one of the most serious blots on German colonizing methods. In Africa, of all countries, it is essential that justice should be well and impartially administered. The superiority of the white man consists, not in his vaunted material supremacy, but in his supposed moral advantages; and where the latter are wanting, the condition of the natives under his sway is pitiable. All nations which have controlled native races have had to learn the same lesson — that justice is the bulwark of European rule, and that by justice alone can this rule be maintained. Without it, the complete moral and social degradation of the natives is but a matter of time. It is remarkable that a nation which has been bound by convention and regulated by law has been unable to establish any legal code in its colonies; but it is undeniable that, in the case of German Africa, chaos has been the characteristic of the administration of justice. 'Our civil and criminal administration in the colonies,' said Deputy Dr. Müller in 1912, 'is simply untenable. . . . The one judge uses the German penal code without further ado . . . without turning to the right or the left for the primitive conditions of the colonies. The next does not use the penal code at all. Yet the next uses an analogy of it. . . . In short, our criminal proceedings are in a condition which must be stopped, which leaves the natives entirely without rights.'

One of the principal stumbling-blocks in the way of the strict and impartial administration of justice was the vicious system whereby the judges were also administrative officials. Too often the administration of justice was in the hands of incompetent officers subser-

vient to the governor or other higher officials, and, therefore, not in a position to deliver independent judgments.

In the beginning of her colonial administration Germany took the wrong turning, and although reforms have been initiated, especially in German East Africa, where there was some attempt to introduce the best elements of British rule from the neighboring colony, in the other African colonies matters have drifted from bad to worse. In the Pacific islands administration as a rule was fairly clean and humane, especially in Samoa, where the type of natives was of a high standard; but in Africa the black man had no reason to welcome his new masters. Instead of setting out on the road to administrative perfection, the average official shut his eyes to the lessons of anthropology, stumbled blindly into the pitfalls which had been safely passed by most other Europeans, and, instead of engaging the coöperation of the natives in the administration of their own laws, light-heartedly destroyed whatever was good by robbing the chiefs of much of their authority. Native laws and customs, native feelings, the inherent perception of right and wrong, were deliberately flouted, with the result that the Hereros were almost exterminated and other races were driven into revolt.

Sheer ignorance and sheer audacity marked German methods. It was not to be thought that a race of trained administrators would rise out of the ground from the seed sown at Hamburg or Bremen. On the contrary, it was to be expected that only patient and prolonged training would establish a ruling caste in the administrative saddle. But men were sent to the colonies who were totally unsuited for the immense task that was before them. As in the Congo Free State, when the riff-raff of Europe were eagerly seeking administrative posts in the Congo forests, so in Ger-

man Africa the most unsuitable elements were sent across the seas. 'Men who have lived and are on the shelf, and officials and officers who stink materially and morally,' in the words of Deputy Dr. Schaedler, were only too frequently given important posts in the colonies.

It is not possible to mention here the well-authenticated atrocities that make German colonial history such a damning record of bad administration. There have been 'bad eggs' in all colonies, but the list of those who have befouled the German name in the eyes of the natives is long indeed. From Karl Peters, the inhuman scoundrel to whom the Germans have erected two statues, to Governor von Puttkamer, Bismarck's nephew, and roué, spendthrift, and forger, Chief Justice Meyer, and Herr G. A. Schmidt, the disgusting hero of numerous Sadist atrocities in Togoland; from Prince Prosper Arenberg, the autocratic degenerate, to Major Dominik, of infamous celebrity in the Cameroons; from Captain Schennemann, who caused natives to be mutilated in a particularly horrible way, to Captain Kamptz, who had men shot to pieces in front of a gun as a punishment for highway robbery, one could wander through a mass of revolting details that serve to throw the conduct of those who endeavored to administer faithfully and well into higher relief. It was not so much 'the transplanting of the Prussian Government assessor and his bureaucratic system to Africa,' as was feared by Bismarck, as the sending thither of those who were temperamentally incapable of understanding the natives, and were by education and upbringing unsuitable to undertake highly skilled administrative work in tropical countries.

Having examined the German system in broad outline, we may temper our conclusions by the assumption that wherever a strong race is brought into contact with a weaker or less organized

people, there is always a danger of oppression in one form or another. The history of Great Britain's administrative work in the past will not bear examination in every detail. But there has been, nevertheless, a moral impulse which has expanded progressively since the abolition of the slave trade, till it enables us to claim with justice that the basis of British rule over subject races is the conception of trusteeship. It has become an axiom of British government that colored people must be governed, not for the benefit of those who rule, but for the improvement of those who are compelled to obey; and the somewhat sordid manifestations of a capitalistic imperialism which are still evident in some quarters, now meet with little response from the mass of the British people.

In the case of Germany there has been this difference. The ferocious ebullitions of the ruling caste in Africa, although condemned at home by the Social Democratic leaders, met with little reprobation from the powerful governmental clique, and attracted comparatively little attention among the mass of the people. So long as palm-oil, cocoa, rubber, and other tropical products flowed uninterruptedly into the markets of Hamburg, it mattered little how they were obtained. The German moral sense had been blunted by long years of self-deception. Oppression in Africa, it was argued, is inevitable, and it is hypocritical to condemn in ourselves what has been practised by others, and hypocritical in others to condemn such practices by ourselves.

Yet there are degrees of oppression, and assuming that cruelty must exist where the State has professed itself powerless or unwilling to initiate true reform, or to establish personal liberty, we may condemn the Germans, nevertheless, for the ruthless exercise of *force majeure* when less drastic methods would

have been equally efficacious. The moral turpitude and materialistic fetishism of German colonial administration have been self-evident and self-confessed, and it is impossible to exonerate the system as a whole from the charge of utilizing the native races as pawns on the capitalistic chessboard of European commercialism.

IV

We may turn with comparative pleasure to another aspect of German policy, because, in the pursuit of material aims, the Germans have introduced methods of order into their colonies which might be copied with advantage by other nations. In the application of modern science to tropical needs the Germans have not lagged behind. They have studied with success scientific methods of sanitation and tropical therapeutics, and although they have nowhere surpassed the work carried on by such an institute as the Wellcome Tropical Laboratories at Khartum, they have, nevertheless, battled with some success against epidemic and endemic disease. It is, however, a terrible commentary on the spread of so-called civilization in Africa that, while the diseases peculiar to the country have not been conquered, others not less terrible in their effect have been introduced. The ravages of syphilis, contracted on the plantations or in the mines, have been added to the terrible scourge of sleeping sickness. The tragedy of phthisis has been superimposed upon the evils of malaria. While the latter have been combated by modern hygienic methods, the door has been opened to new forms of disease. But such work as the Germans have been able to perform in the domain of medicine has been for the ultimate good of blacks and Europeans alike.

In the domains of practical and ordered architecture and of engineering the Germans have surpassed, in some

respects, their British and French competitors. To compare the port of Dar-es-Salaam, in German East Africa, with its neatness and fine buildings, with the neighboring British port of Mombasa, is not to the advantage of the latter; and even the native towns in each case show the difference between what may be termed paternal efficiency and the detached casualness of British methods. Similarly Duala, the chief port of the Cameroons, founded, it is true, on the moral degradation of the former native owners, is a model of order when contrasted with coastal towns in the Gold Coast Colony, and compares favorably with the French show-place of Dakar in Senegal.

German railways, too, are supplied with splendid stations, uncommon in any African country; but they have been built with the sweat and blood of forced laborers and are the symbols of enslavement rather than of freedom. The Uganda Railway, built into the heart of the continent in the early days of British influence in East Africa, was the instrument of freedom, and introduced law and order where slavery and oppression had formerly been paramount. The Tanganyika Railway, also built into the heart of Africa, was to have been the instrument of Germany's commercial domination of the Tanganyika districts and the visible sign of German might in Africa. It was pushed forward at great speed, mainly for strategic and materialistic reasons.

In one other respect the Germans are worthy of praise. They have studied with minute care the products of their colonies. Although this has been mainly with a view to their utilization on the markets of Europe, no one can blame a commercial people for entering upon this investigation with thoroughness. The same process is carried on by Great Britain, France, and America, but it is doubtful whether it has been followed

with the same close attention to possible developments of new industries.

From the scientific point of view, therefore, German colonization has been a success, for every encouragement has been given to the scientific application of agriculture, the study of tropical products, agricultural experiments on broad and practical lines, the utilization of the indigenous fauna, experimental work in the eradication of tropical diseases, the study of practical hygiene, and the investigation of native languages — to the exclusion, not infrequently, of the more practical work of exploitation and colonization. If a scientific foundation be required in a modern colony, then there can be no possible doubt that such a basis was prepared in the German tropical possessions; but to adopt a homely simile, it is no good for a laborer to know how to use a theodolite if he cannot also handle a pick and axe. Too many of Germany's administrators were theorists first and practical workers second.

The history of German colonization, however, enforces the lesson that material civilization is a curse and a blighting influence if it be not accompanied by active sympathy, deep understanding, and moral worth. The African native is no mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, nor can he be regarded simply as the necessary tool in the work of scientific exploitation. It is precisely because the Germans have been unable to recognize this elementary fact, that they must be regarded as unsuitable workers in the African domain. By their systematic oppression, manifested in many different directions and in many different places, they have demonstrated their unfitness to control the destinies of native races.

It is no part of this article to suggest what shall be the future of the German

colonies. The problem is an entirely complex one, — more complex than can be shown in a few generalizations, — involving the interests of several European nations and the rights and liberties of many millions of African natives. It is a problem particularly difficult for an Englishman to discuss; for England is always open to the charge, unjust in the writer's view, that her wars have been waged for territorial gain, because at the end of them she has generally received fresh accessions of territory. The most casual acquaintance with the underlying forces that have produced national catastrophes, and with the conditions prevailing at the conclusion of peace, is sufficient to refute such an argument. But it is permissible to suggest that deep moral forces are moving the world, and that the old order is passing away even before the new order has been evolved.

It is, therefore, essential, in the interest of the natives, that they should be governed by some power capable of utilizing these new moral forces for the benefit of black humanity; for, while the more sordid and material aspects of colonial development must not be dismissed, the white man is under a sacred obligation toward the less advanced races of mankind which cannot be minimized or neglected. In this work America, too, has her part, and whatever may be the ultimate form of the redistribution of territory in Africa, it is certain that America is too deeply interested in the moral evolution of humanity to stand aside. If it be impossible for America to assume any direct territorial responsibility in Africa, nevertheless, the force of American opinion is a factor to be welcomed, and it cannot be disregarded by any European nation engaged in the administration of African territories.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

I

THE mediæval alchemist believed, following the tradition of the great Aristotle, that man's body, like all other material things, was composed of four elements, earth, air, fire, and water. Each individual had his own particular mixture of these — his *temperamentum*, as they called it. This was determined at conception and birth by the influence of the constellations and planets. The aptitudes, weaknesses, and chances of success or failure of each human being sprang from his elemental composition. Since no one had been properly mixed since Adam, the problem emerged of discovering some sovereign remedy — *secretum maximum* — which would cleanse and rectify man's composition and so produce a superman, full of physical and mental vigor and enjoying a life prolonged through many joyous centuries. Hence the persistent search for the Elixir, or philosopher's stone, which should produce these marvelous results, as well as transform the baser metals into gold.

There are plenty of reasons for concluding that the hopes of the alchemist were founded upon false assumptions; but the quest for a panacea for human woes has gone on, and has tried widely divergent paths. We are obsessed with the idea that we all have latent powers which are only awaiting the right signal to be set free and glorify life. We have a conviction of suppressed worth and potency which leads us to suspect that our inabilities are but the symptoms

of some physical or mental maladjustment, which might prove to be comparatively simple and remediable, if only we could hit on the right way of dealing with it.

A lifelong personal experience of physical and mental depression and a constant observation of its operation in others has led me to the conclusion that it constitutes one of our chief modern enemies, not only to individual happiness and effort, but to successful social regeneration. Its workings are most insidious and assume manifold forms. Like Friar Bacon, I have continued to believe that we should not give up the search for the philosopher's stone; but the claims of those which came to my attention appeared to me greatly exaggerated and, in my particular case, illusory.

But not many months ago I happened upon one of the numerous proclamations of a new elixir in a book with the exhilarating title, *Man's Supreme Inheritance*.¹ It was introduced to the public by one in whose judgment in such matters I have uncommon confidence. I therefore took advantage of an opportunity to meet the author, and he has taken infinite pains to explain to me and illustrate the theory and workings of the plan of human regeneration set forth in his book.

I realize that I must here meet the

¹ *Man's Supreme Inheritance, Conscious Guidance and Control in Relation to Human Evolution in Civilization.* By F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER; with an introductory word by PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1918.

inevitable prejudgments of the reader. He will naturally infer that I am going to describe and defend a new 'cure.' He may already have discovered the Elixir — Christian Science, osteopathy, psycho-analysis, chiropractics, mineral oil, assiduous mastication, or the frugal morning exercise. If one has already found salvation, why look further? We all know that cures are ascribed to all sorts of things, from the humble bacillus *Bulgaricus* to Our Lady of Lourdes. The number of things that appear to make people ill is exceeded only by the number of those that claim to make them well.

I am not telling my plain tale because I happen to have been redeemed in body and soul through Mr. Alexander's method, or because I have known others to be so redeemed. I think his ability to straighten out adults and give them new energy and courage is very important, but by no means so important as the possible application of his theories in the field of education, by which it seems as if it might be possible to raise the whole race to a far higher plane than it now occupies.

One must also meet the objection of the disillusioned and properly skeptical reader, who will say that things are not so simple; that there can be no Elixir. He will cubby-hole Mr. Alexander's ideas as neatly and finally as the Holy Roman Catholic Church files a recrudescent heresy under some well-known heading of the second or third century. I am not inclined to contend that all his ideas are new, or that his book, which clearly reflects the genial exuberance of its author, might not have been better arranged; or that anyone need accept all the philosophic reflections which accompany the exposition of his system. Nevertheless, no one interested in human improvement can afford to pass by his plan without carefully considering its nature and bearings.

II

Mr. Alexander, an Australian by birth and originally a dramatic reciter by profession, was born with a rather weak constitution, and at one time his voice gave out completely. He hit upon the idea that his troubles were due to some failure to control his muscles correctly, and, furthermore, that he was frustrating himself by unconscious muscular strains which served to hamper the proper action of the lungs and at the same time caused a vast waste of the energy he could ill spare. He set about to analyze the situation, and with the utmost ingenuity, not only cured himself, but devised a method by which he has cured hundreds of other people — from babies to elderly men and women. His method lies in substituting conscious muscular control and coördination for our old ill-considered habitual postures which we acquire as carelessly as we do all our manners and convictions.

After long experience in Australia, London, and New York, with children and adults, whether suffering from acute disabilities and contortions, or merely afflicted with an indefinable feebleness and lassitude, Mr. Alexander has become convinced that a great part of our misery and inefficiency is quite needless. He longs to reach all children while the task of readjustment and correlation is still an easy one. He is able to remodel in the most astonishing manner men and women who are over sixty years old. This part of his work he regards, however, as of secondary importance. He must make a livelihood. Moreover, he naturally happens upon adults whose abilities he longs to set free from the trammels of ill-health and depression. But his prime interest is in setting *children* right, so that they shall never demand, in later years, the types of exacting, special treatment which bad

habits of long standing require. Children can, he finds, be taught easily and rapidly so that they need never suffer from the habits they form if left to establish their own false bodily dogmas. He would like to teach teachers, and he is constantly endeavoring to perfect and shorten the process of instruction. 'The first principle in all training, from the earliest years of child-life, must,' he holds, 'be on a conscious plane of co-ordination, reëducation, and readjustment, which will establish a normal kinæsthesia, or muscular discrimination.'

The improved race which Mr. Alexander foresees 'will be adaptable to any occupation that may be their lot.' All they do will be done with the maximum generation of vital energy and the minimum expenditure of their resources — and this during the whole twenty-four hours of the day. To those who have been educated in the principles of conscious control, 'no severe physical exercise is a necessity, since there are no stagnant eddies in the system in which the toxins can accumulate; and to them will belong a full and complete command of their physical organisms. The wonderful improvements in health — often deemed miraculous by the uninitiated — which have been effected in adults adumbrate the potentialities for efficiency which may be developed in the children of a new race.'

Mr. Alexander does not simply exhort one to exercise conscious muscular control: he actually remodels the body, as a sculptor models the clay; gives one a fresh and discriminating muscular sense, which not only does away with distortions and expensive strains, but reacts upon one's habitual moods and intellectual operations.

Now this happens to be at once the most novel and the most difficult thing either to do or to describe. Mr. Alexander has done his best in his book to make clear what he does to regener-

ate the human system; he has not consciously refrained from giving away his methods, as one might not unnaturally suspect who did not know him. But only actual demonstration can make the process clear, and then only after considerable thought and experience. It varies with the individual who is receiving the 'lessons.' To coördinate adults would never be a task for any but a very exceptional and skilled practitioner; but Mr. Alexander believes, as we have said, that the art of treating children could be so standardized as to be carried on successfully by large numbers of men and women of good intelligence if they were properly trained. For in his experience a child responds with wonderful readiness, and a few lessons are often all that is necessary to give him the correct notions of posture and bearing. There is nothing magical in Mr. Alexander's methods, but they involve a subtle coördination of thought and physical action which it is his striking achievement to have established and made available for others.

III

Before considering his actual practice in more detail, we must stop a moment to recall certain facts and prejudices that have always to be reckoned with.

We all have to rely upon the working of a combined generator and motor which is at once producing and expending power. Few of us ask ourselves whether our posture or movements in standing, sitting, walking, working, and sleeping are at once most favorable for the generation of energy and least wasteful in its use. As Arnold Bennett says, we constantly abuse our bodies as no man could afford to maltreat the electrical system of his car. If the commutators are befouled, and if the brushes do not form a proper contact, one's ammeter will fail to register the proper

intake. This will be succeeded by an absolute deficit if the stored electricity is allowed to run off owing to improper insulation or defective contacts. The starter works feebly, the spark is no longer bright and vivid, the lights burn dim; even the voice of the creature fades to a hoarse whisper, and finally the whole intricate mechanism comes to a standstill.

If we have stumbled up on to our hind-legs from a quadrupedal ancestry, that alone might readily account for certain very common strains and expensive postures. But granting that, during the hundreds of thousands of years which mankind probably lived as a hunting animal, wandering through the forests and across the plains, he attained a proper adjustment without taking thought, this is no sign that, now that he works in factories and leans over desks and counters, he has hit upon the right attitude, and is not wearing himself out by entirely needless exertion.

Those of us who are conspicuously slovenly in our carriage are urged by parents, teachers, and friends to 'brace up.' I have given myself this order and received it from others since childhood, but have found that my best efforts failed. Now I see the reason. No one explained to me what it was to 'brace up,' and I assumed that an effort to elevate my chest, buckle in my back, and bring my shoulder-blades as nearly together as possible was the desired end. This is what most people do when they endeavor to straighten themselves. While there might be worse positions, this one involves a great deal of strain; it tends to throw out the abdomen and does not really increase the freedom of the lungs. It is usually accompanied by a throwing back of the head, so that we really shorten rather than lengthen the body; for the kink in the neck and the inward bending of the spine at the waist produce a reduction in our possible stat-

ure. Mr. Alexander deprecates the military carriage on the grounds just given. If the resting Hermes in the Neapolitan Museum should jump to his feet and continue his way, our initial astonishment would be perceptibly increased if he assumed the attitude of a West Point cadet. The horsemen of the Parthenon frieze and the entrancing mounted Amazon ride rather more like cowboys than like hussars. This proves only that the Greek sculptors would probably have had no inclination to dispute Mr. Alexander's contentions.

When things grow too bad and we are overtaken by depression, indigestion, and insomnia, we resort to 'exercise' and 'physical training.' We try to find an artificial substitute for those activities which formed the daily routine of our hunting ancestors. That exercise is beneficial, no one will deny; but that it is hard to get into our lives, and is somewhat disappointing in its results and not very persistent in its effects, is obvious enough. We try to make up for the crampings and strains of twenty-three hours in the day by a period of movement for its own sake, lasting perhaps an hour. Moreover, we carry over, even into our exercises, the same habits that exhaust us during our regular occupations.

We are all embarrassed in our efforts to gain proper bodily control by what Mr. Alexander calls our 'debauched kinaesthesia.' That is to say, our muscular sensations are blind guides. Most people prove on examination to have false ideas of what they are really doing and what they can do. We generally involve many more muscles than are necessary, and apply an excessive amount of strain. One of the first results of Mr. Alexander's instruction is the conviction that physically we are fools, in spite of gymnasium practice and books on physical culture. We cannot even obey the simple order to

put our head back or forward, or open our mouth, without unnecessary ado. We have to be taught to walk without using our neck and needless abdominal tension. It is hard to 'relax' in Mr. Alexander's sense of the term, namely, put ourselves at the disposal of the instructor who wishes, by moving a limb himself, to give one a new kinæsthetic register of the correct amount of tension necessary. Our inhibitory powers are weak and erratic, and we suffer from a sort of bodily dogmatism which shows itself in a strong reluctance to grant that our habitual posture and movements are wrong. Then apprehension sets in and complicates the teaching, for the conviction of sin produces harassing anxiety lest we do the thing wrong.

Mr. Alexander is all too familiar with all these traits of the unregenerate. But he is patient and gentle, and with the traditions of an actor, each new audience of one comes to him as a fresh opportunity to explain and illustrate his art. He does not have to undress you, or ask you what is the matter with you, or establish your anamnesis. Your obviously faulty posture and movements immediately strike his keen experienced eye. If he can induce you to coöperate with him in the process of correlation, he is sure that you and he cannot be wrong. He invites no violent exercise — indeed, would have you refrain for a time from exercise, since it but serves to reinforce old and vicious habits. He does not force the change of mind and posture, but bids you have good hope that, by projecting the orders that he suggests, and reforming your bodily ambitions, and recognizing the vicious nature of your former habits and aspirations, you will, after twenty or thirty daily 'lessons,' lasting a half an hour each, find yourself, without intermitting your usual daily routine, a new person. But more than that, he promises that you will continue to improve

when the lessons are over, and that the ideas they suggest will form an ever-developing and inspiring element in your life. For, as he properly claims, 'anyone who has acquired the power of coördinating himself correctly can readjust the parts of his body to meet the requirements of almost any position, while always commanding adequate and correct movements of the respiratory apparatus and perfect vocal control.'

IV

In his book Mr. Alexander describes as best he can the manner in which he gives lessons in conscious control, and at the same time so remodels the body that the patient is finally able to translate his new aspirations into daily conduct.¹ He realizes that the psychic and physical are always interplaying, sometimes obviously, usually unconsciously. One has to inhibit his familiar and quite unconscious muscular routine, in order to make way for the new, well-planned, conscious coördination. It seems to me to be Mr. Alexander's fundamental invention to have hit upon an effective way of doing this. You are first shown your general incompetence to disassociate and control your movements; then you are given certain fundamental orders in regard to the relaxing of the neck, the position of the head, the lengthening of the body and broadening of the back. These are, however, at first *mere aspirations*, and you are forbidden to make any attempt to carry them out muscularly, for the simple reason that your old habits will not permit you to do so. As yet you do not know what it is really to relax the neck, lengthen the body, or broaden the back; but you can cultivate the hope of accomplishing these feats in good time. Mr. Alexander has discovered from

¹ See especially his 'Notes and Instances' at the end of the volume.

experience that the *bare orders*, if often repeated, not only tend to cut out the old noxious strains and distortions, but have an essential positive influence in forwarding the substitution of the new and correct coördination.

Mr. Alexander then proceeds literally to remodel the patient, first sitting and then in a standing posture. He devotes his chief attention to the neck, lower thorax, and abdomen, but sees to it that one's legs are properly relaxed. By pressing, pushing, pulling, stretching, and readjusting, — all quite gently and persuasively, — he brings you back into shape, rising now and then to take a look at you from a distance, as a sculptor might view the progress of his work. This process has a double effect apparently: it gradually increases your muscular discrimination, and at the same time the correct coördinations he makes tend to hold over and ultimately to become habitual. Slowly you realize that the sensations in your back and your consequent control are increasing. You sit and stand with ever greater ease and satisfaction. You learn to discriminate and separate muscular acts; to give yourself a long succession of commands and carry them out one by one, without involving any but the necessary and correct coördinations — to grasp a chair without implicating the muscles of the upper arm or shoulder, to manage your legs without using the abdominal muscles or contracting the neck.

When one is properly coördinated, gratuitous strain disappears; the lung-capacity is greatly increased, the method of breathing improves, the abdominal viscera are no longer compressed, and the natural massage in which our intestines engage can be carried on freely, thus aiding in the elimination of the poisonous products of life which cause such varied distress, physical and emotional. At last one has learned to 'brace up,' and, what is more, to stay

braced up; to prefer the right posture to the wrong. And one enjoys all these advantages for twenty-four hours in the day; for one no longer suffers from the 'reabsorption' that so often makes sleep a disappointment.

v

A word may properly be said here of the whole matter of so-called 'mind' cures, — including psycho-analysis, — as contrasted with Mr. Alexander's novel approach, *primarily from without rather than from within*. For many centuries European thought has been dominated by the false antithesis between mind and body, between the spiritual and the material, assumed to be engaged in an inevitable warfare. The Neo-platonists' contempt for the body, carried over into Christian theology, still influences our theories of conduct far more than we realize. Even the psycho-analysts are in fundamental agreement with Augustine in assuming that sexual impulse is at the bottom of our troubles, and that mankind must be saved from within out. Modern psychology, on the other hand, is making clearer and clearer the inevitable and organic association and constant interworking of what we rudely classify as 'mental' and 'physical.' They really cannot possibly be separated. Every thought and emotion reverberates through the body; and, on the other hand, every bodily sensation or function plays its part in determining our perceptions, our hopes and fears and preferences and trend of speculation. Our 'feeling tones' underlie our moods, our hourly aspirations and aversions. So much that we call emotion is the perception of the momentary action of heart and lungs; as is naïvely acknowledged in our common daily speech, when we speak of a sigh of joy, or a heavy heart.

Now it appears to me to be the sensible thing to surrender the traditional dichotomy, or sharp distinction between mind and body, together with the traditional eulogistic use of the word 'spiritual' and the depreciatory attitude toward the so-called 'material.' We should recognize that mind and body are really two phases of the same thing, so intimate and constant is their interaction. On some occasions we can best deal with ourselves from within out; on others, from without in. We need no longer feel any partiality for the one over the other — the real question is, does a particular method produce beneficent results? The whole situation is still an unfathomed mystery; but to put it quite simply in its practical aspects, we all go on the hypothesis that our psychic conditions obviously produce, or are associated with, bodily changes, including posture and muscular coördination. No one questions the obvious bodily manifestations of elation and depression, for example.

Now Mr. Alexander, knowing, as indeed we all know, that our minds and bodies are constantly and inevitably working backward and forward, and that both have always to be considered in the psycho-physical manifestations which make up the whole of human life, has carried on prolonged experiments which seem to make perfectly clear the fact that the mind can be treated through the body in such fashion as to alter its tone and operations. A 'grouch,' or resentment, or any form of 'complex,' — to use the Freudian word, — is physical as well as mental. By eliminating its physical manifestation, its mental aspect tends to disappear as well. To have conscious control and a fine discrimination in dealing justly and economically with the body, is the basis of just and fair reasoning and of controlled and coördinated emotions. For example, labored attention

exhibits itself in muscular contraction and strain. This hampers and distorts thought. Mr. Alexander would have us relax. To him a resilient and lightsome mood, which goes with proper muscular adjustment, is the promising one for free and remunerative thought; not fixed eyes, a furrowed brow, and tensed muscles.

The bearings of all this on the question of social readjustment and reform are very interesting. We seem to be driven by the present general bankruptcy of old ideas and institutions to a conscious, well-considered reconstruction, regardless of the venerated habits of the past. But Mr. Alexander well says, 'One of the most startling fallacies of human thought has been the attempt to inaugurate rapid and far-reaching reforms in the religious, moral, social, political, educational, and industrial spheres of human activity, whilst the individuals by whose aid these reforms can be made practical and effective have remained dependent upon subconscious guidance, with all that it connotes. Such attempts have always been made by men or women who were almost entirely ignorant of the one fundamental principle which would have so raised the standard of evolution [I prefer to substitute the word 'reform'] that the people upon whom they sought to impose these reforms might have passed from one stage of development to another without risk of losing their mental, spiritual, and physical balance.'

This seems to me a true and profound remark. Bodily vigor should be our first demand in projecting reforms. Its increase would at once remove, or greatly lighten, the evils under which we suffer, and at the same time form the enabling clause in new projects. We are so bewildered in our attempts to determine where to take hold in the perplexities of the present, that we shall be greatly relieved if Mr. Alexander can prove that

the most obvious, the simplest, and most hopeful line of reform is at the same time the most immediately essential and practicable. If it turns out to be a somewhat familiar ambition, and to lie in the correct management of our bodies, let not any Neo-platonic or Christian ascetic reminiscences prejudice us against it.

But the question whether or no robust health would produce in our natural leaders a spirit of cheerful emulation and a reduction of envy, jealousy, and suspicion, which would, in turn, take the form of efficient and energetic coöperation for the speedy elimination of flagrant evils, is somewhat beside the point. There is general agreement, except perhaps on the part of a few wayward ascetics, not only that health is a blessing, but that to the want of it may safely be ascribed no inconsider-

able part of our present ethical and social problems. Crime, poverty, and the wretchedness of personal dependence have a close relation to bad bodily states. Most of our daily irritations and wrangles spring from physical depression. And from the same cause come boredom and hysteria. So in a thoroughly revised system of ethics might not the *obligation* of physical well-being constitute Chapter I? If health were secured, many of our worst 'temptations' would lose their hold, and the number of painful ethical determinations would consequently be greatly reduced. So the remainder of the treatise might be much briefer than it was in the old editions. The road would seem much plainer and straighter than formerly. There would be fewer partings of the way, where the rugged and repulsive path must always be chosen.

COMBAT

BY JOHN LAVALLE

WHEN your nerves are feelin' shot,
And your engine's gettin' hot,
And it's up to you to bring 'er down alive,
An Albatross V-strutter
Seems to hear your motor splutter,
And he's out to scalp another S.E. five.

And you've got no consolation
At the end of your formation,
And suddenly you see he's cut you off;
And there's nothing else to do,
So my boy! it's up to you,
And you wish to hell your engine would n't cough.

COMBAT

You pull 'er up and over.
It's your British crust that hove 'er,
And you're divin' down like leather bent for hell;
And your forehead starts a-painin',
But your engine starts a-gainin',
And you're underneath his tail — You've done it well!

You climb a little first,
And you let him have a burst,
And your Vickers starts a-spittin' like a snake;
But you're tremblin' like a child,
And your shots are goin' wild:
You can see 'em by the streaks your tracers make.

Well, you've pulled yourself together,
And you're goin' hell for leather,
But the Boche has rolled and got behind your back;
And his shots are fiery things,
And they're landin' in your wings;
So you roll, and almost hear 'em crack!

You'll deliver him to his Gott,
In the place where it's so hot,
And you aim and squeeze your Bowdin-lever well;
And before your shots are spent,
By God! you've gone and sent
Him blazin', spinnin', crashin' down to hell!

IMMIGRATION AND THE LABOR-SUPPLY

BY DON D. LESCOHIER

THE war is over. Reconstruction is now the world's absorbing interest. Much of the economic and political structure of modern society must be recast. The rearrangement of the map of Europe and of international relations, at the Peace Conference, will be but early steps in a process of readjustment on which the world's thought will be centred for the next twenty years. This reconstruction problem is not a reëstablishment of the socio-economic relations which obtained before the war. It is reconstruction. If the war had ended two years ago, its issues might have been confined to international politics; but in the last two years the thought of the Western world has grappled with fundamentals. The laborers and peasants of Russia, the factory-hands of England, and the common laborers of America have been fired with a vision of a new world in which their past sufferings will be replaced by a greater degree of welfare than they have yet enjoyed.

Many people believe that America's reconstruction labor-problem is a struggle between capitalists and organized labor over the question whether or not labor will retain the advances in organization and wages which it has obtained during the war. In my judgment, that struggle is but the opening skirmish of a much further-reaching contest. Millions of workers have been aroused to ask whether democracy is a reality when it is accompanied by the amount of unemployment, low wages, bad housing, and the like, which have

existed up to the present time. The peasants of Russia and of other countries are asking whether the land-systems of the past are compatible with democracy. In a word, the aroused self-consciousness of classes heretofore submerged will force a widespread struggle over fundamentals of social organization and social policies.

The world has neither comprehended nor felt the full power of the forces underlying the radical socialistic movements shaking Europe to-day. These movements are due to the cumulative discontents of generations. The Bolsheviks, the I.W.W., and similar organizations may be crushed as organizations, but this will not stifle the revolt they express. These organizations are concrete manifestations of the economic discontent of the peasant and laboring classes, and discontent is not cured by force. In ancient times the control of society was in the hands of landlords. During the later Middle Ages the capitalistic class emerged and compelled the landlords to divide social control with them. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the skilled mechanics and small farmers forced a place for themselves in the political and economic control of society. Now the laborers of Europe and America, with the peasants of Italy and Russia, have emerged into self-consciousness, and demand participation in the management of the world's life. The uprising of these groups is due to causes that have been operating over a long period of time, in Russia, Germany, France,

England, Italy, the United States, and lesser nations: causes too fundamental to be dismissed with superficial concessions or crushed by political or economic force. Though they may lose in their early efforts, they will continue the struggle until they win self-government and justice.

Those of us who believe in democracy, as contrasted with autocracy and anarchy, should waste no time. It is our task to discover the real causes of these movements, and to point out the social reconstruction which will remove them. It is idle for us to waste time denouncing Trotsky, Lenin, or other leaders. Those leaders have simply focused heartaches. It is the *causes* of the heartaches which should interest scientific men who believe in democracy and justice. We do not defend the excesses which accompany these movements — excesses due in part to a long-repressed sense of injustice, in part to ignorance, in part to criminal leadership, in part to the fact that criminal and tough elements gravitate into such movements, to use them for their own ends. But we do insist that an uprising involving so much of the world's area and so many millions of men could arise only because of widespread, common grievances. One of those grievances, though it will be formulated by them in language which describes its results rather than the causes of those results, has been the labor-supply policy of modern capitalism.

I. OUR PRE-WAR LABOR-SUPPLY POLICY

Capitalists, and too many economists, have thought of labor as a commodity, and of labor-supply as one of the instrumentalities conveniently provided to help the capitalist grind out products and profits. Labor has been a factor in production. Their thought has conceived the workman as a laborer rather

er than as a father, husband, and citizen. The human has been subordinated to the economic. But the worker has seen himself in an opposite fashion. To him, his home and personal life were the important things, his labor but an incidental, necessary experience of his life. *They* saw him as a tool in production; *he* saw himself as a citizen. *They* saw no reason why he should not be satisfied when he got his wages; *he* saw no reason for being satisfied unless he shared in the determination of the conditions, economic and political, under which he lived.

It is this fundamental conflict in point of view which has made it so difficult for the employer and the worker to reach a common ground of agreement. One has thought in terms of business; the other in terms of human nature.

The labor-supply policy of Europe and America has been a very simple one — the maintenance of a reserve of labor adequate for the employers' needs in their most busy periods, but for which they assumed no responsibility when they were not actually employing the workers. To one who thinks of labor as a commodity, a factor in production, an economic complement to land, capital, and management, the idea of a labor-reserve is as natural as the idea of a capital-reserve or a land-reserve, and there is no more reason that labor should expect continuous employment than there is that capital or land should expect continuous remunerative utilization.

But to one who thinks of labor in terms of personalities, the idea of a labor-reserve looks entirely different. To him a labor-reserve means fathers out of employment, children underfed, sick mothers without medical attention, increased infant mortality, families in debt, the coal-bin empty, the landlord threatening eviction. It means

working efficiency deteriorated by idleness, the breaking down of regular working habits, the deterioration of mankind. He knows that, to the men and the women who constitute that labor-reserve, their economic situation means suffering part of the time, worry all the time, and life-failure in tens of thousands of cases every year. The uprising which is shaping the economic world to-day demands that we now begin to think of labor-reserves and others of our economic customs from the workers' point of view; that we reconstruct our society on some plan that will give all men a chance for happiness and success, all babies a chance for survival, all children a chance for proper care and schooling.

The large labor-reserve or surplus which has been persistently with us in America is largely due to four facts: —

- (1) A fluctuating but unceasing inflow of immigrant labor;
- (2) An unorganized labor market;
- (3) A decentralization of the labor-surplus; and
- (4) A rapid, wasteful turnover of labor.

These four are closely related. They interact upon each other. The effects of each one are in part a cause and in part a result of the other three.

1. Immigration has been largely the response to an active demand for labor in America. We have steadily drawn from Europe supplies of labor brought to maturity, or near maturity, in foreign countries. In the fifteen years immediately preceding the war they increased our net population by about ten millions. In prosperous years, the volume of immigration was much larger than in bad years. The wave fluctuated, but the human tide continued to flow. And yet, in every year and month and on every day in which these millions were coming, there were idle workmen on the streets of every city in America. Abundant supplies of land, rich natural

resources, and expanding industries continually called for labor for their utilization. Nevertheless, every morning of the year found idle men at tens of thousands of factory-gates, hanging around employment offices, or pacing the streets. Labor surplus has been as ever-present as labor shortage. Investigation after investigation of employment conditions has demonstrated a continuing supply of idle men in America. Employers have lacked men at the same time that men have lacked work.

It does not necessarily follow that the accretions of population due to immigration produced a surplus of labor in America that could not be employed. Our industries have been developing with marvelous rapidity in the last quarter century. But the facts are that there have never been less than a million idle men, and often five or six millions, at a time during the last twenty years. This continuing surplus has been due in part to the lack of adjustment of immigration to our varying labor needs. But it has also been due in part to the fact that the labor we have is not properly distributed, in part to the fact that the labor-reserve is decentralized, and in part to the excessive turnover of labor which has obtained in our industries.

2. Our unorganized labor market has made it impossible for employers to get labor from any central agency as they get capital from the banking system. They have had to depend upon the picking up of labor wherever they could find it lying around loose. If they could not find the kind of a man they wanted out of employment, their only recourse was to patronize some private employment agency, or to steal the man from another employer. Both policies were followed, even by reputable concerns. During the war the government established an employment service, which is trying to organize the labor market; but

we must not lose sight of the facts that that service is a piece of war-machinery rather than a piece of industrial machinery, and that it was not established to help solve either the employers' or the employees' employment problem, but to facilitate the transfer of labor from non-essential to essential industries in war-time. It had a war-function, not an industrial function. We sincerely hope that the efforts now being made to develop the United States Employment Service into a permanent system of control over the employment situation will be successful. But that consummation has not yet been attained.

3. The third characteristic of our labor-supply which permitted labor-surplus and unfilled labor-demand to co-exist, was the decentralized character of our labor-reserves. Inasmuch as there was no organized labor market, and as immigration continually replenished the labor-supply, each American employer and each locality developed a local labor-reserve. Each employer expected as a matter of course that there would be idle men at his factory-gate to-morrow morning — every morning. And there were. He based his production policy upon that expectation. Unless there was such a reserve at his place of business, or in his immediate locality, he complained of labor-shortage. In his mind, consciously or unconsciously, was the idea that he was entitled to have on hand at all times enough workers to man his enterprise at maximum capacity, even if he did not run the business at maximum capacity more than thirty days a year. He expected that those who did his hiring would be able to engage from an assembled group the men best suited to his work, and thought it the natural thing that laborers should compete with each other for the jobs he had to offer. In other words, American business has been carried on on the

theory that men will work for short periods.

4. A rapid turnover or shifting of labor has been inevitable, with the unregulated immigration, unorganized labor market, and decentralized labor-reserve which we have described.

Labor has passed *through* our industries rather than *into* them. A relatively small number of progressive employers have inaugurated labor policies which hold their labor force; but most employers hire two, three, or four men during a year to fill one work place. They clamor for more men, while they let those they have slip through their fingers.

II. THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON THE LABOR-SUPPLY

Into this situation came the war. In 1914, 1,218,480 immigrants came to the United States. The total immigration of the next *four* years was but 1,031,547, or 186,933 less in 1914, and 166,345 less than in 1913. Each year of the war immigration decreased. It fell from 326,700 in 1915 to 110,618 in 1918. In 1915, immigration gave us a net increase of population of nearly 123,000; in 1918, of but 16,033. During these four years 494,701 aliens departed from this country, which left us with a net increase of population by immigration during the war of 536,846, or about 134,000 a year. The net immigration of 1913 was 889,702; of 1914, 915,142. The war decreased immigration's contribution to our labor-supply about 85 per cent. It is not certain that our net increase of population by immigration during the war equaled the number of Americans who entered the Allied armies before April, 1917, went to Canada to take the place of Canadians who had gone to the front, and went to Europe to help in the Red Cross and similar work for the Allies. Immigration during

the war is therefore of negligible importance as a factor in our labor market.

On the other hand, several million men were withdrawn from employment in America for military, Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., and similar war-work. Their places were taken in part by men and women who had not previously been engaged in economic activities, and in part by absorbing into employment much of the idle labor-surplus.

During the war we experienced a considerable decrease in the nation's supply of labor in the face of the war's increase in demand for labor. We needed more, had less, and in effect received none from outside. What happened? By better distribution of what we had, we manned our war-industries. We did not fill every place which needed a man, but we were not crippled by a lack of labor. Yet more significant: we still had labor-surpluses. It is true that many of the workers idle in war-time were men of low quality, but by no means all of them were. Throughout the war honest, competent workmen were seeking work at practically all times. Some of them were not fitted for the jobs which happened to be open; some were too far away; some did not know where the opportunities to obtain work were. Unfilled labor-demands and unused labor-surpluses existed side by side as in normal times.

III. POST-WAR LABOR POLICY

All of these facts bear vitally on the after-the-war situation. In the first place, they suggest that American industry does not need nearly as many laborers in the country in proportion to the output as it has always had. It is beyond dispute that our industries have been careless in their labor policies. It likewise seems clear that one reason for their carelessness has been the supply of idle workers who were at their doors

practically all the time. The employer did not think as much about labor conservation as he did about capital conservation, because labor was easy to get but capital was hard to get. It was when labor became relatively scarce, that employers in general became interested in reducing labor turnover, in maintaining labor efficiency, in paying good wages, in reducing hours, in providing better houses and working conditions. *The world-war period was the first period in American history when the interests of the common laborer received serious consideration.*

The question which now confronts us is: Shall we endeavor after the war to revert to the old labor-supply policy; or shall we develop constructive policies which will enable our industries to carry on production with smaller labor-reserves?

The termination of war-industries is, of course, throwing many workers out of employment. There can be little question that more people will be out of employment this winter than last. There is no doubt in my mind, from the evidence I have obtained, that there are more out of work now than were out of work last year at this time. Anyone familiar with the industrial readjustments which occurred during the war-period knows that it would be impossible for our industries to return to a peace basis without temporarily throwing many workmen out of employment. Demobilized soldiers and sailors will add to the number of the unemployed, in spite of the efforts being made to absorb them into industry; but the dislocation of industrial workers working in purely war-time industries and in industries heavily loaded with war-orders is the more serious aspect of the situation. We appreciate the efforts of government officials and leading business men to steady industry during the period of readjustment; but

it is untrue to say that men are not being thrown out of employment by the termination of the war, and it is untrue to say that every returned soldier and sailor is finding, or will find, a job awaiting him. The number of unemployed in the country has been increasing steadily since the termination of the war. Both the time of year and the suddenness of peace make it inevitable. Efforts to camouflage the situation will only make it worse. Honesty requires that we recognize that we have a serious problem to face this winter, in the matter of replacing unemployed workers in employment.

Returning to our discussion of the labor-supply situation during the coming years, as contrasted simply with the situation of this winter, we wish now to point out that the immigration question is a vital consideration. Before the war, immigration provided a steady stream of labor to maintain the decentralized labor-reserves; and in the immediate future, both the probabilities of immigration and the policy which we are to advocate for the regulation of immigration are of vital importance. Those who wish to reestablish the pre-war situation will seek to stimulate immigration. Those who believe that reduced immigration is desirable will advocate the maintenance of our present immigration laws or the enactment of more stringent ones. It is my belief that immigration from Europe will decrease after the war, but that that decrease will not be a menace to our industrial and commercial advancement. In the long run, I believe that it will, instead, be a benefit.

The *New York Evening Post* estimated that the total fatalities in the European armies amounted to approximately ten million men. The permanent disablements would in all probability bring the figures for labor-loss up to twelve million or more. These were

men in the prime of life, of the type who emigrate to America. The civilian casualties will certainly equal the military ones, when we take into account the deliberate slaughter of large numbers of people in Armenia, Serbia, Roumania, Poland, Belgium, and France; the increased death-rates of women and children due to lack of food, shelter, and medical care; and the lowered birth-rate. Some competent observers, such as Mr. Hoover, believe that the civilian death-rate may more than double the military loss before the effects of the struggle have terminated. The total population of Europe is approximately four hundred and thirty million, which would mean that approximately five per cent of the population, and probably eight per cent of the workers, lost their lives in the war. In other words, the war caused a reduction of population in Europe from three to five times as large as it would have suffered by emigration to North and South America during the four years, if peace had continued. Approximately forty per cent, or about four hundred thousand a year on the average, of the immigrants to America have been males of military age. Probably one hundred thousand more went to South America. Europe's loss of man-power — that is, of men in the prime of life — was, therefore, five times as great on account of the war as it would have been on account of emigration. Now, if twenty men are lost in each locality during four years where four were lost before, the discrepancy cannot but affect the number of persons available for emigration to foreign lands. It would look as if European emigration to America must be checked immediately after the war, although other peculiarities of the situation — such as shortage of capital in Europe and high war-taxes — may increase the tendency to emigrate.

There are many in this country who

realize this probability of a reduced European immigration, who are turning longing eyes toward Asia. They will reopen the question of Oriental immigration if they get the opportunity. It is not improbable that they will endeavor to amend our immigration laws at this session of Congress. They are clinging to the policy of providing a labor-surplus for each employer, which will enable him to man his plant at his own convenience, carry on his business with the same violent fluctuations of employment as in the past, and keep down the rate of wages. This effort to reopen our gates to Oriental immigration is nothing less than suicidal. It probably could not be done openly: organized labor's resistance would be too strong to permit that. But if it should be done, either openly or underhandedly, it would bring the whirlwinds of the workers' wrath about our heads, and develop a hatred of our economic system, and even of our government, in millions.

The sufferings which the workingmen have endured in the past because of irregular employment have been many times greater than was necessary. They are among the deep-seated causes of bitterness among the workers, and they are a sin against humanity for which our civilization will pay a high price if they are allowed to continue. The thought of the workers is in a critical state. As yet, only a small minority have entirely lost faith in our economic system. If our reconstruction policies eliminate avoidable industrial hardships, the workers' faith in democracy, political and industrial, will be maintained. If we try to revert to the old system of making labor but an agency of capital, a storm is going to break — if not now, at no distant date.

I am not certain that a stoppage of immigration for ten years would retard our industrial development. It is

certain that we have never obtained the maximum possible output from our wage-earners. Irregularity of employment, lack of training, and lack of proper care of their health, have prevented them from attaining their potential efficiency. If our labor-supply decreases while our need for labor increases or maintains itself, the result will unquestionably be a rapid development of industrial training. This was what enabled us to meet, at least in part, our shortage of skilled labor during the war. If, in the face of a decreased immigration, we devote ourselves to constructive labor policies which will increase the technical skill of our laboring population, reduce labor-turnover, and maintain the laborers' health, character, and intelligence, we shall meet the need both of industry and of the workers for a higher standard of living. For it goes without saying, that a rise in the general efficiency of labor will enable wages to remain at a higher level than if the pre-war condition is revived.

Of course, immigration will not cease, and the industrial expansion to which we look forward when the first after-effects of the war have passed will not find us with a seriously decreased supply of workmen. There is certainly no prospect of such a reduction in immigration as would justify any relaxation of our present immigration laws. A thorough organization of the labor market, to bring the man and the job together with the least loss of time to each; a constructive study of means for reducing labor-turnover; and training, health-conservation, and steadied employment to increase the workers' efficiency — these are the policies which will man our industries and at the same time develop in the workers a stronger confidence in our civilization.

The war's effect on our labor-supply should result in policies which will give us a more efficient labor force with a

higher standard of living. When immigration resumes its normal flow, as it may do in a few years, our efficient domestic labor force will enable us to absorb the new immigration without creating the evils of the past. Instead of deploring the check to immigration which will probably result from the war, we should interest ourselves in stimula-

ting labor policies that will raise the efficiency of our whole labor population. This will give us a healthy labor policy in place of the suicidal policies of the past. Nothing will promote America's industrial position among the nations more surely; nothing will operate so effectively to check extreme labor movements like Bolshevism.

LESSER VICTORIES

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

At first people were too tired, too sad, too dulled to emotion, to grasp the great fact of deliverance. It was only when it touched some homely, common experience that they could react to it. Madame B—— said to me, 'Now we are very happy, but we cannot realize that we are.'

That was why I was so grateful to a little brown horse, despised or forgotten by the Germans, that pulled a two-wheeled cart piled high with copper soup-kettles, brass pots and lamps, and bronze andirons, into Brussels about four o'clock Sunday afternoon, November 17. The liberation of the city had been proclaimed from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville at ten o'clock, and a few minutes later, the owner of the cart was on his way to the country, where he had buried by night, many months before, the copper and brass which the Boches were prepared to seize. And now he was returning, green boughs sticking from the pots, flowers blossoming from the kettles, and dozens of lit-

tle Belgian flags floating gayly over all. This was a victory each child and grown-up understood instantly, and the hero was acclaimed with shouts of laughter and hand-clapping all along his route, while the essential queue of small boys followed in the street.

As the triumphal cart was rolling through the city, shopkeepers were feverishly busy excavating or uncovering this or that treasure, and tying it with red and yellow and black; and the following morning, happy crowds proceeded from shop to shop to celebrate each window victory — a skein of yarn here, a sewing-machine there. The Mansfield Manufacturing Company of Antwerp achieved a *succès éclatant*, with its display of metal recovered from beneath the floor. Since the day they requisitioned the factory, the Boches had been innocently tramping back and forth above it.

There was also the reverse of the picture: other crowds before other windows — of the shops whose seizable property had not been requisitioned, for obvious reasons, and whose proprietors,

having trafficked with the enemy, now paid the price of their disloyalty. All usable, eatable stocks were thrown to the people, fixtures were smashed, and the shop put out of business. In some cases the merchant was imprisoned, in others he fled to Holland or Germany. Those who thus took justice into their own hands were merciless, but they had been waiting long years for this day, and the crowd grinned with approval.

Friends went from house to house, to participate in the victories of the kitchen and the hearth. I called on Madame L—— and stumbled over gas-fixtures, and desk-sets, and brass-trimmed vases in the hallway. Next door I encountered three rolls of Persian rugs and packages of table-linen just returned from a remote cellar. The door-plates and knobs had been ripped away from these houses, as they had been from most, though I was surprised at the number of times the Germans had been foiled by successful wood substitutes. Often the wood was carved, or painted, or cleverly combined in fixtures with cords and strips of brocade.

There were few more joyous ways of welcoming a returned soldier (and can one imagine the reunion of father with wife and babies, now boys, from whom he has been so inhumanly, so utterly cut off for four years?) than by preparing for him a display of kitchen kettles or salon bronze. Beside his trophies of the line, Boche helmets or *obus*, were ranged these symbols of the triumphs behind that line.

What was happening in Brussels was happening everywhere else in Belgium. When the old butler of a château near Liège learned that a visit from one of the bands most accomplished in this art of robbing a nation was imminent, he heard at the same time that they were doing their work so thoroughly that it was useless to rely on inter-wall or floor-space for concealment. More-

over, they were probing the soil of the region with spiked staves—a bit of evil information which made the burial-plan seem hopeless, until suddenly he reasoned that, since they were probably employing their staves vertically rather than obliquely, if he cut deep directly underneath the hedge, he might yet prepare a successful cache. This he did, and the heirlooms of the château rested there till the retreating army had crossed the frontier. Somehow, for the old butler, there will always be a vital connection between the great victory and a sub-hedge tunnel. He was not so fortunate, poor man, with his wine. Since there was not time to bury it, he dropped the bottles into a large fish-pond on the estate; and I suppose the Germans have rarely been greeted by a more gratifying announcement than that made by the dozens of little white labels floating on the surface of the pond as they passed it early the following morning.

One sunny afternoon (the closing days of November were soft and blue, by the grace of God) I went to Antwerp, to learn if Madame O——'s great work-room had been able to carry on till the end. And as I walked into her drawing-room, her husband said laughingly, 'You may not realize, madame, that over your head hang swords and bayonets.' He pointed to the ceiling with one hand, while he drew up a chair for me with the other. 'They are between that ceiling and the roof, where they have been comfortably incased for almost two years. They are a part of my collection that I determined the Boches should not steal. I have not yet had time to extract them—that will be quite a business, for we have scarcely been in our houses since we pulled the German rag down from the cathedral and burned it. We have been too occupied with hanging banners and garlands for the entry of the King, to find time

to get at our roofs and walls. So there the swords are above us!’

While he was talking, Madame O—— had gone to the mantelpiece to turn a bronze bust a little toward the left. ‘Yes,’ she agreed, ‘the walls and roof are difficult, but digging things up is easier.’ With a soft cloth she began rubbing the half-dozen mould marks on the bust. ‘I have only just finished cutting the grave-clothes from this, and, except for the few spots, you will see it is quite as it was; interment has not injured it.’

The children were busy in a corner, attempting to reattach covers or handles to various objects. The eldest, a boy of seventeen, who had that day volunteered for the army, held up the lid of a water-pitcher. ‘This they wanted more than anything else; they used it for the points of their obus. But they did not kill Allied soldiers with our pewter!’

His eyes shone — he had had at least that part in the fighting. I happened to know that, boy though he was, he had assisted, too, in the perilous work of getting letters, if not men, across the frontier. He had been suspected and arrested, though in the end he was released for lack of evidence.

Monsieur then told me that he himself was astonished that he had been able to save so much. ‘For you must understand, madame,’ he said, ‘these requisitioning bands brought expert architects and engineers with them. They sat down in this house, for example, until they had produced a complete plan of it, showing the thickness of the walls and the passages, and accounting, as they supposed, for every cubic foot of space. They climbed over the roof and searched the gutters; but as so often happened during their four years of perfect organization and control, they crawled directly over my swords and were quite ignorant of their presence.’

Roof-gutters saved many a household not possessing a back garden. Naturally, everyone was on the alert to know when he might expect the pillagers; and the night before the threatened visit, the most agile member of the family (forced by thieves to assume the rôle of a thief) climbed stealthily in the dark to the roof, and tucked the coffee percolator under some leaves in the gutter, or lifted tiles and dropped the soup-kettle beneath them. The danger past, the necessary vessel was returned to service, only to be hurried off to the gutter again on the next alarm. Often the hiding-place was kept secret by the one who selected it: it was safer, if the Germans came, that but one should know. Instead of climbing to the roof at night, women occasionally packed their most prized copper and bronze into a suitcase, and as the Boches entered, Madame walked out, valise in hand — on her way to the canteen, she explained. At night she returned with her valise. Since some houses were visited five or six times, the players of the game grew expert. But their implacable oppressors profited, too, by experience; though there always remained a few stupid ones, and those who were ready to sell themselves for cigars or money.

The English aviator who dropped an erring bomb on an Antwerp civilian’s house, ripping off the façade, little realized what ‘aid and comfort’ he was offering the enemy. From ground to roof, every foot of the inter-wall space was filled with brass and copper and wool and bronze — extraordinary hanging-gallery of *objets d’art*, suddenly revealed. Needless to add, the Germans brought this unlucky exhibit to a swift close, and thenceforth tore away suspected sections and hammered at walls more ruthlessly than ever.

In Brussels Madame M——’s beautiful hall was ruined, one German breaking his hammer on the marble wall in

the process, but quickly requisitioning another to continue his work. In this same house, in order more comfortably to beat on a carved oak panel, the soldiers climbed on to a wooden chest. As it happened, the wall concealed nothing, while the chest, which they sat upon and did not open, contained several valuable bronzes.

The Germans did not like the forests — at least, individuals and small groups preferred the open. So it was sometimes possible for a peasant to tether his cow and pig in a trench between trees of a nearby wood, cover this subterranean stall with leaves, and return to look on complacently while the enemy agent tramped over his pretty open farm. Incredible as it seems, some peasants were able to conceal their cattle in the very barns the Germans searched. In one instance, a farmer secured his group at the rear of the barn, by filling the section in front to the roof with hay: when the soldiers entered, this was clearly but a fodder barn. It happened in this case that they slept on the premises several nights, in a building adjoining the barn, and this peasant performed the astonishing feat of feeding his cows (climbing back and forth over the hay-wall at safe intervals) and of keeping them quiet during the whole of the danger period.

II

How many heavy days and nights of the occupation have been enlivened by this game of beating the Boches on the farm, in the kitchen and drawing-room — and, I may add, in the dining-room and the bedroom! For, as soon as all linen and wool were commandeered, the sole purpose of each Belgian was to conceal his linen and wool. Floors were ripped up, and tablecloths and sheets and mattress-wool stuffed between the boards. There were other ways, too, of

defeating the Boches. Women of Brussels dyed their stout linen sheets an attractive blue, or rose, or brown, and fashioned them into smart summer suits, making sandals to match from napkins. These they wore in triumph on the boulevards during all the summer of 1918, and for them this was equivalent to waving a Belgian flag in the face of the German officers they passed. When Doctor T—— arrived in Brussels two weeks after the Germans had evacuated, and we were walking along the Boulevard Anspach, he expressed some surprise at the coats three women in front of us were wearing — they were of excellent material and very *chic*.

I smiled. 'Yes, they are unusual,' I said; 'they are "Victory coats," made of blankets saved from the Germans by being dyed dark blue and cut into those smart winter models.'

The two beautiful little daughters of M. A——, the banker, passed us; they also were wearing 'Victory coats.' The banker himself walked by later, in his new suit — he was being hailed by his friends, as 'Le Baron de la Poche Gauche' (the Baron of the Left-hand Pocket). This fun-loving people swiftly discovered that a suit which has been turned has the pocket on the left side. The spirit of raillery has defied all suffering, all oppression.

As is evidenced by their methods of search, the Germans suspected the secretion of mattress-wool; but they had no idea to what extent it had been hidden away. In the first place, many houses had more mattresses than those necessary for the family; in the second, hair mattresses were not requisitioned, and women laboriously separated the hair from one mattress, using it to refill, partially at least, several cases from which they had emptied the wool. Some mattresses were mixed; from these they carefully picked the wool, and when

most hardly pressed, they filled cases with rags or straw.

I know women who stuffed their wool into bottles and buried it. Mademoiselle S—— told me that she counted forty bottles to a mattress. When I arrived at Madame B——'s, on the nineteenth, the servants had just excavated the mouldy wooden cases containing the wool of eighteen mattresses. They were picking over the spoiled layers next the wool, and preparing to wash and sun the remainder. This household, too, had smuggled some of its wool into town, and had had it secretly spun into yarn for stockings for orphans.

Madame X—— hid her possessions under the floor of the very room in her house in which a German officer slept. He lay on a thin hair mattress above the wool that had been picked from it. Thus she 'mocked' the oppressor. This delight in 'mocking' the Boches heartened the people to the end. Five days before Brussels was free, a brave spirit set a barrel stuffed with wool, damp earth still clinging to it, in the street. He had pulled some of the victorious fleece through the spout and stuck a Belgian flag through it, so that any German who ran might read.

It is indeed a true saying, that familiar one, 'The Belgians meet everything with a laugh.' They do, but this does not imply that there may not be tears behind the laugh. In the rue Royale, one rainy morning last week, I saw a cart drawn up before a comfortable-looking house, to which men were bringing baskets and odd, damp packages from the cellar and rear garden. They had already deposited two wicker hampers covered with white mould, that must have contained wine; and on top of them, three tall brass lamps wrapped in linen sheets that were green and rotted. Only tatters of the original newspaper coverings hung from the pic-

ture-frame rims, and *lustres*, and bronze portrait busts, which they carried reverently out, one by one. The servants scarcely spoke, and Monsieur stood by, directing silently the placing of this earth-smelling collection. His wife remained in the hallway, reviewing each article as it passed. Twice I tried to talk with her; but she could not speak, and her eyes were filled with tears. I felt as if I had been assisting at the exhuming of a corpse. I do not know what tragedy lay behind the moving of this heterogeneous collection of household treasure.

The lucky ones were those who had the neutral legations to help them. One official slept with fifteen clocks in his bedroom. It is reported that when, during 'Revolution week' (November 10-17), a German officer appealed at the Spanish Legation for protection for his trunks, the Marquis of Villalobar replied, 'I regret that I am unable to accommodate you, for my legation space is quite filled with the bronze and copper of my Belgian friends.' Throughout the four years Belgians went to him for aid in their little personal struggles against their slave-drivers, — in battles which seemed comparatively unimportant, but whose winning was vital to the morale of the country, — and he rarely failed them.

I remember very well a celebrated potato-patch — once a wide lawn — in front of a country château, and the day in 1916, when the German officers arrived to commandeer all the potatoes it might contain. Madame, with a swift inspiration, remembering how pleased the Spanish Ambassador had been with the gift of a basket of potatoes a few months before, stoutly defended her plot. To the German announcement, she replied, 'I must inform you that you may not disturb these potatoes, since the entire acreage is under the protection of the flag of Spain. They

are the property of the Marquis of Villalobar.' And the Germans left them. Then she, poor woman, had to exercise her wit and energy (there were no motors, no bicycles or carriages) to get a quick message to the Legation announcing to the Ambassador that she hoped he would be pleased to learn that she presented him this year, not with a basket, but with her complete potato-crop! And the marquis did not renounce the protectorate.

The amazing thing about Villalobar is that, at the end of the four years, he has won the gratitude of all parties; for the service that he rendered Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria in giving him asylum during Revolution week, together with other similar services, will not be forgotten by the Germans.

The danger that still threatens Brussels, ever since the enemy has left, is suggested in the following extract from a note I received this noon: 'Just a word, to tell you I went to the Cinquantenaire Museum this morning to arrange our visit. However, it is wholly militarized and no one is allowed inside. It seems that bombs have been put in several places, and the military engineers are looking after them. Let us hope our poor laces will not be blown up. I might try again, but it seems safer not to go, as some of the bombs may explode as late as January first.'

At dinner, I mentioned the news concerning the bombs in the Museum to Monsieur H——, a member of the ministry recently returned from Havre. 'The brain refuses to believe,' he said, 'even after these four years, in the deliberate planning of such an act of infamy; but, even if it was not deliberately planned, they are almost as culpable in choosing a museum as a storage dépôt for bombs.' Then a whimsical smile crossed his face. 'You may understand, madame,' he added, 'that this is disquieting information for me per-

sonally, when I tell you that I have a lovely Greek head of the third century hidden in one of the Egyptian mummy-cases of the Cinquantenaire. I have known the curator many years, and he agreed to try to save her for me. I should not be surprised if she has much company in her gruesome cell. But to lose her now after I believed her safe — she was my most precious possession [I looked about the beautiful salon, with its paintings and statues and Renaissance carvings] — to lose that exquisite Greek head after the vandals have gone — that would be too hard!'

Possibly I enjoyed more than any other minor triumph that of Mr. Samuel, the sculptor, whose statue, *La Brabançonne*, was set up in the Place de Ville to celebrate the liberation of Brussels. I went as soon as possible to his studio, and found Madame Samuel rearranging several fine old copper and brass jars. Already the metal door-fixtures shone in place of the carved wooden substitutes; the window-fastenings were all in their places, for they had been heavily painted to imitate the gray of the surrounding wood. Across one corner of the studio, Mr. Samuel had built a false staff-wall, painted it, rubbed it with a dirty sponge, and, to give it a proper work-room finish, carelessly splashed plaster on it. It was behind this wall that he piled his bronze and copper, brass, and wool, and crystal candelabra, and in with them, carefully wrapped in wool, the model of his Victory statue — the starry-eyed, glorified woman, Belgium, thrusting forward the flag that symbolizes her martyrdom and her triumph. I had seen his model in 1916, not yet completed, when Mr. Samuel had expressed his confidence in me by lifting a linen cloth that concealed it.

When the space was filled, boards were placed across the top, and on them two solemn plaster busts; then

stands and working materials in front of the whole. Monsieur stuffed the hollow busts in the studio with wool and other treasure, and went on with his modeling. All was so cleverly executed that, when the Boches arrived, they were completely deceived; if they had but once accidentally leaned against the sham wall, all would have been lost. To prevent suspicion, a few bronze busts had been left on their pedestals; and when a vandal whipped out his knife and began scratching a shoulder to test the bronze, the artist, in swift anger, struck the knife to the floor. 'How dare you!' he cried; 'this is the work of these hands and this brain, and you shall not destroy it. I am professor, sculptor — titles you pretend to honor in your country. You shall not mutilate my statues.'

The soldier stood a moment, stupidly, awkwardly, then picked up his knife and passed on. This incident probably helped to save the whole situation. However that may be, the Boches were no sooner beyond the threshold, than the bronze model was brought forth and work on the Victory statue proceeded with fresh vigor and purpose. The last German soldier (except the two or three thousand in hiding) left Brussels at ten Sunday morning, and that afternoon La Brabançonne was being set up in the Place de Ville.

I have spoken of victories; alas, many knew only defeat. The Germans arrived too swiftly, or were inescapably clever or brutal. The four years furnish a record of continued pillage of articles

of every description. In general, the country was thoroughly robbed of its metal and its wool, orphanages and hospitals being frequent victims. And at the end, when they knew they were going, the Boches sank lower than ever. Many caches which had escaped discovery during the entire period of occupation were uncovered in the last ugly raids, and their miscellaneous treasure thrown on to trucks or canal-boats. Some of this loot had to be abandoned, and is at present under army guard. However, despite the great crime and its outward achievement, in every smallest village little victories have been daily won.

Soldiers, visitors, facile journalists now hurrying through, may look in vain for any big demonstration of the joy of Brussels over her deliverance. In general, Belgium is too sad, too tired, too dulled to emotion to express much. The great cry to Burgomaster Max from the multitude in the Grand Place, as he appeared on the balcony above them after four years in German prisons, — a cry lifting toward joy but weighted still with the pain and weariness of years, — and five days later, the stronger, cleaner call to their beloved leader and King; a city of flags and flowers, — yes, — but to those hurrying by, little they can place their hands on. The immense reality is actual and tangible only in its partial, humble manifestations. That is why it has been a happy privilege to go from hearth to hearth, to celebrate with the victors the return of their household gods.

AN AMERICAN IDYLL. II

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF CARLETON H. PARKER

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

I

WE looked back always on our first semester's teaching in the University of California as one hectic term. The red-letter event of that term was when, after about two months of teaching, President Wheeler rang up one evening about seven, and said, 'I thought I should like the pleasure of telling you personally, though you will receive official notice in the morning, that you have been made an assistant professor. We expected you to make good, but we did not expect you to make good to such a degree quite so soon.'

The second term in California had just got well under way, when Carl was offered the position of Executive Secretary in the Immigration and Housing Commission of the state. I remember so well the night that he came home about midnight and told me. I am afraid the financial end would have determined us in this case, even if the work itself had small appeal — which, however, was not the case. The salary offered was \$4000. We were getting \$1500 at the University. We were \$2000 in debt from our European trip, and saw no earthly chance of ever paying it out of our University salary. We figured that we could be square with the world in one year on a \$4000 salary, and that after that we need never be swayed by financial considerations again.

So Carl accepted the new job. It was the wise thing to do anyway, as matters turned out. It threw him into direct contact for the first time with the migratory laborer and the I.W.W. It also gave him his first bent in the direction of labor-psychology, which was destined to become his intellectual passion, and he was fired with a zeal that never left him, to see that there should be less unhappiness and inequality in the world.

The most dramatic incident during his connection with the Commission was the famous Ford and Suhr case, the riot in the Wheatland hop-fields, which Carl was deputized to investigate for the federal government. He wrote an account of this later for the *Survey*, and also an article on 'The California Casual and his Revolt' for the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, in November, 1915. Also he did a big piece of work in his clean-up of camps all over California, and in awakening, through countless talks up and down the state, some understanding of the I.W.W. and his problem. (Not but what it seems now to have been almost forgotten.) As the phrase went, 'Carleton Parker put the migratory on the map.'

He was high ace with the Wobbly for a while. They invited him to their Jungles, they carved him presents in jail. I remember a talk he gave on some phase of the California labor-problem one Sunday night at the Congregational

Church in Oakland. The last three rows were filled with unshaven hoboes, who filed up afterwards, to the evident distress of the clean regular churchgoers, to clasp his hand. They withdrew their allegiance after a time, which naturally in no way lessened Carl's scientific interest in them. A paper hostile to his attitude on the I.W.W. and his insistence on the clean-up of camps published an article portraying him as a double-faced individual, who feigned an interest in the under-dog really to undo him, as he was at heart and pocketbook a capitalist, being the possessor of an independent income of \$150,000 a year! Some I.W.W.'s took this up and convinced a large meeting that he was really trying to sell them out. It is not only the rich who are fickle. Some of them remained his firm friends always, however.

Carl was no diplomat in any sense of the word — particularly, no political diplomat. It is a wonder the Immigration and Housing Commission stood behind him as long as it did. He grew rabid at every political appointment made, which in his eyes hampered his work. It was evident that he was not tactful, so they felt, to various members of the Commission. It all got so that it galled him terribly, and after much consultation at home, he handed in his resignation. During the first term of his secretaryship, from October to December, he carried his full-time University work. From January to May, he had a seminar only, as I remember. From August on, he gave no University work at all; so, on asking to have his resignation from the Commission take effect immediately, he had at once to find something to do to support his family. This was October, 1914, after just one year as Executive Secretary. We were over in Contra Costa County then, on a little ranch of my father's. Berkeley socially had come to

be too much of a strain; and, too, we wanted the blessed sons to have a real country experience. Ten months we were there.

Three days after Carl resigned, he was on his way to Phoenix, Arizona, as United States Government investigator of the labor situation there. He thereby added to his first-hand stock of labor knowledge, made a firm friend of Governor Hunt, — he was especially interested in his prison policy, — and in those few weeks was the richer by one more of the really intimate friendships one counts on to the last — Will Scarlett.

It was that first summer back in Berkeley, the year before the June-Bug was born, when Carl was teaching in Summer School, that we had our definite enthusiasm over labor-psychology aroused. Will Ogburn, who also was teaching at Summer School that year, and whose lectures I attended, introduced us to Hart's *Psychology of Insanity*, McDougall's *Social Psychology*, several books by Freud, etc. I remember Carl's seminar the following spring — his last seminar at the University of California. He had started with nine seminar students three years before and now there were thirty-three. They were such a superior picked lot, — some seniors, mostly graduates, — that he felt there was no one he could ask to stay out. I visited it all the term and am sure that at no other place on the campus could quite such heated and excited discussions have been heard — Carl merely sitting at the head of the table, directing here, leading there. The general subject was Labor Problems. The students had to read one book a week — such books as Hart's *Psychology of Insanity*, Keller's *Societal Evolution*, Holt's *Freudian Wish*, McDougall's *Social Psychology*, — two weeks to that, — Lipmann's *Preface to Politics*, etc., etc., and ending, as a concession to the

idealists, with Royce's *Philosophy of Loyalty*.

The seminar was too large really for intimate discussion; so after a few weeks several of the boys asked Carl if they could have a little sub-seminar. It was a very rushed time for him, but he said that, if they would arrange all the details, he would save them Tuesday evenings. So every Tuesday night about a dozen boys climbed our hill to rediscuss the subject of the seminar of that afternoon, and everything else under the heavens — and beyond. I laid out ham sandwiches or sausages or some edible dear to the male heart, and coffee to be warmed, and about midnight could be heard the sounds of banqueting from the kitchen. Three students told me on graduation that those Tuesday nights at our house had meant more intellectual stimulus than anything that had ever come into their lives.

About this time we had a friend come into our lives who was destined to mean great things to the Parkers — Max Rosenberg. He had heard Carl lecture once or twice, and had met him through our good friend Dr. Brown, and a warm friendship had developed. The spring of 1916 we were somewhat tempted by a call to another university — \$1700 was really not a fortune to live on, and to make both ends meet and prepare for the June-Bug's coming, Carl had to use every spare minute lecturing on the outside. It discouraged him, for he had no time left to read and study. So when a call came that appealed to us in several ways, besides paying a much larger salary, we seriously considered it.

About then 'Uncle Max' rang up from San Francisco and asked Carl, before answering the other university, to see him; and an appointment was made for that afternoon. I was to be at a formal luncheon, but told Carl

to be sure to call me up the minute he left Max — we wondered so hard what he might mean. And what he did mean was the most wonderful idea that ever entered a friend's head. He felt that Carl had a real message to give the world, and that he should write a book. He also realized that it was impossible to find time for a book under the circumstances. Therefore he proposed that Carl should take a year's leave of absence and let Max finance him — not only just finance him, but allow for a trip throughout the East, for Carl to get the inspiration of contact with other men in his field; and enough withal, so that there should be no skimping anywhere, and that the little family at home should have everything that they needed.

It seemed to us something too wonderful to believe. I remember going back to that lunch table, after Carl had telephoned me only the broadest details, wondering if it were the same world. That Book — we had dreamed of writing that Book for so many years — the material to be in it changed continually, but always the longing to write, and no time, no hopes of any chance to do it. And the June-Bug coming, and more need for money — hence more outside lectures than ever. I have no love for the University of California when I think of that \$1700. (I quote from an article that came out in New York. 'It is an astounding fact which his University must explain, that he, with his great abilities as teacher and leader, his wide travel and experience and training, received from the University in his last year of service there a salary of \$1700! The West does not repay commercial genius like that.') For days after Max's offer we hardly knew we were on earth. It was so very much the most wonderful thing that ever could have happened to us. Our friends had long before adopted the

phrase 'just Parker luck,' and here, if ever, was an example of it. 'Parker luck' indeed it was!

This all meant, to get the fulness out of it, that Carl must make a trip of at least four months in the East. At first he planned to return in the middle of it and then go back again; but somehow four months spent as we planned it out for him seemed so absolutely marvelous, — an opportunity of a lifetime, — that joy for him was greater in my soul than the dread of a separation. It was different from any other parting we had ever had. I was bound that I would not shed a single tear when I saw him off, even though it meant the longest time apart we had experienced. Three nights before he left, being a bit blue about things for all our fine talk, we prowled down our hillside and found our way to our first Charlie Chaplin film. We laughed until we cried — we really did. So that night, seeing Carl off, we went over that Charlie Chaplin film in detail, and let ourselves think and talk of nothing else. We laughed all over again, and Carl went off laughing, and I waved good-bye laughing. Bless that Charlie Chaplin film!

It would not take much imagination to realize what that trip meant to Carl — and through him to me. From the time he first felt the importance of the application of modern psychology to the study of economics, he became more and more intellectually isolated from his colleagues. They had no interest in, no sympathy for, no understanding of, what he was driving at. From the May when college closed, to October when he left for the East, he read prodigiously. He had a mind for assimilation — he knew where to store every new piece of knowledge he acquired, and kept thereby an orderly brain. He read more than a book a week, — everything that he could lay hands on in psychology, anthropology, biology,

philosophy, psycho-analysis, — every field that he felt contributed to his own growing conviction that orthodox economics had served its day. But outside of myself, — and I was only able to keep up with him by the merest skimming, — and one or two others at most, there was no one who understood what he was driving at.

As his reading and convictions grew, he waxed more and more indignant at the way in which economics was handled in his own University. He saw student after student having every ounce of intellectual curiosity ground out of him by a process of economic education that would stultify a genius. Any student who continued his economic studies did so in spite of the introductory work, and not because he had had one little spark of enthusiasm aroused in his soul. Carl would walk the floor with his hands in his pockets when kindred spirits — especially students who had gone through the mill, and as seniors or graduates looked back outraged at certain courses they had had to flounder through — brought up the subject of economics at the University of California.

II

Off he went then on his pilgrimage, — his Research Magnificent, — absolutely unknown to almost every man he hoped to see before his return. The first stop he made was at Columbia, Missouri, to see his idol Veblen. He quaked a bit beforehand, — had heard Veblen might not see him, — but the second letter from Missouri began, 'Just got in after thirteen hours with Veblen. It went wonderfully, and I am tickled to death. He O.K.s my idea entirely and said I could not go wrong.'

Then began the daily letters from New York, and every single letter — not

only from New York but from every other place he happened to be in: Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cambridge — told of at least one intellectual Event — with a capital E — a day.

After one week in New York he wrote, 'The trip has paid for itself now and I'm dead eager to view the time when I begin my writing.' Later, 'Just got in from a six-hour session with the most important group of employers in New York. I sat in on a meeting of the Building-Trades Board where labor delegates and employers appeared. After two hours of it — awfully interesting — the Board took me to dinner, and we talked labor stuff till ten-thirty. Gee, it was fine, and I got oceans of stuff.'

Next day, 'Had a remarkable visit with Dr. Gregory this morning. He is one of the greatest psychiatrists in New York, and up on balkings, business tension, and the mental effect of monotonous work. He was so worked up over my explanation of unrest (a mental status) through instinct balkings other than sex, that he asked if I would consider using his big psychopathic ward as a laboratory field for my own work. Then he dated me up for a luncheon, at which three of the biggest mental specialists in New York will be present, to talk over the manner in which psychiatry will aid my research! I can't say how tickled I am over his attitude.' Next letter: 'At ten reached Dr. Pierce Bailey's, the big psychiatrist, and for an hour and a half we talked and I was simply tickled to death. . . . Then I beat it to the *New Republic* offices and sat down to dinner with the staff, plus Robert Bruère, and the subject became, 'What is a labor policy?'

He heard Roosevelt at the Ritz-Carlton. 'Then I watched that remarkable man wind the crowd almost around his finger. It was great, and pure psychology, and say, fool women and some

fool men; but T. R. went on blithely as if everyone was an intellectual giant.

'At nine-thirty I watched Dr. Campbell give a girl Freudian treatment for a suicide mania. She had been a worker in a straw-hat factory, and had a true industrial psychosis — the kind I am looking for.'

Then came the Economic Convention at Columbus — letters too full to begin to quote from them. 'I'm simply having the time of my life . . . everyone is here.' In a talk when he was asked to fill in the last minute, he put forward 'two arguments why trade-unions alone could not be depended on to bring desirable changes in working conditions through collective bargaining — one, because they were numerically so few in contrast to the number of industrial workers; and, two, because the reforms about to be demanded were technical, medical, and generally of scientific character, and skilled experts employed by the state would be necessary.'

Along in January he worked his thesis up in writing. 'Last night I read my paper to the Robinsons after the dinner, and they had Mr. and Mrs. John Dewey there. A most superb and grand discussion followed, the Deweys going home at eleven-thirty, and I stayed to talk to one A.M. I slept dreaming wildly of the discussion . . . then had an hour and a half with Dewey on certain moot points. That talk was even more superb and resultful to me, and I'm just about ready to quit. . . . I need now to write and read.'

If only the time had been longer, — if only the Book could have been finished, — for he *had* a great message. He was writing about a thousand words a day on it the following summer at Castle Crag, when the War Department called him into mediation work, and not another word did he ever find time to add to it. It stands now about

one third done. I shall get that third ready for publication, together with some of his shorter articles. There have been many who have offered their services in completing the Book; but the field is so new, Carl's contribution so unique, that few men in the whole country understand the ground enough to be of service. It was not so much to be a book on Labor as on Labor-Psychology — and that is almost an unexplored field.

Three days after Carl started East, on his arrival in Seattle, President Suzzallo called him to the University of Washington, as Head of the Department of Economics and Dean of the College of Business Administration, his work to start in the following morning. It seemed an ideal opportunity. Between that Seattle call and his death there were eight universities, some of them the biggest in the country, which wished Carl to be on their faculties. One smaller university held out the presidency to him. Besides this, there were nine jobs outside of university work that were offered him, all the way from managing a large mine to doing research in Europe. He had come into his own.

In May we sold our loved hill-nest in Berkeley and started north, stopping for a three-months' vacation — our first real vacation since we had been married — at Castle Crag, where, almost ten years before, we had spent the first five days of our honeymoon before going into southern Oregon.

III

Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the fateful telegram from Washington, D.C. — labor difficulties in construction-work at Camp Lewis — would he report there at once as government mediator.

Oh! the Book, the Book — the Book

that was to be finished without fail before the new work at the University of Washington began! Perhaps he would be back in a week! Surely he would be back in a week! So he packed just enough for one week, and off he went. One week — ! When, after four weeks, there was still no let up in his mediation duties, — in fact, they increased, — I packed up the family and we left for Seattle.

His trip to Camp Lewis threw him at once into the midst of the lumber difficulties of the Northwest, which lasted for months. The big strike in the lumber industry was on when he arrived. He wrote, 'It is a strike to better conditions. The I.W.W. are only the display feature. The main body of opinion is from a lot of unskilled workers who are sick of the filthy bunk-houses and rotten grub.'

He wrote later of a conference with the big lumbermen, and of how they would not stay on the point but 'roared over the I.W.W. I told them that condemnation was not a solution, or businesslike, but what we wanted was a statement of how they were to open their plants. More roars; more demands for troops, etc. I said I was a college man, not used to business, but if business men had as much trouble as this keeping to the real points involved, give me a faculty analysis. They laughed over this and got down to business, and in an hour lined up the affair in mighty good shape.'

Each letter would end, 'By three days at least, I should start back. I am getting frantic to be home.' Home, for the Parkers, was always where we happened to be then. Castle Crag was as much home as any place had ever been. We had moved fourteen times in ten years — of the eleven Christmases we had together, only two had been in the same place. There were times when 'home' was the Pullman car. It made

no difference. One of the strange new feelings I have to get used to is the way I now look at places to live in. It used to be that Carl and I, in passing the littlest bit of a hovel, would say, 'We could be perfectly happy in a place like that, could n't we? Nothing makes any difference if we are together.' But certain kinds of what we called 'cuddly' houses used to make us catch our breath to think of the extra joy it would be living together tucked away in there. Now, when I pass a place that looks like that, I have to drop down some kind of a trap-door in my brain and not think at all until I get well by it.

Labor conditions in the Northwest grew worse, strikes more general, and finally Carl wrote that he just must be indefinitely on the job. 'I am so homesick for you that I feel like packing up and coming. I literally feel terribly. But with all this feeling, I don't see how I can. Not only have I been telegraphed to stay on the job, but the situation is growing steadily worse. Last night my proposal—eight-hour day, non-partisan complaint and adjustment board, suppression of violence by the state—was turned down by the operators in Tacoma. President Suzzallo and I fought for six hours, but it went down. The whole situation is drifting into a state of incipient, sympathetic strikes.'

Later, 'This is the most bull-headed affair, and I don't think it is going to get anywhere.' Later, 'Things are not going wonderfully in our mediation. Employers demanding everything and men granting much, but not that.' Later, 'Each day brings a new crisis. Gee, labor is unrestful . . . and gee, the pigheadedness of bosses! Human nature is sure one hundred per cent psychology.'

Also he wrote, referring to the general situation at the University and in the

community, 'Am getting absolutely crazy with enthusiasm over my job here. . . . It is too vigorous and resultful for words.' Later, 'The mediation . . . blew up to-day at 4 p.m. and now a host of nice new strikes show on the horizon. . . . There are a lot of fine operators, but some hard shells.' Again, 'Gee, I'm learning. And talk about material for the Book!'

An article appeared in one of the New York papers recently, entitled, 'How Carleton H. Parker Settled Strikes.'

It was under his leadership that, in less than a year, twenty-seven disputes which concerned government work in the Pacific Northwest were settled, and it was his method to lay the basis for permanent relief as he went along. . . .

Parker's contribution was in the method he used. . . . Labor leaders of all sorts would flock to him in a bitter, weltering mass, mouthing the set phrases of class-hatred they use so effectually in stirring up trouble. They would state their case. And Parker would quietly deduce the irritation points that seemed to stand out in the jumbled testimony.

Then it would be almost laughable to the observer to hear the employer's side of the case. Invariably it was just as bitter, just as unreasoning, and just as violent, as the statement of their case by the workers. Parker would endeavor to find, in all this heap of words, the irritation points of the other side. . . .

But when a study was finished, his diagnosis made, and his prescription of treatment completed, Parker always insisted on carrying it straight to the workers. And he did not just tell them results. He often took several hours, sometimes several meetings of several hours each. In these meetings he would go over every detail of his method, from start to finish, explaining, answering questions, meeting objections with reason. And he always won them over. But, of course, it must be said that he had a tremendously compelling personality that carried him far.

In one of Carl's letters from Seattle he had written, 'The *Atlantic Monthly*

wants me to write an article on the I.W.W.!!' So the first piece of work he had to do after we got settled was that. We were tremendously excited, and never got over chuckling at some of the moss-grown people we knew about the country, who would feel outraged at the *Atlantic Monthly* stooping to print stuff by that young radical. And on such a subject! How we tore at the end to get the article off on time! The stenographer from the University came about two one Sunday afternoon. I sat on the floor up in the guest-room and read the manuscript to her, while she typed it off. Carl would rush down more copy from his study on the third floor, and I'd go over it while Miss Van Doren went over what she had typed. Then the reading would begin again. We hated to stop for supper, all three of us were so excited to get the job done. It *had* to be at the post-office that night by eleven, to arrive in Boston when promised. At ten-thirty it was in the envelope, three limp people tore for the car, we put Miss Van Doren on, — she was to mail the article on her way home, — and Carl and I, knowing this was an occasion for a treat if ever there was one, routed out a sleepy drug-store clerk and ate the remains of his Sunday ice-cream supply.

I can never express how grateful I am that that article was written and published before Carl died. The influence of it ramified in many and the most unexpected directions. I am still hearing of it. We expected condemnation at the time. There probably was plenty of it, but only one condemner wrote. On the other hand, letters streamed in by the score, from friends and strangers, bearing the general message, 'God bless you for it!'

I am reminded here of a little incident that took place just at this time. An I.W.W. was to come out to have dinner with us — some other friends,

faculty people, also were to be there. About noon the telephone rang. Carl went. A rich Irish brogue announced, 'R—— can't come to your party to-night.' 'Why is that?' 'He's pinched. An' he wants t' know, can he have your Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* to read while he's in jail.'

And also, I am forever grateful that Carl had his experience at the University of Washington before he died. He left the University of California a young assistant professor, just one rebellious morsel in a huge machine. He found himself in Washington, not only head of the Department of Economics and Dean of the College of Commerce and a power on the campus, but a power in the community as well. He was working under a president who backed him in everything to the last ditch, who was keenly interested in every ambition he had for making a big thing of his work. He at last could see Introductory Economics given as he wanted to have it given — realizing at the same time that his plans were in the nature of an experiment. The two textbooks used the first semester were McDougall's *Social Psychology* and Wallas's *Great Society*. During part of the time he pinned the front page of the morning newspaper on the blackboard, and illustrated his subject-matter by an item of news of that very day.

His theory of education was that the first step in any subject was to awaken a keen interest and curiosity in the student: for that reason he felt that pure theory in economics was too difficult for any but seniors or graduates — given too soon, it tended only to discourage. He allowed no note-taking in any of his courses, insisted on discussion by the class no matter how large it was, planned to do away with written examinations as a test of scholarship, substituting instead a short oral dis-

cussion with each student individually, grading them 'passed' and 'not passed.' As it was, owing to the pressure of government work, he had to resort to written tests. The proportion of first sections in the final examination, which was difficult, was so large that Carl was sure the reader must have marked too leniently and looked over the papers himself. His results were the same as the reader's, and he felt that they could justifiably be used as some proof of his theory that, if a student is interested in the subject, you cannot keep him from doing good work.

Besides being of real influence on the campus, he had the respect and confidence of the business world, both labor and capital, and in addition he stood as the representative of the government in labor-adjustments and disputes. And — it was of lesser consequence, but oh, it *did* matter — *we had money enough to live on!!* We had made ourselves honestly think that we had just about everything we wanted on what we got, *plus* lectures, in California. But once we tasted of the new-found freedom of truly enough; once there was gone forever that stirring around to pick up a few extra dollars here and there to make both ends meet; once we knew for the first time the satisfaction and added joy that come from some responsible person to help with the housework — we felt we were soaring through life with our feet hardly touching the ground.

Instead of my spending most of the day in the kitchen and riding herd on the young, we had our dropped-straight-from-heaven Mrs. Willard. And just see what that meant. Every morning at nine I left the house with Carl, and we walked together to the University. As I think now of those daily walks, arm-in-arm, rain or shine, I'd not give up the memory of them for all creation. Carl would go over what he was to

talk about that morning in Introductory Economics, — how it would have raised the hair of the orthodox Economics I teacher, — and of course we always talked more or less of what marvelous children we possessed. Carl would begin, 'Tell me some more about the June-Bug!'

He went to his nine o'clock, I to mine. After my ten-o'clock class, and on the way to my eleven-o'clock lecture, I always ran in to his office a second, to gossip a moment over what mail he had that morning, and how things were going generally. Then, at twelve in his office again, 'Look at this telegram that just came in.' 'How shall I answer Mr. —'s letter about that job?' And then home together — not once a week, but *every day*. Afternoons, except the three afternoons when I played hockey, I was at home; but always there was a possibility that Carl would ring up about five: 'I am at a meeting down-town. Can't get things settled, so we continue this evening. Run down and have supper with me, and perhaps, who knows, a Bill Hart film might be around town!'

I do wish my Carl could have experienced those joys financial a little longer. It was so good while it lasted! And it was only just starting. Every new call he got to another university was at a salary from one to two thousand dollars more than what we were getting, even at Seattle. It looked as if our days of financial scrimping were forever by. We even discussed a Ford! Nay, even a four-cylinder Buick! And every other Sunday we had fricassee chicken, and always, always a frosting on the cake. For the first two months in Seattle we felt as if we ought to have company at every meal. It did not seem right to sit down to food as good as that with just the family present. Every other Sunday night we had the whole Department and their wives to Sunday

supper — sixteen of them. Oh, dear! oh, dear! money does make a difference. We grew more determined than ever to see that more people in the world should get more of it.

IV

Seattle, as I look back on it, meant the unexpected — in every way. We could never count on anything from one day to the next — a strike here, an arbitration there, government orders for this, some investigation needed for that. It was harassing, it was wearying. But always every few days there would be that telephone ring I grew both to dread and love. For as often as it said, 'I've got to go to Tacoma,' it also said, 'You Girl, put on your hat and coat this minute and come down-town while I have a few minutes off — we'll have supper together, anyhow.' And the feeling of the courting days never left us — that almost sharp joy of being together again when we just locked arms for a block and said almost nothing — nothing to repeat. And the good-bye that always meant a wrench, always, though it might mean being together within a few hours. And always the waving from the one on the back of the car to the one standing on the corner. Nothing, nothing, ever got tame. After ten years, if Carl ever found himself a little early to catch the train for Tacoma, say, though he had said good-bye but a half an hour before and was to be back that evening, he would find a telephone-booth and ring up to say — perhaps — that he was glad he had married me! And I think of two times we met accidentally on the street in Seattle, — it seemed something we could hardly believe, — all the world, the war, commerce, industry, stopped while we tried to realize what had happened.

One evening I was scanning some ar-

ticle on marriage, by the fire in Seattle — it was one of those rare times when Carl too was at home and going over lectures for the next day. It held that, to be successful, marriage had to be an adjustment — a giving in here by the man, there by the woman. And I said to Carl, 'If that is true you must have been doing all the adjusting: I never have had to give up or fit in or relinquish one little thing, so you've been doing it all.'

He thought for a moment, then answered, 'You know, I've heard that too, and wondered about it. For I know I've given up nothing, made no "adjustments." On the contrary, I seem always to have been getting more than any human being has any right to count on.'

It was that way, even to the merest details — such as both liking identically the same things to eat, seasoned the identical way. We both liked to do the identical things, without a single exception. Perhaps one exception — he had a fondness in his heart for firearms that I could not share. Though we rarely could pass one of these shooting-galleries without trying our luck at five cents for so many turns — at clay pigeons or rabbits whirling around on what-nots; but that was as wild as I ever wanted to get with a gun. We liked the same friends without exception, the same books, the same pictures, the same music. He wrote once, 'We (the two of us) love each other, like to do things together (absolutely anything), don't need or want anybody else, and the world is ours.'

As soon as the I.W.W. article was done, Carl had to begin on his paper to be read before the Economic Association just after Christmas in Philadelphia. That was fun working over. 'Come up here and let me read you this!' And we'd go over that much of the paper together. Then more reading

to Miss Van Doren, more correctings, finally finishing it just the day before he had to leave. But that was partly because he had to leave earlier than expected. The government had telegraphed him to go on to Washington to mediate a threatened longshoremen's strike. Carl worked harder over the longshoremen than in any other single labor difficulty, not excepting the eight-hour day in lumber. Here again I do not feel free to go into details. The matter was finally, at Carl's suggestion, taken to Washington.

On his way he stopped off in Spokane to talk with the lumbermen east of the mountains. There, at a big meeting, he was able to put over the eight-hour day. The Wilson Mediation Commission was in Seattle at the time. Felix Frankfurter telephoned out his congratulations to me and said, 'We consider it the single greatest achievement of its kind since the United States entered the war.' The papers were full of it, and excitement ran high. President Wilson was telegraphed to by the Labor Commission, and he in turn telegraphed back his pleasure. In addition, the East Coast lumbermen agreed to Carl's scheme of an employment manager for their industry, and detailed him to find a man for the job while he was in the East.

Then at Philadelphia came the most telling event of our economic lives — Carl's paper before the Economic Association on 'Motives in Economic Life.' A little later I saw one of the big men who was at that meeting, and he said, 'I don't see why Parker is n't spoiled. He was the most talked-about man at the Convention.' Six publishing houses wrote out after that paper, to see if he could enlarge it into a book. Somehow it did seem as if now more than ever the world was ours. We looked ahead into the future and wondered if it could seem as good to anyone as it seemed

to us. It was almost *too* good — we were dazed a bit by it. It is one of the things I just cannot let myself ever think of — that future and the plans we had. Anything I can ever do now would still leave life so utterly dull by comparison.

One of the days in Seattle I think of the most was about a month before the end. The father of a great friend of ours died, and Carl and I went to the funeral one Sunday afternoon. We got in late, so stood in a corner by the door and held hands, and seemed to own each other especially hard that day. Afterwards we prowled around the streets, talking of funerals and old age. Most of the people there that afternoon were gray-haired — the family had lived in Seattle for years and years and these were the friends of years and years back.

Carl said, 'That is something we can't have when you and I die — the old, old friends that have stood by us year in and year out. It is one of the phases of life you sacrifice when you move around at the rate we do. But in the first place neither of us wants a funeral, and in the second place we feel that moving gives more than it takes away — so we are satisfied.'

Then we talked about our own old age — planned it in detail. Carl declared, 'I want you to promise me faithfully you will make me stop teaching when I am sixty. I have seen too much of the tragedy of men hanging on and on and students and education being sacrificed because the teacher has lost his fire — has fallen behind in the parade. I feel now as if I'd never grow old — that does n't mean that I won't. So no matter how strong I may be going at sixty, make me stop — promise.'

Then we discussed our plans — by that time the children would be looking out for themselves, very much so, and we could plan as we pleased. It was to

be England — some suburb outside of London where we could get into big things, and yet where we could be peaceful and by ourselves, and read and write, and have the young economists traveling out to spend week-ends with us; and then we could keep our grandchildren while their parents were traveling in Europe! Five weeks from that day he was dead!

v

There is a path I must take daily to my work at college, which passes through the University of California Botanical Garden. Every day I must brace myself for it, for there, growing along the path, is a clump of old-fashioned morning glories. Always, from the time we first came back to teach in Berkeley and passed along that same path to the University, we planned to have morning glories like those, — the odor came to meet you yards away, — growing along the path to the little home we would at last settle down in when we were old. We used to remark always when we saw pictures in the newspapers of So-and-so on their 'golden anniversary,' and would plan about our own 'golden-wedding day' — old age together always seemed so good to think about. There was a time when we used to plan to live in a lighthouse, way out on some point, when we got old. It made a strong appeal, it really did. We planned many ways of growing old; not that we talked of it often, — perhaps twice a year, — but always, always it was, of course, *together*. Strange how neither of us ever dreamed that one would grow old without the other.

And yet, too, there is the other side. I found a letter written our first summer back in Berkeley, just after we had said good-bye at the station when Carl left for Chicago. Among other things

he wrote, 'It just makes me feel bad to see other folks living put-in lives when we two (four) have loved through Harvard and Europe, and it has only commenced, and no one is loving so hard or living so happily. . . . I am most willing to die now (if you die with me), for we have lived one complete life of joy already.' And then he added, — if only the adding of it could have made it come true! — 'But we have fifty years yet of love.'

Oh, it was so true that we packed into ten years the happiness that could normally be considered to last a lifetime — a long lifetime. Sometimes it seems almost as if we must have guessed it was to end so soon, and lived so as to crowd in all of joy we could while our time together was given us. I say so often that I stand right now the richest woman in the world — why talk of sympathy? I have our three precious marvelously healthy children; I have perfect health myself; I have all and more than I can handle of big, ambitious, maturing plans, with a chance to see them carried out; I have enough to live on, and — greatest of all — almost fifteen years of perfect memories. And yet, — to hear a snatch of a tune and know the last time you heard it you were together, — perhaps it was the very music they played as you left the theatre arm-in-arm that last night; to put on a dress you have not worn for some time and remember that when you had it on last it was the night you went, just the two of you, to Blanc's for dinner; to meet unexpectedly some friend, and think that the last time you saw him it was that night when you two, strolling with hands clasped, met him on Second Avenue accidentally and chatted on the corner; to come across a necktie in a trunk, to read a book he had marked, to see his handwriting — perhaps just the address on an old baggage-check — Oh, one can sound

so much braver than one feels! And then, because you have tried so hard to live up to the pride and faith he had in you, to be told, 'You know I am surprised that you have n't taken Carl's death harder. You seem to be just the same exactly.'

When Carl returned from the East in January, he was more rushed than ever — his time more filled than ever with strike-mediations, street-car arbitrations, cost-of-living surveys for the government, conferences on lumber production. In all he had mediated twenty-six strikes, sat on two arbitration boards, made three cost-of-living surveys for the government. (Mediations did gall him — he grew intellectually impatient over this eternal patching-up of what he was wont to call 'a rotten system.' Of course, he saw the war-emergency need of it just then, but what he wanted to work on was, why were mediations ever necessary? What social and economic order would best insure absence of friction?)

On the campus, work piled up. He had promised to give a course on Employment Management, especially to train men to go into the lumber industries with a new vision. Each big company east of the mountains was to send a representative. It was also open to seniors in college, and a splendid group it was, almost everyone pledged to take up employment management as their vocation on graduation — no fear that they would take it up with a capitalist bias.

Then, — his friends and I had to laugh, it was so like him, — the afternoon of the morning he arrived, he was in the thick of a scrap on the campus over a principle he held to tenaciously — the abolition of the one-year modern-language requirement for students in his college. To use his own expression, he 'went to the bat on it,' and at a faculty meeting that afternoon it car-

ried. He had been working his little campaign for a couple of months, but in his absence in the East the other side had been busy. He returned just in time for the fray. Everyone knows what a farce one year of a modern language is at college — even several of the language teachers themselves were frank enough to admit it. But it was an academic tradition! I think the two words that upset Carl most were 'efficiency' and 'tradition' — both being used too often as an excuse for practices that did more harm than good. And the word 'blame' — or not so much the word as the act. Of all the useless occupations a person could indulge in, he felt 'blaming' someone as utterly unproductive as anything one could conceive. Especially did he revolt at blaming persons or groups, — such as the I.W.W., for instance, — where he felt so strongly that they were a product of a certain social and economic environment, and under the circumstances — given the known antecedents — could not act otherwise. By the same reasoning he refused to blame the capitalist as such.

VI

And then came one Tuesday, the fifth of March. He had his hands full all morning with the continued threatened upheavals of the longshoremen. About noon the telephone rang: threatened strike in all the flour-mills — Dr. Parker must come at once. (I am reminded of a description which was published of Carl as a mediator: 'He thought of himself as a physician and of an industry on strike as the patient. And he did not merely ease the patient's pain with opiates. He used the knife and tried for permanent cures.') I finally reached him by telephone — his voice sounded tired for he had had a very hard morning. By one o'clock he was working on

the flour-mill situation. He could not get home for dinner. About midnight he appeared, having sat almost twelve hours steadily on the new flour difficulty. He was 'all in,' he said.

The next morning, one of the rare instances in our years together, he said he did not feel like getting up. But there were four important conferences that day to attend to, besides his work at college. He dressed, ate breakfast, then said he felt feverish. His temperature was 102. I made him get back into bed — let all the conferences on earth explode. The next day his temperature was 105. 'This has taught us our lesson — no more living at this pace. I don't need two reminders that I ought to call a halt.' Thursday, Friday, and Saturday he lay there, too weary to talk, not able to sleep at all nights; the doctor coming regularly but unable to tell just what the trouble was, other than a 'breakdown.' Saturday afternoon he felt a little better — we planned then what we would do when he got well. The doctor had said he should allow himself at least a month before going back to college. One month given to us! 'Just think of the writing I can get done, being around home with my family!'

There was an article for Taussig, half done, to appear in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* — a more technical analysis of the I.W.W. than had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*; he had just begun a review for the *American Journal of Economics* of Hoxie's *Trade Unionism*; then he was full of ideas for a second article he had promised the *Atlantic*, 'Is the United States a Nation?' 'And think of being able to see all I want of the June-Bug!'

Since he had not slept for three nights the doctor left powders which I was to give him for Saturday night. Still he could not sleep. He thought if I read out loud to him in a monotonous tone

of voice, he could perhaps drop off. I got a high-school copy of *From Milton to Tennyson* and read every sing-songy poem I could find, — 'The Ancient Mariner' twice, — hardly pronouncing the words as I droned along. Then he began to get delirious.

It is a very terrifying experience — to see for the first time a person in a delirium and have that person be the one you love most on earth. All night long I sat there trying to quiet him — it was always some mediation, some committee of employers, he was attending. He would say, 'I am so tired — can't you people come to some agreement so that I can go home and sleep?' At first I would say, 'Dearest, you must be quiet and try to go to sleep.' 'But I can't leave the meeting!' He would look at me in such distress. So I learned my part, and each new discussion he would get into I would suggest, 'Here's Will Ogburn just come — he'll take charge of the meeting for you. You come home with me and go to sleep.' So he would introduce Will to the gathering, and add, 'Gentlemen, my wife wants me to go home with her and go to sleep — good-bye.' For a few moments he would be quiet. Then, 'Oh, my Lord, something to investigate! What is it this time?' I would cut in hastily, 'The government feels next week will be plenty of time for this investigation.' He would look at me seriously. 'Did you ever know the government to give you a week's time to begin?' Then, 'Telegrams — more telegrams — nobody keeps their word, nobody.'

About six o'clock in the morning I could wait no longer and called the doctor. He pronounced it pneumonia, — an absolutely different case from any he had ever seen, — no sign of it the day before though it was what he had been watching for all along. Every hospital in town was full. A splendid

nurse came at once to the house — 'the best nurse in the whole city,' the doctor announced with relief.

Wednesday afternoon the crisis seemed to have passed. That whole evening he was himself, and I — I was almost delirious from sheer joy. To hear his dear voice again just talking naturally! He noticed the trained nurse for the first time. He was jovial — happy. 'I am going to get some fun out of this now!' he smiled. 'And, oh, won't we have a time, my girl, while I am convalescing!' And we planned the rosiest weeks anyone ever planned.

Thursday the nurse shaved him — he not only joked and talked like his dear old self — he looked it as well. (All along he had been cheerful — always told the doctor he was 'feeling fine' — never complained about anything. It amused the doctor so one morning, when he was leaning over listening to Carl's heart and lungs, while he lay in more or less of a doze and partial delirium. A twinkle suddenly came into Carl's eye: 'You sprung a new necktie on me this morning, did n't you?' he said. Sure enough, it was new.)

Thursday morning the nurse was preparing things in another room for his bath, and I was with Carl. The sun was streaming in through the windows, and my heart was too contented for words. He said, 'Do you know what I've been thinking of so much this morning? I've been thinking of what it must be to go through a terrible illness, and not have someone you loved desperately around. I say to myself all the while, "Just think, my girl was here all the time — my girl will be here all the time!" I've lain here this morning and wondered more than ever what good angel was hovering over me the day I met you.'

I put this in because it is practically the last thing he said before delirium

came on again, and I love to think of it. He said really more than that —

In the morning he would start calling for me early. The nurse would try to soothe him for a while, then would get me. I wanted to be in his room at night, but they would not let me: there was also an unborn life to be thought of those days. As soon as I reached his bed, he would clasp my hand and hold it, oh, so tight. 'I've been groping for you all night — all night — why *don't* they let me find you?' Then, in a moment, he would not know I was there. Daytimes I had not left him five minutes, except for my meals. Several nights they had finally let me be by him, anyway.

Saturday morning for the first time since the crisis the doctor was encouraged — 'Things are really looking up,' and 'You go out for a few moments in the sun!'

I walked a few blocks, to the *Mud-gets* in our department, — to tell them the good news, — and back; but my heart sank to its depths again as soon as I entered Carl's room. The delirium always affected me that way — to see the vacant stare in his eyes — no look of recognition when I entered.

The nurse went out that afternoon. 'He's doing nicely,' was the last thing she said. She had not been gone half an hour, — it was just two-fifteen, — I was lying on her bed watching Carl, when he called, 'Buddie, I'm going — come hold my hand.'

Oh, my God — I dashed for him, I clung to him, I told him he could not, must not go — we needed him too terribly, we loved him too much to spare him. I felt so sure of it, I said, 'Why, my love is enough to *keep* you here!'

He would not let me leave him to call the doctor. I just knelt there holding both his hands with all my might, talking, talking, telling him we were not going to let him go. And then at last

the color came back into his face, he nodded his head a bit and said, 'I'll stay,' very quietly. Then I was able to rush for the stairs and tell Mrs. Willard to telephone for the doctor.

Three doctors we had that afternoon. They reported the case 'Dangerous but not absolutely hopeless' — his heart, that had been so wonderful all along, had given out. That very morning the doctor had said, 'I wish my pulse was as strong as that!' and there he lay — no pulse at all. They did everything — our own doctor stayed till about ten, then left with Carl resting fairly easily — he lived only a block away.

About one-thirty the nurse had me call the doctor again. I could see things were going wrong. Once Carl started to talk rather loud. I tried to quiet him and he said, 'Twice I've pulled and fought and struggled to live just for you [one of the times had been during the crisis] — let me just talk if

I want to. I can't make the fight a third time — I'm so tired.' Before the doctor could get there, he was dead.

With our beliefs what they were, there was only one thing to be done. We had never discussed it in detail, but I felt absolutely sure I was doing as he would have me do. His body was cremated, without any service whatsoever — just one of his brothers and a great friend present. The next day the two men scattered his ashes out on the waters of Puget Sound. I feel it was as he would have had it.

'Out of your welded lives — welded in spirit and in the comradeship that you had in his splendid work — you know everything that I could say.

'I grieve for you deeply — and I rejoice for any woman who, for even a few short years, is given the great gift in such a form.'

WAR-POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY GERALD CHITTENDEN

THE one favor the Germans have done for us is to rub the glamour from war. They spoil everything they touch, and they seem to have spoiled even their own favorite outdoor sport; it is probable that they have spoiled even their own zest for it. This one good thing can be put in the scale against their crimes; but it would weigh more if, by losing the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' we had lost anything really worth the keeping. We have not: the love of war was a sort of vermiform appendix to civilization,

and, although the operation has been capital, we shall be well rid of it. One of the many factors that make our army dangerous is the fact that, in common with the rest of our allies, it hates war almost to a man, and desires nothing more than a conclusion of this one which stands some chance of being final. Probably this is no new point of view for soldiers, for we are no greater lovers of home and family and life than our ancestors were, and no more ardent haters of death; the men of Valley Forge, of Sebastopol, and of the Wil-

derness could have learned from the modern soldier nothing new about weariness, and could have taught him nothing. It is, however, a fairly new point of view for poets.

In his proper office, the poet is a prophet, an interpreter of racial emotion, and poetry is a still pool, reflecting the ambitions and despairs, the admirations and contempts of mankind. Steeped in the rich past, it is a great conservator of tradition, and therefore moves but slowly to the van of thought. At the same time, it is necessarily contemporary, and, since it maintains a closer emotional contact with what has been, it alone is capable of prophesying to us what shall be. The poet, because he savors life far more keenly than most men, is peculiarly liable to be dazzled by noble moments, and to turn away from the translucent thought that should be his guide. Sometimes he neither sees visions nor dreams dreams; sometimes, he paints pictures only, and entrances us as well as himself.

The actual bodily strife between man and man, whether in the ring or on the battlefield, is the most absorbing of spectacles; he who is not fascinated by it demonstrates, not superior civilization, but merely an eccentricity of mind not in the least creditable to him. Our actions are governed far more often by emotion than by reason, and there is an eternal value in words which thrill and excite our souls; the vivid poetry of action, therefore, has always held and will always hold its honorable place.

But our poets owe us far more than thrills, for their art is essentially an interpretative one, and is at its highest only when it gives us better understanding of our emotions, as well as greater capacity for feeling them. Without this increased understanding, we run the risk of lapsing into a variety of national hysterics, such as continues to afflict our enemy, under the influence

of which we also would presently fail to make the necessary distinction between what is true and what we wish to believe true. This is a psychological danger peculiar to war; in times of peace, we do not grow excited enough about anything. Martial emotions are perhaps our most precious heritage from the past, for they alone give life to our indignation at wrong; but unless our poets illuminate them for us, we are apt to contend like bulls instead of fighting like men.

Rather less than a century ago, they began to do so. 'Blenheim,' recited by schoolchildren because of the presence in it of an interrogative vehicle called 'Little Wilhelmine,' is an early satire on victory, and a mordant one also, as we discover when we cut it off from its usual background of desks and blackboards. It does not, however, make any allowance for the righteousness of certain causes, probably because such allowances are outside the focus of the poem. Taken at its face-value, it is purely pacifistic, significant only as indicating the age of the reaction against war as war. It is the antithesis of poems glorifying battle for its own sake, such as, —

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,

or 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.' It would be possible to multiply examples, but these two will serve all purposes of illustration.

The present war has inspired an entirely new sort of war-poetry. There has been, on the Allied side at least, little if any of the old swashbuckling, ringing verse; that seems to have vanished from our literature just as gold lace has vanished from our uniforms. In place of it have come poems deeply thoughtful, which exhibit no doubt of the holiness of our cause — which, in fact, emphasize it as no war-poems have

ever done before. They linger upon the lovely and quiet things of life — harvest-time in rural England, the intimacies of college, the poignant simplicity of home. The present sacrifice is needful, the poets maintain in no uncertain tones; it is doubly and trebly needful because of these familiar things which we love and are determined to preserve.

Our armies have gone to war with their thoughts striking backward, and look upon the front as an outpost of civilization, designed to 'protect the camp from attack and surprise.' In military terms, they have regarded themselves as exterior guards only, and have taken to heart their duties as such; the camp lies behind them, and must be protected at all costs. Something of the sombre enthusiasm of the Covenanters has animated them; glory and honor have been among them; but it is the safety of the camp of civilization, and not their own personal peril, that gives value to the crosses they wear.

At home, also, we have not been blind to the glory of this war, but it has been the glory of youth gone forth to make good our hopes for truth, and not the shallower honor of the cavalry charge, or even the ennobled suicide of the forlorn hope. From the first, this has been a people's war, and the people of the nations have been stabbed and hurt and raised to honor by it on a scale never before known. All this our poets have sung to us, and even our marching songs dwell with searching homesickness upon the joys of peace. Our dead, ghosts dear and familiar, have come closer to us, and we would not call them back altogether, for they and not we, have achieved.

You from Givenchy, since no years can harden
The beautiful dead, when holy twilight reaches
The sleeping cedars and the copper beeches,
Return to walk again in Wadham garden.
We, growing old, grow stranger to the college,
Symbol of youth, where we were young together;

But you, beyond the reach of time and weather
Of youth, in death forever keep the knowledge.
We hoard our youth; we hoard our youth and
fear it;

But you, who freely gave what we have hoarded,
Are with the final goal of youth rewarded —
The road to travel and the traveler's spirit.
And therefore, when for us the stars go down,
Your star is steady over Oxford town.

I have not been able to discover the author of these lines, which came to me in a letter from a soldier in France. They show as well as any the new spirit that animates war-poetry, — the spirit shared by Brooke, Masfield, Seeger, and many more, — the spirit which at last places war where it belongs in literature and in the scheme of civilization generally, identifying it as a court of last resort, and insisting that the justification and the glory of it lie in the purpose for which it is waged; regarding it as a means of preserving for the present and the future the sweet and sound things of life, but having in itself neither value nor verity.

It is presumptuous and false to maintain that we are more loyal to our cause than men of other days, and it is only partly true that we have a more clear-cut cause to be loyal to. Undoubtedly, however, we have become considerably more frank, at least in literature. Formerly, the man who, during active service, thought too often or too long about what he had left behind him, or who seemed to value it all too highly, laid himself open to the charge of being afraid. That charge used to be a disgrace; it is so no longer. Men who have been in the fight admit without reserve that they were afraid all the time; and many of them say that they never get rid of the sensation of fear during action. It seems that any man nowadays who does not confess to fear under fire lays himself open to the charge of being either unintelligent or a liar.

Cowardice, on the other hand, — obedience to the promptings of fear, —

is exceedingly rare, and for the first time the military authorities are taking into account the fact that the bravest of men have limits to their endurance which they must not be allowed to reach, if in any way they can be prevented from doing so. Particularly in aviation, commanding officers are careful to relieve from active duty — generally temporarily, but sometimes permanently — pilots whose experiences in the air have caused them to lose their nerve; no disgrace attaches to such relief. With this frank recognition of the influences of strain, — which is another word for fear, — the efficiency of the military machine has been increased rather than diminished; and modern war, the most machine-like of human activities, has at the same time become the most solicitously personal. Hypocrisy and bravado, having lost their place among the conventions of war, are no longer literary material; although the stimulation of battle remains for the soldier, it is no longer among the most important of his reactions. Almost no one pretends that he likes war; the army's frank hate for it is reflected in poetry, where it takes the form of a grave revaluation of the blessings of peace, and a deep appreciation of all that our fighting men are doing to make peace possible, and, if may

be, permanent. Incidentally, renewed perception of all that makes life worth living renders adamant our resolve to destroy forever all forces which threaten peace. The Austrian peace gesture of October, 1918, indicated in the Central Powers a defective appreciation of the spirit which our poets have been advertising for the last four years.

Human nature does change; the statement that it does not is the easiest and the most false of platitudes. Literature is the best index of the alterations which occur in it, for the popularity of literature is due entirely to the accuracy with which it reflects contemporary thought and emotion. Since, then, the reactions of literature to war are so radically different from what they used to be, it is not unsafe to assume that the reactions of mankind to war have altered in an equal degree. To look forward to universal and perpetual peace is still utopian and unsafe; at least, the psychological preparation for it, without which expectation of it was absurd, is under way. Our poets have become in a true sense our prophets; they have not only dreamed of 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world,' but have cleared from our path the first and heaviest obstacles that lay in the way of achieving it.

WEEDS ABOVE THE SNOW

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THERE is a foot of snow on the ground, lying almost level, for it fell quietly, and during a warm day and night, so that it was lightly crusted before the wind came up. Only on the most exposed slopes has the northwest wind, which draws strongly down our valley beneath the shaggy mountain wall, been able to ruffle the surface into tiny drifts, like the waves of a choppy sea, or like the sand of the Sahara. Skiing rapidly over such a surface is beset with much the same perils as sailing a canoe through a chop.

My brook is now a beautiful thing, not in the least resembling any of its spring or summer aspects. If you should load a flexible brush heavily with black oil paint, and then draw it in a wavy line across a sheet of thick, soft, clear white paper, you might approximate the appearance of my brook from a slight distance, as it comes down through the pasture. But you could not quite capture, even with the utmost technical dexterity, the delicate undulations of its course. Ordinarily I am aware of it as a coolly gurgling little brown stream, splashing into white over rocks, lined with grasses, weeds, and monkey flowers, but in no sense an exponent of pure line. What line it has is half lost in the grasses. But now it is pure line, a ribbon of velvety black sunk in the deeper white velvet of the snow, a line that tells of every hidden contour of the ground, and, above all, has that sheer beauty of curve which only something that flows can ever completely attain. Coming nearer to it, I find its trans-

formed banks no less strange and lovely. Every rock around which the dark water curves, every grass hassock, is capped with snow like a tiny dome, and all the banks are overhung with snow in a delicate yet abrupt down-sweeping curve, steeper than that of a thatched roof, and almost infinitely varied as the wind above or water below has moulded them. It is not until I stand directly over the brook that I see through the black water, swaying gently in the current, the familiar green of living vegetation. My brook in the snow is the skeleton of contour, the soul of pure line. It is a single, fluid masterstroke by the Master Etcher.

But, as I move about over the wide white paper of the fields and pastures to-day, I realize my entire world as an etching. My pasture climbs steeply to the forest, and the forest, with ever-increasing abruptness, climbs to the fifteen-hundred-foot ridge of the mountain shoulder which juts boldly into the plain and hides a sight, from this close angle, of the domed summit yet a thousand feet higher. So steep, indeed, are the upper ledges of this shaggy shoulder, that they are, in places, practically precipitous, and the trees, seen from below, are outlined against a white backing, either of snow- and ice-covered cliffs, or of the up-ended forest floor itself.

The bulk of the forest is deciduous, a mixed stand of chestnut and hard woods; and now the straight, forest-grown trunks are suddenly stabbed in a new distinctness against the white backing, with a myriad down-strokes

of the etcher's needle. Their sprayed tops, an intricate maze of hairlike lines, are colored in subdued tints of lavender, red, and brown, as if the colored ink had been delicately brushed on with a bit of feather. The scattered evergreens — pines and hemlocks — are, however, firmly etched in outline, each one distinct though half a mile away, and colored a rich dark green with a loaded brush. There is an old saying that you cannot, when too close, see the forest for the trees. Here on the great white, upstanding paper of the mountainside, I suddenly behold both the forest and the trees. The mountain looks even higher and steeper than when wearing its customary aspect; the forest is no less impressive in bulk; but the myriad arboreal units which compose it are suddenly revealed, each one delineated with infinite patience, in its naked skeleton of trunk and branches, patterned in ink-strokes on the snow.

Letting my eyes come back from the mountain ledges to the pasture at my feet, I am aware of the loveliest part of the whole great etching which is the visible world to-day. The weed-tops above the snow! To the farmer, at least, they are weeds. Some of them are the ghosts of our fairest flowers. Dried now to a russet or straw-brown, in some lights almost an old gold, or, in the case of hardhack and shrubby cinquefoil, to a deep chocolate, these dead stalks stand up rigid above the snow, and each one reveals all that it possesses of linear charm and intricacy. And how much that almost invariably is! Here, in a space of a few feet near the fence, where, for some reason, the cows did not crop the pasture close last summer, the etcher's needle has fixed in beauty no less than a score of different designs, some of them as lovely as a snow crystal. Take, for example, that spray of wood asters. The stem rises above the crust, and then curves gracefully down wind,

throwing out wiry branchlets, each branchlet hung with tiny stars, each star the shell that once held a pale blue flower.

They are no less lovely, surely, than the flowers — these stiff little straw-brown stars etched on the gleaming snow. Beside them are the brown plumes of goldenrod, the dried flower-cups like rayed pin-heads; with what tool did the etcher make so many perfect, star-edged dots? The Queen Anne's lace has half closed its cups — cups of open ribs and diaphanous rim, which hold each its little dab of snow. Amid them all are many grasses, fairy plumes of such delicacy that the artist's needle must merely have breathed against the blackened plate. A mullein stalk by the fence is a gaudy thing, a big, grandiloquent straight line, borne down heavily upon for the sake of contrast. But, beside it, and quite as tall, a milkweed is bursting open its pods like gray and ochre orchids, and a tall wild lettuce, ugliest of weeds (always excepting the burdock) in summer, is now a slender spire, flowering at its peak into a hundred feathery little rosettes. To one who loves pure line and pattern, this small garden of weed-tops above the snow by the pasture fence — even the fence-posts go marching along, stroke, stroke, stroke of black, across the snow, in a quaint procession — could be a source of almost endless study and delight.

But again I lift my eyes. Just across the road is a row of fine old sugar maples which have not yet succumbed to the brutally unintelligent pruning of the State Highway Commission. Now, more than ever, I am aware how, fifteen feet from the ground, they begin to burst into a great fountain-spray of branches, each branch bursting and rebursting on its upward spring, till the whole gracefully domed crown dissolves in a riot of twigs, and against

the hard winter sky it is almost impossible to tell exactly the point at which the last buds end. Between the shaggy gray boles of these trees I look across a meadow, toward the swamp. This meadow was neglected last summer by the mowers, and the prevailing autumn winds bent the dried grasses south-eastward, so that now they form an army with straw-gold plumes, sweeping across the snow, forever in motion, yet frozen fast. Beyond them is a patch of rich chocolate, where the etcher has rubbed the ink on with a liberal thumb, and then the feathery rust of the tamaracks. You never realize what a beautiful color rust is till you see a tamarack swamp across the white fields, perhaps with the amethyst lights of sunset beginning to tinge the eastern hills. One of our ultra-modern American poets has written a poem 'To a Discarded Steel Rail,' in which he speaks of

A smile which men call rust.

The rust of the tamaracks is not a smile at the vanity of man's restlessness, however, but at the pleasant, sunny world and the dreaming thoughts of resurgent sap.

I went far afield to-day, through old orchards where the deer had been pawing up the snow for buried, frozen apples; through a snow-laden stand of young pines, where the aspect was of blobs of white spattered on dark green, and where, no matter how low I stooped, the brushed branches pelted me with cold powder; past fox-tracks and rabbit-tracks and the bed of a partridge in the uncovered leaves — I heard him go whirring off through the snowy silences before I reached the spot; into clearings where the weed-top etchings were renewed, and invisible water tinkled somewhere under ice; then into deep woods again, and up the mountain ravines.

It was late when, at last, I pushed

back out of the forest fringe, and set my ski-points valleyward, but leaning first on my poles to look down on the ghostly-radiant, frozen world. A young moon swam over the mountain shoulder, holding in its crescent the vague wraith of the full sphere, like a bubble in a golden saucer. The light of this moon bathed all the world in its pale, clear glow. The world was not an etching any more. All but the nearest weed-tops had disappeared. But each tree and shrub sent out a pale, firm shadow over the faintly sparkling snow; the world was a silver-point engraving of supreme delicacy, upon a frosted paper; and not the trees, but their shadows, were most alive. The air was a frozen crystal which no sound snapped, except, far off in the valley, a dull boom from expanding ice in the pond, and the disembodied hoot of an owl up the ravine behind me. Yet there was another sound. Listening intently, I could hear it behind, below, on both sides — the sound of running water, like a wind just waking, or like the world's soft breathing as it lay wrapped in frozen dream.

Far below gleamed a single reddish-gold window-square, oddly unrelated to the lonely scene. Yet thither I must go. My skis squeaked on the snow as I slid them forward and caught the first rush of icy air in my lungs.

The young moon has dropped now behind the mountain shoulder, and Orion, who nightly springs from his couch beyond the eastern hills, is up amid the game flocks of the stars. My window-square glows out into darkness lit with a dim white radiance from the snow. The weed-top etchings are only in my memory.

I know moods — as who does not? — when it would be most natural for me to allow them to remain there, neither reasoned about nor written about, merely a deepening of the background of one's sensuous enjoyment of 'this

goodly frame, the earth.' Yet to-night I am curiously tempted to pin them up before me for further contemplation, endeavoring vaguely, blindly, to work from them to human analogies.

If, aided by the soft, obliterating mantle of the snow, we walk abroad and find common things — a brook, a dead weed-top — suddenly revealed in a new and simpler aspect, so that some unguessed trait of enduring loveliness it all along possessed is set alone, in a high light, for contemplation, and from its littleness one's soul moves on to grasp such large conceptions as the beauty of the curve or the profound strength required for accurate delicacy, why can there not be some snow-mantle in our relations with our fellows, to work a magical transformation and reveal similar unexpected significances? Henry Adams is but the last large mind to affirm that a man can compass at most but two or three friends. Is that because it is only upon friendship — and love — that the snow-mantle of silence falls, and under the spell of this silence is born a more perfect understanding than can ever come of words; under it, as we think each our own secret and dynamic thoughts, we seem mystically aware of what it is in his, or her, soul which is lovely and eternal? All of us know this snow-mantle of silence that drops upon the converse of friends, the communion of lovers, the wife and husband sitting by their evening fire. And all of us know that we can look for its soft revealing in our relations with but a pitiful few of our fellows. For the rest, we guess at the verities in their souls, as we might guess at the exquisite curve of the brook when it is half lost in sedgy verdure, or at the delicate, spired loveliness of the lettuce-stalk when it is a rank, ungainly green shoot by the roadside, with ugly, insignificant flowers.

It is not alone in my own small circle

that I yearn for some gentle obliteration alike of outer ugliness and rank summer richness, and a revelation of those still, cold winter lines of the human spirit that tell so surely whether its essential form is fair. After all, in our immediate circle, we arrive in time at approximate, if unsatisfactory estimates. But how is it in the wider relations of men? As the snow buries, so we talked of the war burning away, the unessentials, and we did indeed seem to see the stark skeletons of men's ideals, fine and rigid and at a white heat. But in the crackling haze of a conflagration the vision is often deluded. It is over the cool calmness of snow, that outlines are best estimated — snow which is white like Peace.

The white benediction of Peace! When that descends on the world, is not then the time to look for those spiritual perfections, those inner, essential beauties of soul in our fellows, which can give us so deep a moment of contemplation, in the belief that in essence the world and the world's people are drawn clean and fine and delicate, the delicacy of infinite strength under perfect control? Ah, if we could but find it so! If we could but admit to our deeper beliefs the belief that War is a purge, or Peace a soft-fallen obliteration of rank excesses and things dead and ugly, a revelation of Man's structural spirituality, like the weed-tops above the snow! But we see War intoxicate as well as purge, and we see Peace reveal gross selfishnesses, ugly, rank green burdocks of greed and covetousness. Nowhere does the world of Man lie cool beneath a white snow-blanket, each lifted soul a bitten, lacy line of beauty. We seem to see plumed souls that wave and beckon, strong, solid, spired souls, souls delicate as tops of grass; but ever such a mass and maze of other souls, lineless, formless, or of evil twist, souls like dead leaves that rot, or weeds that

crowd the flowers out, hidden by no kindly snow, stripped by no winter frosts — the welter of the world of men! How strip them all down to their naked stalks? How show them all against some background white as snow, that what is beautiful may be so clearly seen that no man can forget, and what is ugly, that all men shall turn away and choose the plumes and aster stars?

My etched world has led me far afield, and brought me, groping, back again, unanswered and unsatisfied. Upon their bright Ægean hills, ages long ago, the shepherds watched Orion climb, and gave to him, no doubt, his name. War came and peace came, re-

ligions rose and perished, philosophers were crowned, — and poisoned, — man groped for light within himself and freedom in his universe, poets sang, and saints perished. Still I look out and see Orion hunting the game flocks of the stars. Now he has forded the Milky Way. The Dog-star is in golden cry beneath his heels. How still and cold and beautiful is the night! How remote those star-glints from our troubled earth! How keener far than Man's must be the eye that sees the end and meaning of it all; how greater far the hand that etches on some spirit snow the weed-tops of our human souls, and makes them all fair at last!

HIS LETTER

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

*Beyond the steel and the fire
Gleams the old desire.*

War has not taken wonder away.
More poignant where its lightnings play
The appeal of beauty's lonely cry!
I shall go dreaming till I die.
I see wind-burnished coin-bright towns,
And roads that shine across the downs;
A dusk of forest and a line
Of light that silvers the design;
Always the shadowed and the bright,
A halo for the blackest night!
— Islands where I have never been;
The rainbow toppling down the green
Of tilted seas that rake a ship;

The molten lava-streams that slip
From fiery crater-rims and fill
The dark with rose and daffodil;
Lakes mountain-hid and spiritual;
The undiscovered waterfall
Like a white feather through the trees,
The undiscovered bird in these
Singing, always alone, alone,
The lovely voice of the unknown —
This is Romance chameleon-clad
That called me when I was a lad,
That calls me now to follow well
Through blighted Picardy to hell,
Through hell to some elusive bliss
Of new adventure after this;
To follow without asking why!
So you will know, if I must die
Upon this last and strangest quest,
It did not differ from the rest
In simple wonder dark and bright,
A halo for the blackest night:
And freedom like the unknown bird
Was a wild voice I had not heard,
Was a pure voice I fought to hear!
These words to you, my very dear,

*Beyond the steel and the fire
Gleams the old desire.*

OUR VILLAGE

HOURS from any city, our village has changed little since fifty years ago. It had then a hotel, and the country round-about was so wild that visitors from the city came in the summer for a change. Now, most of the great oak forests have been cut for railway-ties, the game has been shot, the bass may rarely be caught in the river. Hills that cut off the horizon are dotted with sheep; from the tops one gets a sweep of country with few farmhouses in sight. There are cities beyond; there is no sense of remoteness, such as one feels in looking to the north and knowing that one might go to the Arctic Circle without seeing a town.

Our isolation is, therefore, not geographical. We are in the midst of what a facetious editor of the nearest city daily calls 'the garden spot of the world.' Powerful limousines occasionally go through the village, showing a mild curiosity and large interests behind and beyond. The single track of railroad fills the valley at irregular intervals with unnecessary shrieks of freight engines; sonorous passenger whistles multiply warnings for bridge and station on the more familiar hours, or insolently rouse the sleeping villagers when the mid-night train goes through without stop. Travelers rarely get off; salesmen supply our simple wants once or twice a year, between trains: there is no hotel, nor would their commissions justify staying over night. There is not even a boarding-house.

The village is not interested in strangers to the extent of putting them up for the night. It has nothing to offer. There are no struggling manufactories needing capital; there are no resour-

ces inviting capital. The villagers own their plain frame houses built many years ago. Five new houses have been added in thirty years. Our taxes, less an amount barely necessary to run the school and street-lamps, go to the county and state. We have no paved streets, no sewerage system, no police or fire department. A private corporation, with most limited liability, furnishes water. All I get from taxes is a feeble natural gas-light below on the unmade street; but when the village could no longer pay a man to put out the street-lamps, the gas company shut off the gas. We then went out at night with lanterns.

We are all poor. Two or three villagers with independent means go and come; no one knows or cares, for their influence is negligible. No captain of industry commands anybody. There is no labor-problem, for there is no labor. A few able-bodied workmen may now and then be engaged, if they have nothing more important to do, and if they feel like working. When it is not loaned on mortgage, the village carpenter keeps a heavy balance in the bank. He has helped many a less energetic friend, without security and without return. We have no labor-union, perhaps because there are no employers of labor. I may get help when I am my own contractor and head-workman. I may practise any trade without boycott. Infrequent periods of such improvement furnish innocent excitement. Little checks change hands, neighbors stop to comment; night brings a sense of exquisite fatigue. One jingles money for unforeseen nails and bolts and paint. At other times one may go for weeks with only a bit of silver for church.

Occasionally an ancient oak must come down. An upstart red oak shows but ninety-seven rings; a white oak felled the other day had two hundred and sixty-five rings; where are other trees that were living in Milton's time? Up in the garret, to stop squirrel-holes, I noticed that all the rafters and beams were of white oak. And the stone of the house was quarried from a local hillside. Infinite labor it took to saw and hew those timbers from the fellow of the white oak; men in the village to-day do not quarry the local stone, trim the huge blocks, and swing them on to two-foot walls, the prize of my modest possessions. Our two new houses came from mail-order concerns, machined from the thinnest lumber that will hold a house together.

Two small general stores maintain a rivalry begun generations ago. The village humorist and historian entered one the other day with a copy of the village paper printed in the eighteen-fifties. 'I see in this paper that you advertise photographs of the village. I should like to buy some.' The proprietor walked over to an old cherry cabinet, and from a drawer took out photographs faded and yellow with age. The man of humor gravely inspected them. 'Well,' he finally remarked, 'I see it pays to advertise.'

The newspaper-presses and type, and the building containing them, have all disappeared. The village tinker, who could mend a watch or gun or sewing-machine, is dead, and no one takes his place. Anciently there were three churches, each with a full congregation militantly active in urging a special form of truth. Two churches now more than answer the need, and only in days of acute national crisis have they been crowded.

Only two classes of people may live in our village contentedly: those who have ample resources of occupation and

interest within themselves, and those who have and crave none. There is no ready-made amusement. We have no saloon, no theatre, no moving-picture show. There is no community playground or athletic field. There is no club. In front of a stairway of a fraternal order, buggies and sleighs will be hitched on an occasional night. Once a year, one church will give the annual supper; once a year, the other church will give the annual supper. Women gather weekly to sew for mountain whites. The school-board meets once a month, or oftener if the itch, measles, or other epidemic threatens; and between solemn prophecies on the state of the nation and personal criticism of the Powers, votes the budget for salaries and the gas-bill. At election time results of the 144 votes are posted, no longer showing an even balance of straight tickets, but highly eclectic groups.

The village is not gregarious. The common cause and common labor of the pioneer have changed to furtive ambitions and concealed purposes. Intensive individualism successfully withstands all attempts at coöperation, in time of peace. In war, without announcement, without noise or argument, the village exceeded its quota of men and money in every count, revealing unity, hard cash, and patriotism unguessed by anyone.

The lack of express community spirit had grieved more eager souls. Several years ago the parson brought back from the East ambitious plans for community welfare. There were many committees appointed, as on music, dramatics, lectures, sport. Soon complaints were lodged that the orchestra kept people awake, and no one can deny that the village regards sleep, beginning at ten o'clock, sun-time, as of more importance than the playing of an orchestra never so sure of itself as to put the audience at ease.

What, it will be asked, do we accomplish in such anti-social contentment? We read. The metropolitan press consumes from one to three hours a day; magazines fill several days a month; but books are the serious business of life. We read many books, big books, works in volumes, through. A literary man in a narrow city flat will write a book in less time than a villager will master one. But the villager selects with canny choice; the best seller has little significance for him; he may still be reading Gibbon. A girl in the village school asked for the best edition of Chatterton. Fashion in books works little change in our taste; one may read Tennyson without impeachment, and while our sense of humor is too delicately poised to tolerate a Browning Society, there are those who find comfort in the legal entanglements of his old Italian law-case. The larger spirits of the past seem to satisfy. 'I can read,' said one villager, 'almost anything but new books. Old men inform,' he went on with Baconian antithesis, 'new men disturb.'

The village is little given to litigation. No attorney's sign may be seen. Years ago we had our last *cause célèbre*. It was about a piano. The school-board had purchased an instrument that would not stay in tune. The issue came up when the tuner in despair asked whether the piano was at concert or international pitch. No one knew. The tuner made remarks that led the board to think that they had been swindled. The last payment was refused, and the dealer sued.

The case came to trial before the local justice. The plaintiff's lawyer, a large man with long hair which he roached up masterfully in his argument, wore a white clerical cravat and long black frock-coat. He listened to witnesses with good-natured tolerance. When our musical expert took the chair, — a

timid woman who had never been in court, — the lawyer roused himself. 'You say that you are a professional musician and that you know all about pianos. Will you kindly tell this court how many keys there are on this piano that the board bought and refuses to pay for? You cannot? You don't know how many keys there are on it? You presume to come here, under oath, and pose as a musical expert, and can't tell how many keys there are on a piano?' He motioned to his assistant to take down the testimony. 'Well, perhaps you can tell us the pitch of this piano? You don't know what pitch it is? Is n't the pitch of a piano important? You have a piano? You know what pitch it is? Concert pitch — very good. Now you say you don't know the pitch of the piano in litigation, and you claim to be a musical expert.' Again the assistant takes testimony. 'How old is this piano? You don't know that either? Are n't you familiar with the types and styles of pianos? You are. You could tell an old piano from a new one? You could; yes, one does n't have to pretend to be a musical expert or study under Liszt to do that. But you don't know how old this piano is? How's that? An obsolete type? Too old to guess at? That'll do.'

The board won the case, for the clerk deposed that a piano at international pitch had been ordered, and the tuner could not affirm that the piano was at any pitch, or that, if tuned to a pitch, it would stay there over night.

The other case never came to court. A city man had loaned a farmer money, taking a mortgage on the stock and fifteen tons of hay. Late the next spring hay had doubled in value, and with the note unpaid the city man came up to foreclose. He made a satisfied examination of the stock, and then saw that the mow was empty. 'Where's the hay you put up as security?'

'Well — I gawnteed to keep the stock in good condition, and I fed 'em the hay.'

We do not live on excitement. One or two men are members of city clubs, and are drawn periodically into the feverish and noisy life. Their example is not approved. As none of us makes money, the fine art of living lies in saving what we can. Pleasure is in making an old coat do another year, not in buying a new one. There can be no real enjoyment in paying club dues, smoking expensive cigars, drinking costly drinks, when the wife with intelligent care saves ten cents a pound on

coffee, and no one can tell the difference. Nor do our club-men come back apparently benefited: however gay and pleasant clubs may be within, a certain depression always accompanies the man home.

So, in our village, we do without everything the live, active, accomplishing world regards as necessary. We read Gibbon, eat light suppers, and go to bed early. But childhood is still the great miracle with us; angels, we know, live in our houses, and we look out upon a world of misery and pain, grieving that our arms do not reach beyond the village.

'A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY'

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

WAS it indeed only last March, or in another life, that I climbed this green hill on that day of dolor, the Sunday after the last great German offensive began? A beautiful sun-warmed day it was, when the wild thyme on the southern slope smelled sweet, and the distant sea was a glitter of gold. Lying on the grass, pressing my cheek to its warmth, I tried to get solace for that new dread which seemed so cruelly unnatural after four years of war-misery.

'If only it were all over!' I said to myself; 'and I could come here, and to all the lovely places I know, without this awful contraction of the heart, and this knowledge that at every tick of my watch some human body is being mangled or destroyed. Ah, if only I could! Will there never be an end?'

And now there is an end, and I am

up on this green hill once more, in December sunlight, with the distant sea a glitter of gold. And there is no cramp in my heart, no miasma clinging to my senses. Peace! It is still incredible. No more to hear with the ears of the nerves the ceaseless roll of gunfire, or see with the eyes of the nerves drowning men, gaping wounds, and the skeleton of hunger. Peace, actually Peace! The war has gone on so long that many of us have forgotten the sense of outrage and amazement we had, those first days of August, 1914, when it all began. But I have not forgotten, nor ever shall.

In some of us — I think in many who could not voice it — the war has left chiefly this feeling: 'If only I could find a country where men cared less for all that they seem to care for, where they cared more for beauty, for nature, for

being kindly to each other. If only I could find that green hill far away!' Of the songs of Theocritus, of the life of St. Francis, there is no more among the nations than there is of dew on grass in an east wind. If we ever thought otherwise, we are disillusioned now. Yet there is Peace again, and the souls of men fresh-murdered are not flying into our lungs with every breath we draw.

Each day this thought of Peace becomes more real and blessed. I can lie on this green hill and praise Creation that I am alive in a world of beauty. I can go to sleep up here with the coverlet of sunlight warm on my body, and not wake to that old dull misery. I can even dream with a light heart, for my fair dreams will not be spoiled by waking, and my bad dreams will be cured the moment I open my eyes. I can look up at that blue sky without seeing trailed across it a mirage of the long horror, a film picture of all the things that have been done by men to men. At last I can gaze up at it, limpid and blue, without a dogging melancholy; and I can gaze down at that far gleam of sea, knowing that there is no murk of murder on it any more.

And the flight of birds, the gulls and rooks and little brown wavering things which flit out and along the edge of the chalk-pits, is once more refreshment to me, utterly untempered. A merle is singing in a bramble thicket; the dew has not dried off the bramble leaves; there is a feather of a moon floating across the sky; the distance sends forth a homely murmur; the sun warms my cheeks. And all of this is pure joy. No hawk of dread and horror keeps swooping down and bearing off the little birds of happiness. No accusing conscience starts forth and beckons me away from pleasure. Everywhere is supreme and flawless beauty, whether one looks at this tiny snail-shell, marvelously chased and marked, a very elf's horn whose

open mouth is colored rose, or at the flat land between here and the sea, wandering under the smile of the afternoon sunlight, seeming almost to be alive — hedgeless, with its many watching trees, and silver gulls hovering above the mushroom-colored 'ploughs,' and fields green in manifold hues. Or if one gazes at that little pink daisy born so out of time, or at that valley of brown-rose-gray woods, under the drifting shadows of those low-hanging chalky clouds — all is perfection as only Nature can be perfect on a lovely day, when the mind of him who looks on her is at rest.

On this green hill I am nearer than I have been yet to realization of the difference between war and peace. In our civilian lives hardly anything has been changed — we do not get more butter or more petrol, the garb and machinery of war still swarm around us, journals are still dripping hate; but in our spirits there is all the difference between gradual dying and gradual recovery from sickness.

At the beginning of the war a certain artist, so one heard, shut himself away in his house and garden, taking in no newspaper, receiving no visitors, listening to no breath of the war, seeing no sight of it. So he lived, buried in his work and his flowers — I know not for how long. Was he wise, or did he suffer even more than the rest of us who shut nothing away? Can man, indeed, shut out the very quality of his firmament, or bar himself away from the general misery of his species?

This gradual recovery of the world — this slow reopening of the great flower, Life — is beautiful to feel and see. I press my hand flat and hard down on those blades of grass, then take it away, and watch them slowly, very slowly, raise themselves and shake off the bruise. So it is, and will be, with us for a long time to come. The cramp of war

was deep in us, as an iron frost in the earth. Of all the countless millions who have fought and nursed and written and spoken and dug and sewn and worked in a thousand other ways to help on the business of killing, hardly any have labored in real love of war. How ironical that, perhaps, the most beautiful poem written these four years, Julian Grenfell's 'Into Battle!' was a song of heartfelt praise of fighting! But if one could gather the heartfelt sighs and curses breathed by man and woman against fighting since the first bugle was blown, the dirge of them could not be contained in the air which wraps this earth.

And yet the 'green hill,' where dwell beauty and kindliness, is still far away. Will it ever be nearer? Men have fought even on this green hill where I am lying. By the rampart markings on its chalk and grass, it has surely served for an encampment. The beauty of day and night, the lark's song, the sweet-scented growing things, the rapture of health, and of pure air, the majesty of the stars, and the gladness of sunlight, of song and dance and simple friendliness, have never been enough for men. We crave our turbulent fate. Can wars, then, ever cease? Look in men's faces, read their writings, and beneath masks and

hypocrisies note the restless creeping of the tiger spirit! There has never been anything to prevent the millennium except the nature of the human being. There are not enough lovers of beauty among men. It all comes back to that. Not enough who want the green hill far away — who naturally hate disharmony, and the greed, ugliness, restlessness, cruelty, which are its parents and its children.

Will there ever be more lovers of beauty in proportion to those who are indifferent to beauty? Who shall answer that question? And yet on the answer depends peace. Men may have a mint of sterling qualities — be vigorous, adventurous, brave, upright, and self-sacrificing; be preachers and teachers; keen, cool-headed, just, and industrious, — but if they have not the love of beauty, they will still be making wars. Man is a fighting animal, with sense of the ridiculous enough to know that he is a fool to fight, but not sense of the sublime enough to stop him. Ah, well! we have peace!

It is happiness greater than I have known for four years and four months, to lie here and let that thought go on its wings, quiet and free as the wind stealing soft from the sea, and blessed as the sunlight on this green hill.

THE PEACE-MAKERS

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

SEVENTY men from all corners of the earth are seated around the long horse-shoe of a green-baize table in the Clock-Room of the Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay. Two-hundred-odd newspapermen from all corners of the earth — reporters in soft collars and tan shoes, and imperfectly shaven, and journalists in black cutaways with tall flapped collars and patent leathers — strain eye and ear, through the arches of the adjoining reception-room, at the greatest international show since 1815. One of the two-hundred-odd, as he watches and listens to the seventy at table, finds his mind going back, not altogether in a spirit of frivolity, to the categories of Class-Day election at college. Thus: —

Handsome man — Hymans of Belgium, who, this afternoon of January 25, leads the revolt of the little nations against the Big Five; tall, slim, thoroughbred, with a fighting face and the most eloquent hands imaginable. Liveliest man — tie between Clemenceau, with body, muscles, arms, and tongue always in play, and Lloyd George, who reveals himself in the jump of ironic eyes under heavy brows, and frequent half-mischievous smiles and whisperings to Balfour at his left. Most worried man — Sonnino of Italy. Most bored man — tie again between Foch and Balfour. Best poised man — the chief Japanese representative, of course. Most patient and far-seeing man — Venizelos, I am inclined to believe. Most

picturesque figure — if you dismiss the outward trappings of the delegates from Hedjaz and native India, then, by all odds, Louis Botha, a massive, silent hulk, with eyes burning out of a short, thick jungle of whisker, moustache, and eyebrows. Hardest worker — Clemenceau. Most dignified — Woodrow Wilson. Best all-round athlete — Lloyd George, probably. Best student — House. Best poet — Smuts. Best orator — Woodrow Wilson. Done most for his class — ?

There seems to be virtual unanimity among the seventy on this last point. Assume that the proprieties demand constant reference by every one of the speakers to the President's rôle in war and now in peace, and it is still evident that to Woodrow Wilson belongs the distinction of cutting the pattern for the work of the Conference.

The formal opening of the Conference a week ago was formal, indeed. It comprised M. Poincaré's salutatory and the election of a permanent chairman. The real inaugural is to-day, when the Conference holds its first public debate on the one question which Mr. Wilson has made his own. The Conference really began with the League of Nations.

And from the first it is plain that the spirit of the delegates is keyed up to the high argument. Lloyd George's plea on behalf of the League, following upon that of Mr. Wilson, is brief; but in emotional content and in gravity of manner, it climbs very high indeed. Mr. Wilson is always in earnest. He always

conveys the sense and burden of a great message and a great problem. The British Premier's touch is usually lighter; but with Lloyd George's few words it becomes apparent at once that the Conference is face to face with its work — and that there will be a league.

Technically, the debate which ensues is on a matter of procedure — the question whether the little nations have been given their fair share of representation on the Conference committees. Actually, in the very fact of a revolt by the little nations against the Big Five, in the successive demands which are flung down by Belgium, Greece, Brazil, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, we feel that the League of Nations has already begun to function. The problem which the League will always have to deal with is on the floor — the question how far the League of Nations should be by and of the little nations, as well as for the little nations. So comes the first sign of strife — and of life — which the Conference has given publicly.

The manner in which Clemenceau handles the insurrection of the little peoples permits a fair evaluation of the man, of his record, and of his reputation. With his seventy-seven years, Clemenceau is the oldest member of the assembly. He is also the most vital, externally at least. I will not say he is the most electric, because, for one, I find that Woodrow Wilson has incomparably the greater gift of surcharging the atmosphere with a tingling, emotional current, from the moment he rises to his feet and slowly embraces the audience with his grave smile; though that may be partisanship.

But the more galvanic our Clemenceau unquestionably is. He shifts in the presidential chair now right and now left, throwing bits of his own interpretation to Wilson or Lloyd George in advance of the official translator. He corrects, he emphasizes, he underlines the

interpreter with emphatic nod, or takes exception with a flourish of his gray-gloved hands or a swift uplift of the white scythe of his moustache. His eyes scour the room to study effects. He is continually signaling to the secretaries behind him for orders, memoranda, messages to be delivered. The obvious parallel is with our own man of energy whom we have lost so recently, and without whom it is so hard, three thousand miles away, to think of America.

On his feet Clemenceau is less dynamic in action than Roosevelt. The voice indicates his age, though it does not quite reveal it. His utterance is softer than his words. His manner is colloquial, but his message bites. He does not thunder, he rends. And as we listen to his reply to the little nations, we first begin to understand why he is called the Tiger. In itself his argument, though frank, is not ferocious. He simply wants to say that big committees work more slowly than small committees, and that the great need before the Conference is speed. The message he succeeds in conveying is that, if you give the little nations the representation they demand, the Conference will degenerate into palaver. His enemies have spoken of his brutal speech. He himself, in referring to utterances of his past, has described them as perhaps 'cruel.' Easily that. Clemenceau is the only man of the seventy capable of saying aloud, as he does now, that it is for the great Powers to run the show, because it was they who had twelve million men in the field when the armistice came, and they who count their dead by the millions.

Put aside the fact that this is unfair to Serbia and to Belgium, who proportionately have suffered as heavily as the Great Powers — it is brutal, as we conceive the word in the ordinary sense, to throw their dependency into the faces

of the nineteen little peoples. Clemenceau may have spoken the truth as to the definite intentions of the Great Powers and the probable procedure of the Conference. But there are ways and ways of conveying the truth, and obviously Clemenceau has the gift of choosing the most lacerating. There are people who are the victims of their own bitter tongues. They have a gift of conveying a sense of exasperation which they may not even feel. Clemenceau is one of these.

Should he therefore be voted also the best fighter in this world-class of '19 assembled on the Quai d'Orsay? I am by no means certain. One may fight with red-hot rapier thrusts, as Clemenceau does, or with a splendid flourish of the club, as Roosevelt did, or with abstract terms and general formulas, as Woodrow Wilson so often does, and so often to the disquiet of those whose hearts are with him. When the President first came to Europe, there was fear, even among those who believe in him, whether he was a match for his supposedly astute, hard-headed, realistic opponents. (Everyone assumed that Lloyd George and Clemenceau were his opponents.) But at the moment of writing, the President is not prostrate under the foot of Lloyd George, and he is not yet lashed captive to Clemenceau's chariot. He has fought, and in his own way.

Just what that way is, it is impossible to miss in the speech with which he opened the debate on the League of Nations. In the corridors I heard one veteran journalist describe it as the sermon of a Congregational minister. That veteran has a poor ear, to have missed the swell of passion behind the solemn utterance, the challenge behind the pleading. It is a speech of summons and exhortation, but it is essentially a fighting speech. When the President says, 'It is a solemn obligation on our

part, therefore, to make permanent arrangements that justice shall be rendered and peace maintained,' it is Wilson's way of saying, 'We cannot go away from this place before we have made permanent arrangements that justice shall be rendered and peace maintained.' Nor is the President indulging in psychological analysis when he declares that the United States 'would feel that it could not take part in guaranteeing those European settlements unless that guaranty involved the continuous superintendence of the peace of the world by the associated nations of the world.' He is uttering a threat. If it had been Clemenceau speaking, he would have said, 'Either you will give us the guaranties that we, the United States, think proper, or else you must run your Continent as you did before, and much good will it do you.'

To one at least of the President's listeners, there is the ring of an absolute ultimatum in the apparently plaintive reflection, 'If we return to the United States without having made every effort in our power to realize this programme, we shall return to meet the merited scorn of our fellow citizens.' What the President really says is this: 'Do you imagine that I am going back to the United States with empty hands, to meet the scorn of my fellow citizens? I am here until you give me the League of Nations I want.'

Such is one kind of fighting speech. The method is by no means exclusively Wilsonian. It is applied within an hour by Orlando, speaking for Italy in the same debate. Orlando is of middle height, thickset, with a backward sweep of white hair that emphasizes a strong resemblance to the pictures of the late King Humbert. He has the warm, vibrant voice of the orator. The body of his remarks is approval of the League; but the main import, as I catch it, is in

the eloquent peroration of his brief address, a burning tribute to the heroism and merit of France.

Why? I read this interpretation into Orlando's speech. 'We are about to accept the principle of a League of Nations. This League, as the outstanding factor in the peace, is a Wilson feature. Its next warmest supporters are the British. On the other hand, Frenchmen and Italians have been rather cool to the League. Lest, therefore, it should seem that the Anglo-Saxon impress is being stamped on this Conference, I, Orlando, take the opportunity to remind the Conference that France is the nation whose heroism primarily gave us victory, and that we, a sister nation, of the Latin blood, insist on the world taking cognizance of the fact.'

Orlando's is a fighting speech, and intended, in part, as a reply to Wilson's fighting speech. And the vivid sense of muffled combat, of a challenge and counter-challenge in undertones and overtones, is not the least fascinating impression of the debate.

II

Seventy men make up the membership of the Conference in full-dress debate; but it is the pretty generally accepted opinion here, as with you, no doubt, that the real Conference is the Council of Ten, as it is sometimes described: Wilson and House or Lansing, Clemenceau and Pichon, Lloyd George and Balfour, Orlando and Sonnino, Viscount Chinda and his principal associate. The exact topography of the Conference, for that matter, is for the future student of the official records to determine. Take in the first place the Council of Ten, and it is not always easy to say when these Ten act as a Supreme War Council and when as a Peace Conference. The panel system, which summons the minor delegates

from the Big Five, or the representatives of the smaller nations when it is a question of their special interests, adds confusion. People who are not delegates at all have been summoned to the meetings of the Ten; and at the plenary meetings everybody apparently attends, in disregard of the panel.

Thus it is difficult to say just where the minor delegate merges into the mere technical expert. In the full sessions of the Conference the walls are lined with auditors in khaki and in mufti, who may well be the technical assistants, and they in turn blend into the secretaries and interpreters. Outside of the Big Ten the principal distinction would therefore seem to be between those delegates who have the perquisite of a chair, a desk, and a blotter with pad and pencil, and those who stand up around the wall and look pleased. The whole question is rather an empty one, like the original question, how many delegates should be awarded to the various nations. Since the voting, even in theory, is to be by nations, and in practice will be unanimous, it resolves itself into the question, how many names each nation shall have the honor of affixing to the final documents.

Cynical opinion, therefore, regards the victory of the American newspapermen on the issue of publicity as a highly doubtful one. Our press delegation demanded that at least five from our ranks be admitted to the sessions of the Conference. The other Allied pressmen were inclined to be content with one. We imposed our will on the Conference, to the extent of obtaining admission for three representatives from the press delegations of the five Powers and three for the rest of the newspaper world. Having fought hard to keep us down to three, the Conference, as I see it, smiled quietly to itself, and gave orders to admit the whole mob of us. So that here again the distinction is between

the fifteen press delegates who sit on their chairs in front, and the other 185 who stand on their chairs behind, and hear just as well and see a good deal better.

As for other sessions of the Conference, we have simply the official communiqué, which records that the Ten, having met at 10.30 and again at 3.30, adopted decisions with regard to Russia, or the warring mid-European nationalities, or the League of Nations; and the morning and afternoon were another day.

This will explain why our ultra-pessimists here look upon the plenary sessions as a device of stage-management to satisfy the demand for publicity. Even the dramatic episodes of the second plenary meeting, — the revolt of the little nations, the blunt assertion by Clemenceau that the Big Five intend to run the Conference, and that the little fellows might as well be grateful for whatever they are going to receive, and M. Hymans's defiant fling of the arms in the face of *force majeure*, and the crunch of the Clemenceau steam-roller — all this is supposedly staged for the double purpose of lending an air of vicious combat to a cut-and-dried affair, and giving the reporters a semblance of their money's worth.

But if this be so, the stage-management is unquestionably perfect. The promise of a good-sized row is in the air to the very last minute; and the glimpse we have of the men and talents that the small nations can rally suggests that perhaps the incident is not yet closed. In spite of the emotional let-down since the armistice, Belgium is still something more than a small nation. Because the name is still a symbol and a rallying-cry, the representative from Belgium is probably chosen to lead the assault on the Big Five; and Belgium, through men like Hymans and Vandervelde, can make herself heard among men.

Venizelos speaks for Greece. This man with snow-white hair and beard and laughing eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses has the most winning smile in the world. But this is also the little Cretan lawyer, who lay out on the hills before Canea with a rifle twenty years ago; who drove the Turk from the island, and brought back the ancient cradle of Ægean civilization to Greece; who built up the miracle of Balkan unity against the Turk on the still hot ashes of fratricidal guerilla warfare; who saw wisely enough into the future to try to swing his country to the side of the Allies, and was beaten for the time being; who showed how extraordinary courage may go with extraordinary foresight, by putting through a revolution and aligning Greece with the Allies at a moment when their fortunes were almost at their lowest. Such a genius for leadership may yet create in the bosom of the Conference a league of little nations with which the Clemenceau steam-roller will have to reckon.

Along with Hymans, Vandervelde, Venizelos, Bratiano, as representatives of little peoples who have risked greatly and suffered greatly, we may reckon the nationalities born out of struggle and presumably not afraid of a few more months of struggle — Poland, speaking through the astute and somewhat hard-minded Dmowski; the Czechoslovaks, through the highly gifted and extremely winning personality of Benes; and the Greater Serbians, who combine in their leadership the trained gifts of the older diplomacy in the person of Pasitch, and in Trumbitch the newer creative aspirations.

Nor, for that matter, is the effort of the little nations restricted to the Quai d'Orsay. The Conference is bigger than the private cabinet of M. Pichon, where the Ten hold their daily sessions. It is bigger than the ornate Clock-Room, with its seventy seats and desk-blotters.

I will not go so far as to say, what people were saying a month ago, that the real conference was being held in Paris, London, Rome, and wherever else Mr. Wilson was a pleasant caller for the day. But the Conference is certainly as big as Paris and its hotels, and it is pretty nearly coextensive with the Parisian press, and through that, with the public opinion of the world.

The question of publicity and the Conference, as it has reached you through the cables, is really but one side of the problem. The world has been concerned with what the Conference would do to publicity. It has rather left out of account what publicity can do to the Conference. The fact is, of course, that from every side a feverish activity is being brought to bear on the proceedings at the Quai d'Orsay. It is propaganda, for the most part legitimately and openly carried on. The British delegation is living up to the reputation established by British talent for publicity during the war. Lord Robert Cecil, for example, with his passionate interest in the League of Nations, has kept in constant touch with our American and other Allied newspapermen. In London and repeatedly here in Paris he has conducted conferences with the reporters from which our men have come back tremendously influenced by the frankness, the sincerity, and the thorough likableness of this British aristocrat, with the shoulder-stoop and near-sighted gaze of the scholar. To Cecil his country is indebted for valiant service in behalf of something broader than the British scheme for a League of Nations: he has won the sympathy and confidence of our Americans for the British attitude as a whole. With Cecil, but working through the written word, stands Smuts, an idealist from the veldt, a soldier with the aspect of a self-contained business-man and the vision and language of a poet.

Other nations follow Great Britain's example. Orlando summons the newsmen and puts before them Italy's case — a difficult case, as the Italians themselves recognize, in the face of the impression created by the secret treaties of 1915 and the world's sympathy for the newborn Jugo-Slav nation. The newspapermen take tea with the Emir Feysal, son of the King of Hedjaz. The smaller national groups, Armenians, Lithuanians, Zionists, bring their case before the reporters, and so before the Conference. While waiting for the Conference to pass on the claims of the Greek nation, Venizelos lays his brief before the public with a thoroughness and plausibility which are characteristic of the genius of the man. And even M. Pichon begins to hold converse with us.

Altogether I am far from convinced that the Conference will be allowed to carry out its programme without the help of the newspapers, or without their knowledge. It does not matter in just what way the public obtained access to the Pichon note of early January, in which he gave a categorical refusal to the British suggestion of a new Soviet policy. It is enough that the publication of the note blew the gilded lid off the ornate chambers in the Quai d'Orsay and hastened the formulation of a Russian programme which, personally, I do not consider very fruitful, but which was action, nevertheless. Nor must we overlook the facilities for applying pressure on the Conference which exist in the French Chamber of Deputies, where we may be sure that crucial decisions in the inner councils of the peace conferees will find their echo and their comment.

III

Subject to these influences and checks from inside and outside the body of the Conference, it is still true that the prin-

cial levers of world-reconstruction are in the hands of the three men who sit at the head of the green table — Clemenceau in the presiding officer's chair, with Wilson on his right and Lloyd George on his left. And as one thinks back on the career of the three, the dramatic fact emerges, significant for the revolutionary times we live in, that all these men to whom the architecture of the new world is intrusted are of the type we have hitherto regarded as non-constructive, emotional, above or below the shrewd wisdom and the practical training which have been assumed to be essential for the governance of mankind.

Wilson is the college professor, the doctrinaire, the coiner of 'vague' formulas, and at home the representative of a political party which, on the record of fifty years of American history, had been written down as incapable of producing out of itself the highest statecraft. Clemenceau is the 'Tiger,' the wrecker of ministries and reputations, the Ishmael of politics and journalism, the man of bitter passions and venomous tongue — here surely was no preparation for the greatest constructive task in a century. Lloyd George is perhaps nearest, by force of his record as social legislator before the war and administrator of war-effort under Asquith, to the type of constructive statesmanship. But Lloyd George, too, is not so far away, in time, from the Limehouse days, but that his former friends can fling at him the epithet of demagogue which his present friends used so busily nine years ago; and now the demagogue is to rebuild the Empire on broader and deeper foundations.

The answer is found partly in the profound change which has come over the world and has made havoc of the ordinary constructive statesmanship of peace-times. This earlier practical wisdom did not avail to save the world

from agony or to avert dissolution in half of Europe. After such a vast expenditure of blood, of treasure, and of human happiness, we cannot apply the standards of the ordinary peace-time budget to the labors of the newer men; just as, in the strain of our own war-effort, we could not apply the standards of peace economy to our munitions organizers, railroad managers, and ship-builders. The task of the three men is made easier for them by the fact that the world gives them a blank check for expenses. No errors they can make, so far as we can imagine, can conceivably compare with the tragic errors of statesmanship before the war. All over the world the Opposition, in the broadest sense, is in power.

But each of the three men has his own personality. Clemenceau, for all his forty years of destructive individualism, is now revealed as embodying in himself the qualities of a people which before this has manifested a genius for passing from criticism to motive energy, from destruction to construction. Clemenceau has called himself an inheritor of the principles and spirit of the great Revolution, and his career now completes the parallel with those great figures of 1789 who tore down savagely and rebuilt mightily. Those who know him well describe him as a man of far from transcendent intellect. Like his friend of forty years, Stephen Pichon, he is credited with a narrow intensity. But it was that very quality which was apparently wanted in the critical days of 1917, when Nivelle failed on the front, and Painlevé vacillated at home; when disaster threatened the nation within and without. In such a time a narrow intensity may attain the fierce heat of the acetylene flame which burns away steel and removes mountains.

Clemenceau's career is as characteristic of France as is Foch's career.

France is a land of muddle, but in the moment of crisis she has the genius for a supreme mobilization of mind and of energy. The Foch imagination, which read German defeat in the very flame of the German advance on the Somme and on the Marne, is paralleled by the energy of the man of seventy-six whose spirit drove that heavy, squat, short-limbed body through long hours of office-labor and those daily trips to the front, from which he brought back the cheerful communiqués which kept the soul of the nation alive. Nor can it be altogether a narrow soul which, even allowing for the exaltation of victory, could rise to that magnificent apostrophe in the Senate after the armistice, the '*Allez donc, enfants de la patrie!*'

In Lloyd George the process of transformation has been more gradual. The flame of energy and courage he always had — during the Boer War, when he faced embittered national sentiment at the peril of his life; and later, when his enemies called him demagogue because of his social budgets, which history will record as the beginning of his constructive career. Lloyd George grew more rapidly prudent than did Clemenceau. It was not altogether advancing years, but a ready susceptibility to changing influences, which his new enemies call demagoguery, but which his new friends attribute to his Celtic temperament. Mr. Wilson has played upon that Celtic temperament.

Yet in Lloyd George, as in Clemenceau, it is easy to discern the historic genius of a race manifesting itself. The British gift for moulding diverse temperaments to the destiny of the nation and the empire, which showed in Pitt and in Grey, in Disraeli and in Gladstone, is reflected in the picture one sees around the curve of the long peace-table, to the left of Clemenceau. There, beginning with Lloyd George, the line

of British plenipotentiaries runs through Balfour and Bonar Law (Conservatives), Barnes (Laborite), the Dominions, represented by Briton, Boer, and Hindu, and tails off into the symbolic presence of two Arab princes from Hedjaz, who manifest the apparently inexhaustible capacity of British expansion. More than Woodrow Wilson's or Clemenceau's *entourage*, these associates of Lloyd George have a meaning. They limit and at the same time strengthen him. One feels that, if a Conservative Premier sat close at the left hand of Clemenceau, then, next to that Premier in such a crisis would sit a Liberal Foreign Minister. Here again is the talent for the general mobilization of a nation's strength, though not so completely in a single individual, as France in Clemenceau.

In Lloyd George and Clemenceau one thinks primarily of the energy of action. In Woodrow Wilson I see embodied the energy of imagination, of insight, and of ultimate purpose. It is not necessary now to hark back to criticism of the Wilson tactics of 'drift,' before the outbreak of the war and before our entrance into the conflict. Drift for a time may be in accordance with plan. It may be a searching for ways to a goal. That Mexican policy of Woodrow Wilson's, which has been to his enemies so comforting a revelation of purposelessness and indecision, has always been, to the present writer, an index of ultimate purpose, reached for painfully, if judged by the normal procedures of practical statesmanship, but relentlessly, nevertheless. Assume that the thing in the President's mind with regard to Mexico was, first, to prevent our seizure of that country; assume that, in order to forestall such an event, it was necessary to set Mexico on the way to democratic order by eliminating Huerta, and the whole subsequent process justifies itself through all its

apparent inconsistencies, vacillations, and legal fictions: the occupation of Vera Cruz that was not an occupation, the invasion that was not an invasion, the interference with Mexico's internal affairs that was not interference. Once the Wilson aim is recognized as one of getting Huerta out before public exasperation in America forced our army in, we perceive Wilson's policy staggering through a nightmare of international procedure to a fixed and justified purpose.

I have gone back at this length to Mexico, because the same understanding of the Wilson procedure, and the same faith in the worth of the ultimate purpose, are necessary here to-day, if we are to surmount the uncertainties and panics of the moment and give the President our support toward the winning of the goal.

We had our doubts here during the week before the opening of the Conference, when the little band of American newspapermen was waging its epic fight for a greater publicity. We were asking ourselves at that moment whether it was conceivable that the President, after giving to the world the slogan of open covenants openly arrived at, should have bent under the pressure of the old diplomacy. It seemed to me then that the only thing before us, while

making the fight, was to assume that Mr. Wilson had done his best for us, and that, if he yielded, it was not, as his opponents hurried to assert, out of a constitutional vacillation, but out of a constitutional willingness to yield on the minor matter and keep his eye on the main purpose. At the present moment I am far from sure who won the battle for publicity — the American newspapermen or Clemenceau; I am inclined to think it was Clemenceau. But we can still keep our faith.

The same doubt rises up to-day in the Conference room, as we hear Clemenceau tell the representatives of the little nations that it is for the Great Powers to call the tune and for the rest to dance, with the best heart they can muster. One turns instinctively to where Woodrow Wilson sits, next to Clemenceau, and wonders what his thoughts and feelings might be — he who has laid down the principle of democratic self-determination for the little peoples. I cannot give the answer. But my belief is that once more it is what his opponents may call vacillation, but what history will yet record as a yielding on the flank for the sake of victory in the centre. Faith is again necessary. But, after all, Mr. Wilson got Huerta, and it is my conviction he will get his real League of Nations.

THE DEMOBILIZED PROFESSOR

BY ONE OF THEM

I

WHEN, early last October, 'the dark cloud of peace' low'r'd upon the horizon, a faint but unmistakable shadow of annoyance was to be observed upon the faces of the 'leaders of thought' gathered at the Cosmos Club in Washington, where they held council while waiting hungrily for the attention of that remnant of the physically and mentally unfit who, having escaped the draft, were still following the waiter's trade. There were no open complaints at the approach of peace. You cannot devote yourself, body and soul, to getting something, and then express disappointment when you get it. You cannot proclaim the righteousness of your cause morning, noon, and night, for a year and a half, and then announce your regret that righteousness should suddenly and unexpectedly have prevailed. But though you felt guilty, and were surprised at your own feeling, and wondered if anybody else felt the same way, and hoped somebody else did — there was no mistaking the fact that you were for the moment annoyed.

The fundamental fact was a radical shifting of the scale of values. The thing that yesterday was the most important thing in the world had to-day entirely lost its point. A belligerent depends for his equilibrium upon a sustained opposition. Let the opposition collapse, and he finds himself in the awkward posture of one whose opponent in a tug-of-war has suddenly let go.

Furthermore, there was the feeling

that you had n't yet shown what you could do. Everybody went around telling everybody else how, if the war had lasted a *month* longer, this or that epoch-making discovery would have revolutionized the art of war, or this or that branch of the service would really have begun to function effectively. It was precisely as if, in the second half of a football game, with the score against you, and you about to make a touch-down after having carried the ball the length of the field, the opponent should suddenly withdraw his team and forfeit the game. You would rather win the game than have it handed to you. You have a lot of tricks up your sleeve that you've never had a chance to try. You were a green team at the opening of the game, and now, just as you have grown seasoned and resourceful, the game is over and your chance to prove your strength is gone forever. It is n't exactly peace without victory, but victory without a sense of mastery.

There was no evidence of blood-thirstiness in this moment of annoyance. It betokened rather a past forgetfulness, both of the proximate end of killing Germans, and of the ulterior end of establishing a durable peace. It suddenly revealed to each man how much he had been absorbed in his job, and how much he had relished it. It proved the love of doing well something that one could put one's heart in; the love of expending energy with an undivided conscience and with the approval of one's fellows. It was the sudden consciousness of the new comrade-

ship springing from coördinated and enthusiastic effort; above all, it was a sense of scope and power most keenly felt when it was about to be lost.

II

Among those who were thus momentarily affected by the breaking out of peace, the professor deserves special mention. The professor had for some months been having the time of his life. When the great professorial migration first began, a certain high officer of the General Staff was heard to remark that his main difficulty in Washington was 'keeping these professors from under foot.' That was a long, long time ago — in another age, when it was still naively assumed that the best-equipped man to run a war was the professional soldier. Since that time the War Department itself has introduced a system by which the competence of officers is graded by intelligence tests and rating scales devised by professors! And for the last year it has taken a practised eye to tell a professor from a soldier. There have been captains, majors, colonels, and even brigadier-generals, officers innumerable, whose incoming mail, addressed to Professor —, or Dr. —, or Dean —, has betrayed to unsuspecting clerks the late herbivorous habits of these sons of Mars. The khaki has been worn by many a knight of learning, who had never met any crisis but a crucial experiment, or handled any weapon but a pen, or faced any foe but a hostile audience. The military and academic professions have interpenetrated in this war. Just as it appeared that modern warfare embraces, in addition to the homicidal agencies of battle, virtually all organized activities, including trade, industry, agriculture, research, and education, so the personnel of modern armies and navies embraced almost every type of human

talent and skill. And these new warriors did not all wear the costume of war. Besides the colonels of chemistry and majors of history, there were the 'plain-clothes men,' to whom no man gave orders, who were quite at ease with generals and admirals, and who were not unaware that the Secretaries of War and the Navy, and the Chief Magistrate himself, were also civilians.

And what have these professors been doing? Let us observe a few of them at their work. Professor A compounds poisonous and death-dealing gases more terrible than any the world has known; Professor B devises masks to counteract these same gases; and Professor C, a cure for the bodies which they torture. Professor D discovers that, by pouring sodium bicarbonate into the veins, it is possible to save thousands of suffering and dying men from the effects of surgical shock; and he revolutionizes the care of wounded men throughout the great Allied armies on the Western front. Professor E organizes a score of ground and flying schools to train a hundred thousand fliers; while Professor F devises tests by which these schools may be supplied with apt pupils. Professor G devises and carries out a system of occupational classification, by which three million soldiers are ticketed, tabulated, graded, and sent where their talents are needed. Professor H (who was formerly a Chaucerian scholar) unravels codes and ciphers, and invents new ones by which military secrets are sent to and fro upon their epoch-making errands. Professor I, who has hitherto corrected themes in English composition, now corrects the redundancy of cable messages, and saves a dozen fortunes at thirteen cents per word. Professor J plots and charts the commerce of the world, finds ships for cargoes and cargoes for ships, and by this shrewd manipulation and that, finds the tonnage to transport to Eu-

rope the two million fighting men who arrive just in time to fix the destiny of Europe. Professor K has his finger on the pulse of Germany, and detects by a hundred signs her waning morale and predicts her mortal sickness. Professor L mobilizes the entire educated youth of America, converts five hundred colleges into army camps, and all the diverse agencies of science and learning into a vast training course for officers. Professor M, with his eye on the Peace Conference, cuts and trims and patches the map of Europe, or frames a new constitution for the world.

But I shall reach the end of the alphabet long before my inventory is complete, and I have said enough to show what I mean when I say that the professor has been having the time of his life. He has at least enjoyed the illusion of power, which, until the verdict of history is pronounced, is all that one can ever be sure of. And subject to the same reservation, the professor has been a success, at least enough of a success to make one wonder why.

Certain it is that the pedant during the past year has not been the professor. There have been professional soldiers, and even professional business men, who have made the mistake of thinking that they already knew enough to enable them to cope with this war. But not so the professor. Although he has had no chance to practise his former occupation of pouring knowledge into empty upturned minds, he has found another job that is fortunately not less familiar to him. This is the job of *solving new problems*.

The war proved to be a perpetual round of new problems for which no existing precedent or remedy, and no existing habits or stores of erudition, nor any degree of acquired skill, sufficed. This war has been in a sense an amateur's war. It has called for two or three fundamental qualities. First, de-

termination, or faith — the quality that enables a man to stick to his job with a naïve belief in the attainability of the impossible. Second, readiness, adaptability, and the power quickly to absorb and profit by experience — a naked and uncorrupted power of mind that is not surprised or confused by the novelty or magnitude of unprecedented difficulties. The professor was reputed to be fossilized; but he has turned out to be almost embryonic in his modifiability and capacity for growth. He was reputed to be learned, and much to everyone's surprise he has turned out to be *intelligent*. The third of these basic qualities is capacity for work. Here the professor's old habits served him in good stead. Overtime (formerly known as 'midnight oil') was an old story to him — he may be said to have discovered it. When Washington adopted the fourteen-hour day, he took it as a matter of course, and felt thoroughly normal when many an athletic line officer showed dark streaks under his eyes.

It may surprise some readers to hear that Washington adopted the fourteen-hour day. The man who invented the joke about the swivel-chair officers who wore spurs to keep their feet from sliding off the desk, must have been a disappointed and embittered office-seeker. As a matter of fact, the man or woman who observed fixed hours was viewed askance. It was not time-work, but job-work, and the job was winning the war. In fact, the only redeeming feature of Washington was over-work. Everyone will tell you that the best days of all were those in which he could just barely keep his head above water, when everything was in arrears, when life was one continuous succession of alarms, emergencies, and crises. In the battle of Washington this was the equivalent of over the top. It was almost as good as being at the front, because, at any rate, you were too excited or tired to re-

member that you were n't at the front.

I am far from wishing to claim that the professor possessed a monopoly of these three elemental qualities. It is sufficiently startling that he should have possessed them at all. But such is the case. In a time when most of the big things were done by main strength, the professor was among both the many called and the few chosen.

III

And now what is to be done with these embattled professors? It is a pity that, before being discharged, the Association of University Professors cannot march down Fifth Avenue in full battle-array, headed by its own band, protected by its own airplanes soaring overhead, and by its own artillery and tanks. There should be floats bearing the trophies, the death-dealing gases and explosives, the life-saving surgical and medicinal devices, the new offensive and defensive engines of war, which have sprung from the professor's inventive brain. And there should be battalions of War-Workers bearing transparencies and pennants with such legends as, —

NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

We Revolutionized the Art of War

PLANNING AND STATISTICAL SECTION

We Regulated International Trade

LABOR POLICIES BOARD

We Conciliated Labor

SPECIAL ASSISTANTS TO THE

SECRETARY OF WAR

*We did all the Inside Work of the
War Department*

HISTORICAL BRANCH OF THE

WAR COLLEGE

*We did it and now We're Going to
Write it up*

COMMITTEE ON THE CLASSIFICATION OF PERSONNEL

*We Sorted out Three Million Soldiers
and put Every Man in His Place*

COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION AND SPECIAL TRAINING

*We Mobilized Six Hundred (600)
Schools and Colleges with
180,000 Students*

To make such a pageant complete, the college presidents should line the curb to applaud the returning heroes.

This question of the college presidents is worthy of reflection. Some have gone off to war with their militant professors, but most of them have been compelled to remain at their academic posts, and have been engaged in keeping the home-fires burning with little fuel. When the War Department converted the colleges into training-camps, and kindly supplied commanding officers to relieve the academic authorities of responsibility, these presidents found themselves in a new and interesting situation. For the first time in history the absolute authority academic was pitted in the same place and at the same time against the absolute authority military. In a few cases both forms of energy were rapidly converted into heat. But in the great majority of cases the college president withdrew and held his power in abeyance. He became, as one of them put it, merely 'a superintendent of grounds and buildings.' Even this description is somewhat exaggerated, judging by a report sent to Washington by the commanding officer of a certain college in South Carolina: —

'On Tuesday, November 5th, this unit very thoroughly policed all grounds and outbuildings, tearing down all chicken and hog fences, cattlesheds, removing stumps and dead trees, and sweeping and raking the yards. The pigs, cows, chickens, and the horse be-

longing to the president of the college were removed from the campus, and the places of litter were cleaned and limed. All ungainly outbuildings have been sold and are being removed to-day from the premises. These buildings were sold on recommendation of the commanding officer, and the faculty cheerfully complied with the recommendation.'

The cheerful compliance of the faculty should be specially noted. They evidently in this case found in the commanding officer a welcome ally. But that the presidents have suffered any permanent diminution of their power must not hastily be taken for granted. The home-coming faculty warriors will doubtless require some disciplining before they are reconciled to the old ways. But there are few indications that the presidents have experienced any change of heart. They have been biding their time, but they have not abdicated, or retired to Holland. At a recent meeting of these powerful dignitaries there was a frequently repeated remark which fell somewhat ominously upon the ears of the professors who happened to be present. 'The Students' Army Training Corps, it was said, was essentially unworkable because it involved *divided control!* And apropos of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps it was remarked with satisfaction, that under that plan the officer detailed by the government should maintain the same relation to the president of the institution that is commonly sustained by a member of the faculty. This remark was greeted with applause. It struck all the assembled presidents as a very happy analogy; as a definition of status which contrasted most favorably with the authority arrogated by the late commanding officers of the S.A.T.C., and which signified that undivided control which alone could make the academic situation workable.

So it is not easy to predict what will happen when the academic family once more reassembles about the presidential fireside. It is supposed that the returned soldier will have an enlivened sense of his power and rights, and that he will not readily acquiesce in old usages or yield to the spell of old authorities. Perhaps this will be the case with the returned professors. At any rate, there will be in each institution a considerably larger proportion of men of affairs than formerly. There may be changes in prestige, in weight, in competence, that will convert undivided control into parliamentary government, or even into a council of soldiers' and workmen's delegates.

IV

But it is perhaps more profitable to inquire concerning the effect of the professor's expedition into the world of affairs upon his teaching, and so indirectly upon the intellectual life of the country. For several years we have been affirming the expectation that the world after the war would be a new world. And now that the war is over, we find that the world does not *look* so different after all. The first impulse seems to be even to exult in a return to the old ways. One of the common nuisances in Washington is the officer who drops into the office with his discharge papers and beaming face, to crow over his associates, who are still uncertain as to when they will 'get out.' There is more joy just now in passing out of the service than in being in it, which suggests that *service* is not just now an idea to conjure with. The homesick man wants the home he returns to to be the same, the familiar home, with that particular comfortable chair by that particular fireside. The soldier who has been getting up at five in the morning, living frugally, keeping himself fit and

obeying orders, wants just now to lie in bed till ten, live luxuriously, loaf in idleness, and do as he pleases. The business man who has been regulated, controlled, exhorted, and commandeered wants to be allowed to indulge in a little selfish gain. Last, but not least, the colleges, which have been militarized and harnessed to the national movement, want just now to get back as fast as possible to culture, scholarship, competitive athletics, 'college life,' and all the local ways that set each apart by itself in a contented little world of its own.

But I think it is safe to assume that this reaction is only a surface wash, a wind-ripple on a current that still flows on in the original direction. When the tired man has slept himself out, when the homesick man has sated himself with the dear familiar things, he is going to find that his capacity and appetite are fundamentally and permanently changed. This phase will mark the beginning of that new world we have heard so much about. What is it going to be like? What, in particular, is the new educational world going to be like?

Let us start with the vulgar assumption that, since for the last eighteen months both students and professors have been engaged in *doing* something, rather than in memorizing and vaporizing, therefore the education of the future is bound to be severely practical. Everybody has been getting 'down to brass tacks,' and in future is going to remain there.

This is in a measure obvious, and in a measure true; but what is obvious is not true, and what is true is not obvious. The obvious thing, the hasty assumption, is that education is in future to be more sordid and more closely yoked to livelihood; and that therefore trade-schools and professional schools are going to flourish at the expense of research and the liberal arts. But this

is not true. At any rate, there is no ground for inferring it from the experiences of the war. For if there was any one thing that 'war work' did not signify, it was livelihood, or private advancement and gain. It signified participation in a big collective undertaking, where the end sought was a victory from which in all probability one would derive no calculable private reward whatsoever. To seek such a victory and to rejoice in it signified that for the time being one had forgotten selfish ambition and become absorbed in a new and bigger thing. The habits of thought formed in service are therefore not such as to incline one to measure one's success by the size of one's pay-check.

It is true that participation in the war will serve to draw one closer to life and to affairs, but not in any obvious sense. Those who have taken part in the war have lived under the stern compulsion of getting something done. The war is fitly spoken of as 'the period of the emergency.' For eighteen months life has been one emergency after another, emergencies large and small, all the way from the President's dealings with the peace overtures of Germany down to some humble stenographer's problem of getting out five hundred telegrams in time to reach their destination next morning. The capacity the war has cultivated is capacity to meet an emergency. This means thinking to some purpose, the use of one's wits to cope with a danger, a threat, or a predicament. It requires that one shall think pertinently, and that one shall think *through* to those movements of men or materials in which one's thinking is to take effect. Practicality in that sense the war will undoubtedly have promoted, even in educational circles. And with it goes learning by doing. Very little in this war has been the execution of a preconceived plan. Action has been extemporaneous, a fencing

with circumstance, in which the effect of the first thrust determined the form of the second.

Now, while this is practical, it is not sordid and ignoble, because of *the nature of the emergency*. It has been a profound and a common emergency. Being a profound emergency, it has forced men to go back even to first principles in their thinking; and being a common emergency, it has forced men to meet it together in thought and in action. So that the effect on men's minds has been to emancipate them from the trivial and to redeem them from the selfish.

Let us suppose that the returned fighting men and war-workers carry their new habits of mind with them into school and college. What may we expect? What ought we to hope for? That both teachers and students will be readier than before to put their minds to work, and less disposed to browse about aimlessly. There will be an inclination to think about something that at the time appears to need thinking about, an aptitude for living problems. And it is not *necessary* that such practicality should be more sordid in peace than in war. It is all a question of what we have learned recently to call 'morale.' The war fired the imagination. Here was an emergency that finally got home to all mankind. To-day it is a question of seeing that not only war, but life itself, is one perpetual emergency; and that the emergencies of to-day like those of yesterday, are both profound emergencies and common emergencies.

In other words, if, as I am inclined to believe, we must assume for the future that education will be more practical in emphasis, then we shall avoid what is sordid and ignoble, not by a stubborn resistance to this tendency and a harping on the old shibboleths of scholarship, pure science, and liberal culture, but by becoming practical in a new

sense. If we must assume that hereafter all education is to become in a sense 'vocational,' then there is need of retaining the new conception of man's vocation. Let a man once feel that his vocation is the service of mankind, and he can safely be allowed to be as vocational in his aims and training as he likes. He can scarcely be too vocational.

If there is any one indisputable fact amid the conflicts, ambiguities, untested theories, and unreasoning habits of the educational world, it is this: that you cannot work any profound change in the soul of a man until you touch his motives and determine what he wants to be. If a man wants to be a football hero above all things, you gain very little merely by forbidding him to play football more than an hour and a half a day. You have got to make him want to be something else. And the greatest force which inclines a man's will to this or that is the force of the common ideals, of the class or community consciousness in which he participates. The classical training of the English universities and public schools has been effective mainly because tradition and public opinion have defined a certain definite type of the admirable and enviable man. With us in America this pattern of the gentleman has never been heartily adopted, so that our study of the ancient languages has been forced and perfunctory. The great obstacle to the classical curriculum in America lies in the fact that the product of that curriculum is not widely and sincerely admired. Our methods have been desultory, and our educational faith irresolute, because they have never been aligned with any great enthusiasm or aspiration springing from the hearts of many people and moving the individual like an instinct.

It follows that what education most needs is to get a motive and model from

the popular consciousness. This does not imply vulgarity. The habits of the crowd may be vulgar, but the aspirations of the crowd are not vulgar. They are, however, inarticulate. They need to be evoked, kindled, symbolized, and organized, so that they may be conscious of themselves and acquire a rational method.

The present opportunity of education undoubtedly lies in the fact that the American people is quickened by a new enthusiasm. There is a new type of hero, who promises to supersede the pioneer, the athlete, and the self-made business man. The physiognomy of this new hero is not yet wholly clear. But all would agree on certain of his features. He possesses the dauntless and precipitate courage that springs from the conviction of right; he is a good fellow, with an aptitude for the promiscuous social relationships that spring from a habit of trust instead of suspicion; he is recklessly indifferent to the form, so long as he has what he believes to be the substance of the thing; he is a brother of man and a citizen of the world, not having lived long enough in his own little corner to become altogether rooted there; he is unafraid of change, too naïve to be cynical, and does not regard anything as too good to be true — so that he is constantly scandalizing the world by setting to work to bring about on earth what more knowing people merely contemplate and relegate to heaven. And with all this, our hero has two saving graces: the grace of humor which saves him from prigishness, and the grace of common sense which saves him from fanaticism.

Now let us suppose that some such type as this commands the unquestioning admiration of the average man. He does not have to be forced or reasoned into it — he acquires it unconsciously, like his native language, and judges other things in terms of it. It would

follow that an effective educational process can be elaborated only by making this aspiration more vivid and articulate, and then developing and coordinating the means which will realize it. The resulting educational system would be as wide and as deep as any champion of liberal culture could desire. For such an ideal implies sympathy and tolerance, both in space and in time. The past will not be cast off, but humanized — brought into place as the successive phases of man's development, or presented as old attempts to meet new problems. The fundamentals will not be ignored, because the great human problems are not technological problems merely, but political, moral, and religious problems. The imagination will not remain uncultivated, because a hopeful facing of the future stimulates speculation and invention. In short, what will be needed is not an abridgment of the range of studies, but a change of focus. The past must be oriented with the present, felt to be *the past of this present*. Similarly, the fundamental must be felt as pertinent, and the speculative as a means of making something better than the past.

During the last decade, while professional and technical studies have been improved in rigor and thoroughness, they have at the same time been liberalized. This is notably true of medicine, so that the student of medicine is learning to think of himself, not as a 'practitioner' merely, but as a servant of the community. The business man is coming to feel that every great industrial problem is a moral problem, involving the reconciliation of conflicting interests and of conflicting claims to health, happiness, and opportunity. The lawyer realizes that he is called to be more than an expert in litigation. He sees a better opportunity — to be the adviser of business, an instrument of public service, a counselor

on questions of constitutional and social reform. The result of these changes is to create a demand in professional and technical schools for the underlying and outlying branches of knowledge.

The kernel of the matter appears to be this. For any process to be profoundly educative, there must be a passion and a problem. There must be something very active going on inside. Education cannot be applied to one's scalp like a shampoo; it is an incidental benefit obtained in the course of an earnest effort to get something that one wants. In this sense all real learning is learning by experience, a storing up for future use of ideas, methods, and habits acquired in successful action. The proper educational bait is a live and appetizing problem. And it must be a reasonably specific problem, so that the solution may be recognized and acknowledged when it comes. The proper sequel and corrective check to effort is success or failure, felt to be such by the mind that makes the effort. It follows that the key to a *humane* and *liberal*

education lies in a keen realization of the great soul-stirring problems.

Here, then, is a new outlook and opportunity for American colleges: to confirm and to exploit the new public interest; to reanimate all humane studies by connecting them with the enlivened humanity of the American youth; to focus the attention of students on the great outstanding problems—the problem of international security, the problem of industrial organization, the problems of health and happiness and of human development; to create in every student the feeling that these problems are his problems, and to set him on fire to solve them; to teach whatever may be needful as a part of the equipment for service, or as a personal realization of the new and better type of Americanism. To enter upon this new enterprise together will continue the fine comradeships of war, and will convert into powerful agencies of constructive peace the memories of the great days spent in the shadow of world-wide calamity.

REDRAWING THE MAP OF EUROPE

BY CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN

I

THE map of Europe has not simply been scorched by the consuming heat of our time: it has been, in large measure, destroyed. Only a few remains are left, to testify to its previous existence and to its transient character. Political boundaries, long established and generally regarded as permanent, have been

swiftly burned away. From the Atlantic Ocean to the Urals, from Archangel to Salonica, modifications are demanded, modifications are in process, which will introduce, if not a new heaven, at least a new earth. In only a few instances, and those relatively unimportant, will the nation frontiers of the future resemble those of the past. Spain and Portugal may emerge unal-

tered from the Conference of Paris, as they did, for that matter, from the Congress of Vienna a century ago. Norway may remain the same, and so perhaps may Sweden and Switzerland.

But where is there another European state which will issue from the impending readjustment unchanged? The boundaries of the British Empire, of France, of Germany, of Austria-Hungary, of Italy and Russia, of Serbia and Greece and Roumania and Bulgaria, of Albania and the Turkish Empire, all these are to be sketched anew by the consulting draftsmen in Congress assembled upon the banks of the river Seine. For the dividing lines of the past have joined the snows of yesterday. The boundaries of Belgium and Holland and Luxemburg and Denmark will probably undergo rectifications.

And we must become familiar, not only with a new Europe, but also with a new Africa and a new Asia and a new Pacific Ocean. For the consulting cartographers of Paris will be compelled to submit also fresh designs and a novel coloration for large sections of the earth and sea beyond the confines of European lands and waters. A conference called to give peace to the world must begin by tending the world's fences.

One thing, then, stands forth indubitable. The map of Europe on which we were brought up has passed forever into the limbo of discarded things. It will possess, henceforth, merely an historical or antiquarian interest, like the map of Ptolemy, or Waldseemüller. Political cartography is not a science; it is only a fleeting expression of that continuing and mocking process, called the historic — is really only a fable agreed upon.

Let us not think, for a moment, that we are passing through a unique experience, something hitherto unknown. For the fathers of our fathers passed through the same, and, stunned and

bewildered by the overwhelming and cataclysmic occurrences of their day, as we by those of ours, they felt the foundations of the earth giving way beneath them, they listened to the same discordant voices, they felt the same hot breath of seething and conflicting passions, they looked into a similarly uncertain and forbidding future. Economists used to speak of the periodicity of panics as if it were a law of nature. Historians may with equal confidence speak of cycles of convulsion as occurring with almost rhythmic regularity. The sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries all had their general convulsions, which swept away old landmarks with reckless haste and inaugurated new courses with careless rapture of imagination and with lordly indifference to the power of habit, to the authority of usage. The path of modern history is strewn with shattered Utopias, once the objects of the faith and hope of multitudes of men.

The last general convulsion was that which grew out of the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, and most instructive is its history for us, caught in the angry swirl of a similar commotion. Europe a century ago knew the same sensations that she has known in our day, faced the same problems, passed through the same strain of desperate endeavor, hovered over the same brink of failure and disaster. The strain lasted much longer and was even more generally diffused. There were no neutrals in Napoleon's time, save Turkey. Spain and Portugal, Holland and Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland were swept into the fray on the one side or the other, and the waters of tribulation dashed over shores that were remote — Asiatic, African, American. Napoleon fought a famous campaign in Egypt, and his adventures in Syria may be talked about as long as those of General Allenby.

Our War of 1812 and the wars of South American independence were incidents in the story. Sea-power came to grips with land-power in memorable fashion, and the economic disturbance was world-wide. Instructive, indeed, is this chapter of history, rich in the comparisons it offers, in the parallels it affords, to our own contemporary chapter. Of course, there are differences between the two eras, but the points of resemblance are, I think, more striking and more significant than the points of divergence.

Europe found it harder then than even we have found it, to restore the balance of power, so essential to the freedom of the nations, so wantonly overthrown. It found it harder to build up a coalition that should match and then defeat the common enemy. Indeed, one coalition after another was fashioned, only to be smashed to bits. Some historians count eight of them. Finally one was secured that stood taut and firm until the hour of victory — an hour postponed again and again, to the deepening gloom and discouragement of that generation.

In the midst of the international diplomacy of the time, a diplomacy that compares not unfavorably with ours in intelligence and competence, stood the stout, heroic, but unmagnetic figure of William Pitt, Prime Minister of Great Britain. And Pitt succumbed at the darkest moment in the whole tragic chapter, but not until he had so impressed his personality and his policy upon men's imaginations that they really established a tradition for his successors.

After Trafalgar, Pitt had been drawn in triumph to the Guildhall, where he was hailed as the savior of Europe. He had replied to the wonderful ovation in what Lord Rosebery calls 'the noblest, the tersest, and the last of all his speeches.' Here is the speech in its entirety. 'I return you many thanks

for the honor you have done me. But Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example.'

This ovation at the Guildhall was, as Pitt's biographer observes, 'in some sort a State funeral, for he was never seen in public again.' Then came the blow that killed, — or at least that pre-faced death, — the battle of Austerlitz, shattering into ruins the third coalition. All that was left was Pitt, who stood alone.

He was at Bath, trying to recover his sadly shattered health, when he heard the furious gallop of a horse. 'That must be a courier,' he exclaimed, 'with news for me.' Opening the packet, he said, 'Heavy news, indeed.' It was the news of Austerlitz. He then asked for a map and desired to be left alone.

From that day he failed rapidly. On January 9, 1806, he set out for his home at Putney. He reached his villa on the 12th. As he entered it, his eye fell upon the map of Europe. 'Roll up that map,' he said, 'it will not be wanted these ten years.'

Eleven days later Pitt was dead and the soul of the opposition to Napoleon left its earthly habitations.

But that soul did not leave England. It entered the innermost shrine of English patriotism. It became a beacon and an oriflamme to a nation that takes its defeats quietly and without complaint, a nation that out of the shattered ruins of its failures builds triumphal arches under which the soldiers ultimately pass. This is what it did in the time of Louis XIV and in the time of Napoleon; and what it was to do in an age not less momentous — our own.

Pitt's forecast was approximately correct. The map of Europe was not needed again for nearly ten years, and during the intervening period it was not certain that it would ever be needed.

During that astounding decade Napoleon, irradiated with the dazzling beams that streamed from the Sun of Austerlitz, played the rôle of cartographer-in-chief in truly imperial fashion and as it had never been played before: redrawing boundaries from Gibraltar to the river Niemen, from Norway to Sicily; creating new states for brothers and brothers-in-law; remoulding Europe to his hearts' desire; paring Austria down in successive operations; dethroning royal houses; chopping Prussia to pieces; abolishing the Holy Roman Empire after a millennial existence; ending the temporal power of the Pope; making Rome his own second capital, and giving its name to his son as a title the instant he was born; fashioning Italy into new and strange and fleeting shapes as the fancy struck him. Boundaries were plastic playthings in the hands of this ex-lieutenant of artillery. He moved them back and forth, and up and down, with sublime indifference to history or nature, to principle or practice.

Then he fell with a crash, as is well known, and the map of Europe was unrolled once more at the Congress of Vienna. In the lurid light of those days, it was attentively examined by the 'Powers,' and found not so bad. Some changes were made, but they were slight ones compared with those which it had recently undergone. It is not necessary to entertain the sophomoric opinion, at present so widely diffused, that the Congress of Vienna was completely given over to sin and sloth. It committed many errors, some of which were grave; its spirit was not altogether beautiful, and it did not catch and embed in the life of the world the dream of peace on earth, goodwill to all. But it accomplished a fair day's work, and, while it did not prevent subsequent local wars, it should be noted that Europe was visited by no general war for a full century.

The territorial problems that confront us to-day have a far wider sweep than those of a hundred years ago. They arise in large measure from the fact that a war begun for the extinction of one small state, Serbia, resulted, not in that extinction, but in the destruction of three great empires, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey, and in the defeat of a fourth, Germany, and the overthrow of its monarchs. Meanwhile, Serbia emerges from the colossal wreckage covered with glory, stronger than ever in its national integrity, and destined to a great enlargement of its territory. It is doubtful if the history of the world contains a more ironical page.

Russia, Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Turkey, in 1914, bulked large on the map: Russia 8,400,000 square miles, or one seventh of the land-surface of the globe; Austria-Hungary 261,000; Germany 208,000; Turkey 710,000 or three and a half times as many as the German Empire: in all, 9,579,000 square miles, or more than three times the continental area of the United States, excluding Alaska, and with a population of two hundred and fifty millions. The Congress of Vienna had a small area and a population of thirty-two millions to distribute as the prize of war, namely the Duchy of Warsaw, which was only a small part of former Poland, parts of Germany on the left bank of the Rhine, and the Italian peninsula.

In all this area of more than 9,000,000 square miles, supporting a population of a quarter of a billion, no man, no group of men can point out the boundaries. History fortunately is not a problem in mathematics. If it were, the outlook would be even darker than it is. If it took the Congress of Vienna nine months to work out a settlement of its territorial problems, which were few and simple compared with ours, how long will it take the Conference of Paris?

II

Those who wish to be optimistic about the Conference of Paris do well to forget the teachings of history, frequently so unpleasant and sobering. They find a greater solace in an act of faith, in the assertion that everything is different now.

And there certainly is at least one difference, though whether it makes for the greater harmony and the greater expeditiousness of the conferees, who after all are the five Great Powers, — Vienna, too, had its five, — remains to be seen. The characteristic work of the Congress of Vienna was restoration. The characteristic work of the Conference of Paris will be construction, creation: the drawing of a new map, not the unrolling of the old one slightly altered; the recognition of new nations, like Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, or old nations restored to life, like Poland.

Restoration is easy, if one only has the power and the will; creation is not easy, even if one has both. Restoration is reversion to the known, the certain; creation is a venture into the unknown and the uncertain, and is highly conducive to divergencies of thought, to division in the ranks; while an army of restoration knows precisely what it wishes to do, namely, to set up again the old landmarks — and that, too, as speedily as possible — to bring back the good old times, to renew the broken connection with the past. Whether we like it or not, ours is the more difficult task. If the five Great Powers of 1919 were anxious to restore the map of 1914, they could not do it; whereas the five Great Powers of 1814 found it easy to reverse the cartographical innovations of Napoleon Bonaparte. The work of Lenin and Trotzky will not be so easily undone. Fortunately for the peace of his spirit, Napoleon does not know that.

Napoleon, Lenin, and Trotzky — an incongruous trio of actors on the Russian stage! Napoleon, a Frenchman, bent upon conquering Russia, was the direct means of heightening the influence and increasing the territory of Russia, as all the world saw in 1815. Lenin and Trotzky, Russians, have not only coöperated zealously in destroying the prestige of their country: they have consented and contributed, to the best of their ability, to the colossal dismemberment of Russia and its utter impotence. Russia has become merely a geographical expression, the combined achievement of German militarism and Russian Socialism. There is no Russia. What was once Russia is a disorganized aggregation of local governments, presenting, among other things, a wild tangle of territorial problems — and territorial problems resembling those of primeval chaos, with most landmarks entirely obliterated.

The one outstanding landmark in contemporary Russia is that set up on March 3, 1918 — the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. That treaty has never been recognized by any of the victorious Allies; nevertheless, it dogs them night and day in the time of triumph, embittering peace, if not preventing it, darkening counsel, and putting a strain upon friendship. The treaty of Brest-Litovsk may be repudiated by the conferees of Paris; it may be dead as far as Germany, its chief author, is concerned; but it is far from being a negligible factor in the history of the present. On the contrary, it, and the things it represents and embodies in its fell phrases, are bound to exercise a profound and disturbing influence upon the future.

By that treaty Russia renounced an enormous territory, more than twice the size of the German Empire, and a population nearly as large as that of Germany, sixty-five million people.

Germany may not get what she expected and intended to get from having imposed these monstrous terms upon a defeated and demoralized foe, but she will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the might of her blows, aided by the ductility of Russian 'reformers,' who, having renounced patriotism as a bourgeois and capitalistic quality, found it not difficult to renounce an imperial territory, have profoundly transformed Russia as a factor in international affairs.

Of course, out of this vast domain, a domain stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, Germany intended to create a number of small states which might receive German-made kings, or which, at any rate, would be German satellites, parts of the German political, military, and economic system. She will be forced to let go the political and military control for the time being; but unless the Conference of Paris can invent safeguards more promising than any yet suggested against economic penetration, Germany may confidently look forward to a vast extension of her influence in all Eastern Europe. The barrier offered by a string of small states and a reduced and weakened Russia will constitute a less serious obstacle to German economic ambitions and German intrigue than was offered by the Russia of 1914, and particularly because these eastern neighbors, less developed than Germany, and devastated as she has not been, will be strongly tempted to look to her for the things which they need, and which she can furnish more cheaply and easily than other nations, because of geographical proximity.

Whatever amputations may be made in Germany herself, in Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig, the Polish provinces, the one ineluctable fact that will remain will be this: Germany, with approximately seventy million inhabitants, will have

as neighbors on the east and south numerous small states, several of them new and of uncertain viability. Formerly she had two great states as neighbors — Russia and Austria-Hungary. Both of these states have been broken into fragments. Germany has not been. Her potential rôle in Eastern and Central Europe has been improved as a result of the war.

Some repose hopes in the formation of federations which shall give collective protection, where the individual state would be incapable of self-protection. But federations, even of long-established states, are difficult to bring about; how much more difficult to effect out of states themselves just starting forth upon a career of independence, uncertain of their ability to walk alone, and at any rate sure to be preoccupied with domestic problems of immediate concern for many years to come! The outlook is not encouraging.

Not that Germany is likely at once to renew her Pangermanic exploits in the same old way. She too will have her preoccupations growing out of defeat and the coming terms of peace. But in time the national activity will become normal again, and she will see — as no doubt her leaders see now — that the field for her expansive energies presents fewer obstacles than ever before. Whether the Germany of the future be a socialistic or a bourgeois republic, or a restored monarchy, will make no difference with this situation. Here we have a great, blunt fact, staring at us from the coming map of Europe, whose implications we shall do well not to ignore or minimize.

There is another phase of the problem of the future of Germany, of which there has been as yet no serious discussion, but which the world will be compelled to face. Germany intends, if she can, to annex German Austria, and it is asserted that many German Austrians

desire annexation. And we are told that the doctrine of self-determination requires that this be permitted, if the people directly concerned pronounce themselves in favor of it; that, however unpleasant it may be, we must swallow that particular pill.

Not unless we are the helpless and fatuous victims of formulas! Not unless we are anxious to multiply and accentuate the difficulties of the future! If the world permits a consummation like that, it will be guilty of a folly far beyond the flight of German imagination. It is not necessary to apply any principle anywhere, the inevitable tendency of whose application will be to endanger the peace of the world. To reward Germany for what she has done in the past four years, enabling her to issue from the war with a larger territory and a larger population than ever, would be the bankruptcy of common sense and decency. Germany could well afford to relinquish Alsace-Lorraine, Northern Schleswig, and her Polish possessions, could she gain Upper and Lower Austria, the Tyrol, Salzburg, Styria, and other Austrian provinces. And Vienna would be an excellent exchange for Strasburg and Posen. German militarism could point with pride to so notable a success, so important an accession of strength to the state.

Germany has been the consistent and constant opponent of all arguments and plans for such an organization of the world as would render peace more certain and war more difficult, as is shown, for instance, by her record at the Hague Conferences. You could not tell Germans that war did not pay. They knew better. It emphatically did pay, and the achievements of the Great Elector, of Frederick II, and of Bismarck were there to prove it. If now, as a result of her latest appeal to arms, Germany can incorporate the large and rich provinces of German Austria, there will be only

one more proof of the correctness of German political philosophy and practice, and the most brilliant proof of all. For if she can extract gain from defeat as well as from victory, war, hitherto regarded as the national industry *par excellence*, will seem more profitable than ever.

German armies are received as unconquered heroes on their return to Berlin. If, in addition, the German Peace Commissioners return from Paris with substantial prizes of war, will militarism in Germany or in Europe be weakened? It will be intensified.

We can rest assured that, barring a sudden access of insanity on the part of the Allies, Germany is to be taught the lesson that war does not pay. The Allies, it is quite safe to say, will not supinely acquiesce in an arrangement which will leave Germany, not only relatively stronger by reason of the disintegration of her neighbors, but absolutely stronger, in population and in territory, than she was in 1914.

And we need not worry unduly about the principle of the self-determination of peoples. Does that principle mean that Hungary, like Austria, may vote herself into the German Republic or Empire, whichever it may be; that Bulgaria, which is contiguous with Hungary, may do the same; that Turkey, whatever she may be, may do the same? Why not, if the principle is to be automatically respected, regardless of the opinions of the outside world, regardless of the interests and well-being of the rest of the world? The principle was designed to further the contentment of men; it was not designed to imperil peace, or for the greater glory of the common enemy of mankind.

The Conference of Paris will plant itself firmly upon the ground of guaranties from Germany, not concessions and benefactions to her. Nor will it assume that the German mind has changed.

It will entertain the conservative notion that miracles do not happen in the modern world, and that Germany will not be made over in the twinkling of an eye. It will be attentive to the fact that German Socialism during the war has not been the sworn enemy, but the energetic supporter, of militarism, imperialism, colonialism. It will note that the signs of an inner conversion of the nation's soul are thus far conspicuously lacking. It will suspect that Germany will remain Germany in characteristic ways for a long while, and it will believe that old habits, old modes of thought, old purposes, will not quickly disappear. It will also be mindful of the fact that, historically, revolutions have generally been succeeded by counter-revolutions. Also, it will not hold it impossible that a nation, fed on her own egregious conceit for fifty years, blocked in her purposes after four years of various victories, will, at the opportune moment, seek to pay off this score, to avenge this humiliation, and to win once for all the things that she so nearly won before.

There is little yet to show that Germany has undergone, or is undergoing, any radical transformation, that she possesses, or is likely soon to possess, a new psychology. New psychologies are not easily obtained, either by individuals or by nations. One is at liberty to prognosticate a radical change of policy as the result of an upheaval in a state, only when the ruler and his people have long been estranged in thought and feeling, in purpose and in aspiration. This was the case in the France of the eighteenth century. The intellectual leaders, the masses of the peasantry, and particularly the bourgeoisie, all had come to look upon the state as opposed to their interests and needs, as a bar to national progress. Before the Revolution itself occurred, there had been a profound revolution in the minds

of the larger part of the population. And thus, when the Revolution came, it easily changed — and in a comprehensive and fundamental fashion — the institutions, the laws, and the life of France, for the simple reason that they had already been changed in the hearts and minds of the majority of Frenchmen.

Where does one find anything in Germany parallel to this inner transformation? The history of Germany during the last forty years, during the last ten years, has shown the contrary phenomenon: a growing and not a decreasing harmony between the governors and the governed. If one wishes to test this statement, let him compare the stand taken by the only so-called opposition party in the war of 1870 and the war of our own day. In the former, the Socialists, who were few in number, were opposed to militarism, to aggrandizement, to the declaration of war, and to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and their leaders, Bebel and Liebknecht, paid for their opposition by being thrown into prison. The Socialists of to-day, vastly more numerous and with far greater powers of opposition, have compromised with militarism, have warmly approved annexations by voting for the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and have on every and all occasions, in the year of our Lord 1918, joined in the general clamor that Alsace-Lorraine must never be surrendered. It would seem to be the business of an opposition to oppose.

Should there emerge from the Assembly of Weimar a German democracy, that democracy will be the expression of German psychology. German psychology caused the war and kept it going. The ruling classes would never have risked the war, had they not known the temper and the nature of the German people. Nothing has yet occurred to show that the great masses of

the people differed in 1914 from their rulers, either in their conceptions of the nature and the duty of the state, in their crass economic materialism, in their moral indifferentism, or in their arrogance and conceit. The defeat Germany has sustained may abate somewhat her contempt of other nations. It is not likely to diminish her hatred of them. It is far more likely to intensify that hatred. Men do not love their enemies any the more because their enemies have compelled them to bite the dust. What we know about the Germans does not lead us to believe, either that they have changed in essentials, or that they are changing, or that they are likely to change and to give the world the spectacle of the miracle of a new psychology. The majority of the members of the National Assembly of Weimar were members of the Reichstag, and belonged to parties that enthusiastically supported the policies of the Empire. Moreover, we might as well remember that the Prussians will still control Germany, for the excellent reason that three fifths of the Germans are Prussians, and Prussians we know as more rigid, in mind and manner, than most men. The world still waits the dawn of an essentially new Germany. And when it sees it, it will wait still longer, since frequently the full day does not bear out the promise of the dawn.

III

Such, then, are the great outstanding features of the situation. The great Slav Empire of Russia has been overthrown, and a vast field for German economic exploitation and for insidious or open political influence has been opened in the East. A restored Poland will, under the best of conditions, be for a long while only an uncertain and an inadequate barrier. Germany proposes the annexation of German Aus-

tria and of German Bohemia. If she succeeds in this, then the new and small Czecho-Slovak Republic will be surrounded on the north, the west, and the south by the mighty state of Germany. It will be a mere salient projecting into German lands, a salient held by a weak people in the face of the intense and secular hatred of an overwhelmingly stronger one. And when the time comes for the extinction of that salient, when the international situation favors, extinguished it will be, with as great ease as was the salient of St. Mihiel in the closing days of the war. An Eastern Europe disintegrated and demoralized; an Austria-Hungary broken into fragments; a Southeastern Europe consisting of small states; a Germany nearly as populous as, or even more populous than, ever; and a France and Italy, the only other states of any size, whose combined strength, considering the ravages and the permanent burdens of the war that will weigh upon both, would but equal, if indeed it would equal, that of Germany — such will be the spectacle offered by the future map of Europe, a spectacle far from reassuring.

And this further fact should be faced. The overwhelming mass of Germans will resent any mutilation of the fatherland, whether the fatherland be monarchical or republican; and mutilated it will be, since Alsace-Lorraine is going back to France and Poland is to be restored. It is far safer and more sensible to assume that Germany will permanently resent these changes, than to suppose that she will admit their justice and accept the altered situation in good faith. The world should make its plans accordingly.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this. For two generations, ever since the accession of Bismarck to power, the attention of Europe has been riveted upon Germany as the chief source of danger to its peace. This attention will

continue to be so riveted for another generation, perforce, and perhaps for more than one, since the danger inheres in the very situation, in the fundamental and continuing factors of the international life of Europe, of the map, and all that it imports. The more the German menace changes, the more it is seen to be the same thing.

If this analysis is correct, if such are the deep underlying forces that will operate after the peace is made, then any facile optimism arising out of the present embarrassments of Germany is a grave disservice to a world which has just passed through the hideous ordeal by fire, and which can escape passing through it again only by clearly and effectively neutralizing the dangers that environ it. The hour for optimism has not yet struck, nor does it seem likely soon to strike.

All other questions involved in the readjustment of the boundaries of the world are distinctly secondary, in comparison with this central fact of the liberation of Germany from the pressure on her borders of powerful states, save toward the west; and there the comparison is between France, with a population of less than forty millions, and Germany with one nearly twice as large. The future of the German colonies, of the detached parts of the Turkish Empire, of the various Balkan states, will

be important for the people concerned, but will not be decisive for the course of general history. The great decisive influences and impulses shaping and determining, in large measure, the destinies of those countries and peoples will emanate from Europe, as hitherto, and will be the product of European conditions. Asia and Africa will continue to be annexes of Europe, whatever guise be given them, because of the direct political connections that will exist between large areas of those continents and Great Britain, France, and Italy.

It would, of course, be both presumptuous and futile for any individual to attempt to indicate in detail the many boundary lines that must be drawn upon the map of the world as the result of the dissolution of Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. It would be unseemly to usurp the high prerogatives of the Conference of Paris. Moreover, as Lamartine once said, in a moment of perplexity, '*Il faut laisser quelque chose à la Providence.*' But it is possible for everyone to grasp clearly, and to keep tenaciously in mind, the larger features of the present situation; and it is desirable, since these ought to constitute the norm of criticism and the motive for action in the international politics of the future. Any sound idealism must be based upon hard, unpleasant realism.

THE MIDDLE WEST'S PEACE PROBLEMS

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

I

SERIOUS and complex as are problems of industrial centres in the readjustment to peace conditions, they are no more important to the country as a whole than those facing agricultural sections. For many years the influence on business and politics of the Middle West — meaning the states stretching between the Alleghanies and the Rockies and deriving their main resource from food-production — has been steadily growing. With increasing population, greater wealth, and a rising standard of living, the producer of foodstuffs has asserted more vigorously his position in national affairs. This tendency will not lessen as we return to normal standards, and the reaction of the process on his point of view promises to be of moment in finance and legislation.

During the war period the Middle West farmer has been looked at from varying angles, ranging from denunciation as a pacifist and profiteer to laudation for his loyalty. Two years ago a leading Eastern newspaper declared: 'We should send missionaries to the interior to teach patriotism. The Western farmer will not sell his wheat at a fair price, he will not buy bonds, and he will not fight.' Later, the response of the farming states to every war-call brought praise from high places.

The truth was that the farmer was late in awaking to enthusiastic war spirit. Partly it was due to his environment. As he drove up and down the dusty furrows, he heard no bands play-

ing, no parades passed along the country highways, no street orators stirred his emotions. In a sense the rumbles of war were remote. His occupation had, as it has in all lands, predisposed him to ways of peace. But when his boy was called to the training-camp and war came close home, he, figuratively, took off his coat and put all his energy into the task. He gave to war-activities, he bought bonds, — the Western Federal Reserve districts were first to fill their quotas in the Third and Fourth Liberty Loan campaigns, — and he was in favor of seeing it through. Then, when the rural telephone brought the news of the end of hostilities, he cranked up his motor-car and hurried at breakneck speed to town, to join in the celebration.

In Western phrase, the farmer for four years 'has had his innings.' That it was the first innings he had enjoyed in this generation did not lessen the popular impression of marvelous riches pouring into the lap of the agriculturist. It was pointed out that wheat, which sold in July, 1914, at 55 to 64 cents a bushel, went to \$3.25, and was finally fixed at \$2.26 a bushel at central markets — a figure which five years ago would have realized all the farmer's dreams of affluence. Corn, which in the memory of many a producer had been hauled to market at 15 cents a bushel, and normally was worth 40 to 50 cents, brought \$1.50 a bushel. Butter-fat, the farm-wife's resource as she handled the dairy, was 20 cents a pound in December, 1914; on December 1, 1918, it was

72 cents. Alfalfa hay — three to six tons to the acre — was as high as \$29 a ton.

Naturally the effect of the high price-level was reflected in the business of the country towns, dependent for their trade largely on the farmer, and indirectly gaining their prosperity almost entirely from the returns of agriculture. The country banks saw their deposits climb to record figures, and had a period of unexampled success. Instead of being a seeker after business, the banker became an arbiter of investments and loans, and despite the many anxieties connected with war-financing, was able to declare most satisfactory dividends. The country town's storekeepers marveled at the ease with which they were able to dispose of goods, even at the enhanced prices. Timidity vanished after a few months, and they carried larger stocks and sold goods more nearly for cash than ever before in the history of merchandizing. High wages for all who would work, from the farm-hand who demanded and got three to five dollars a day, to the pretty stenographer at seventy-five dollars a month, made it easy to satisfy the desire for attractive attire. Strikes and unions and labor troubles are no part of the agricultural country's experience, and the income of the producer raised the scale of living generally.

It is true that the farmer protested that his expenses had risen in almost the same proportion as his crop prices. Farm labor was scarce and high; seed-grain cost heavily; crop failures came with the same frequency as before — over five million acres of wheat were abandoned in the spring of 1918; 11 per cent of the acreage sown in 1916 was a failure and 10 per cent of the 1915 sowing. Implements commanded prices 50 to 100 per cent greater than in the pre-war period. It cost 20 cents a bushel

merely to thresh the 1918 wheat-crop. The expense of living was as high proportionately for the farmer as for the townsman.

Nevertheless, the intelligent farmer whose crops ripened found himself at the end of each year with a larger net income than in previous seasons. The Allied world had to be fed, and the Middle West producer was the one source from which the baskets could be filled. The man who owned his farm and was willing to labor long hours prospered.

The economic and social results of the widely diffused prosperity became apparent. An Eastern banker recently sent me this query: 'What did the farmer do with his money? Did he waste it in riotous living, lay it away in banks, bury it, or has he made sensible use of it?' The farmer as a type is not different from the member of any other business class. In instances he undoubtedly did enjoy comforts and luxuries which he had longed for, but had been unable to attain. The farm team was not always exchanged wisely for a high-powered motor-car; the temptation to possess talking machines, pianos, and plush-covered furniture he sometimes could not resist, when what he needed was a tractor or a new corn-binder. Generally, however, he did not hoard — his ideas expanded as his income grew.

First and foremost, he desired more land. It was logical that, if 160 acres paid a profit, 320 acres would double the receipts. Farm-land increased in value all through the Middle West, at an average rate of five dollars an acre, from 1910 to 1914. During the next three years the increase was seven dollars an acre, and 1917 and 1918 saw ten dollars an acre a year added. Lands that had been on the market at fifty dollars an acre five years ago sold for seventy-five to a hundred dollars. Out

200 miles west of the Missouri River upland farms sold in the autumn of 1918 for one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre. Eastern Nebraska and Eastern Kansas passed into the class of Iowa and Illinois in land-values. Some were selling out at high figures, to retire, or because their boys had gone to war; others were adding to their acres; town capitalists were buying farms, to reap the profits they believed could be made. Tenantry increased, and the renter paid two fifths of the crop, instead of one third as for years, for the privilege of managing the farms. While the bank-deposits grew, the loan accounts kept pace, and farm mortgages as a whole showed no appreciable decrease. In other words, the West was keeping its money at work, utilizing in fuller measure the power of capital. Farm-buildings were renewed, larger equipment provided, improved machinery secured; furnaces, electric lights, modern plumbing, and similar comforts made the homes more comfortable. The plane of living on the farm was raised far more in proportion than that in the town. The latter had had its 'innings' long before; the present was an era of farm development.

II

Such was the material side of the producer's experience. Its reaction on his social growth was not less interesting. Insensibly he gained something of individual independence. 'For twenty years I have asked favors,' one hard-working farmer put it. 'Now I am able to decide what I will do and go ahead and do it.' He felt free from the sense of dependence which had mentally, although not actually, possessed him. He ceased to envy the merchant or the professional man whose fancied ease of existence heretofore had appealed to him. The county politician found no

long list of farmers seeking office in the court-house — there was not a local office the average farmer would take as a gift. Yet politics retained a distinct hold on his mind. He swung his vote one way in 1916 and another way in 1918.

Up in the Northwest the Non-Partisan League came into being, made up of well-to-do farmers who, by tens of thousands, paid sixteen dollars each to join the new political movement. It captured North Dakota, filling practically every state office with farmers; and it is endeavoring to extend its operation over other agricultural states, with what success the election of 1920 will tell. To a degree it was simply a capitalization, through shrewd organization, of the farmer's feeling of independence. That same rising tide of initiative was manifest without specific organization in the state elections of 1918 in other states, when farmer members in unusual numbers were chosen to legislatures, and there was evident a vast deal of serious thinking regarding future management of the commonwealths.

Nor should it be forgotten that the past four years have widened the farmer's horizon greatly. Where he once thought in terms of the neighborhood, he learned to think in world-terms. All the multiplicity of events connected with the war taught him a new geography. The relations of nations, the tides of trade, the paths of commerce became familiar, and he grew in mental stature as he watched the forward steps of the Allied armies. In a narrower field he gained broadness of vision. One thing which no other device could have accomplished has come with the motor-car. The isolation of the neighborhood has been abolished. Instead of a radius of a dozen miles, the farmer has been given half a state for a day's acquaintance-making. Instead of trading at the

crossroads general store, he can in a half hour drive to some considerable city. He has a choice of merchandise and of professional service. It has all added to his larger view of life.

Little considered, yet of equal importance, has been the education the agricultural sections have had in teamwork and the open door in business affairs. The city-dweller has possessed these for years. For decades scarcely a day passed when there was not some committee working for the good of the community, some charity asking assistance. The farmer knew nothing of all this. Take a typical Western county of 25,000 people. When the first Belgian relief call came, it raised, with great difficulty, five thousand dollars and considered that it had accomplished wonders. The first Red Cross call was for thirty thousand dollars, and few believed it possible to secure that sum — but the quota was over-subscribed. Before the war ended, that county had contributed one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars to war-charities and had bought two and a half millions of Liberty Bonds. Farmer committees canvassed their neighbors, assessed the amounts due, demanded and received statements of wealth and income, and welded the entire community into one family, with all the secrets of property possession laid on the table. It was a shock at first. There was great indignation that one's holdings should be brought to light. Then the reasonableness of it appealed to sober judgment, since after all it in no degree lessened respect. The solidarity of the community increased with the ability to join hands in a common cause, a teaching that revealed new possibilities for the future.

Some of these influences, based solely on financial betterment, will vanish with a change in material conditions. Others have entered into the conscious-

ness of the people of the Middle West and will endure. The superficial observer sees most clearly the former and contemplates the period of readjustment with misgiving.

Doubtless the price-level of products cannot remain long at war figures. The wheat producer has been promised two dollars a bushel for the 1919 crop, which bids fair to be a record-breaking yield. But after that, competing in a world-market, with Europe somewhat rehabilitated and with Argentine and Australia both able to obtain shipping, at least half the price may be expected to disappear. Other crops will show diminished returns. Thus the farmer looks forward to a smaller gross income from his acres. That we shall not for several years see the prices that prevailed before the war seems probable, but some modification is certain. To offset this, he will have the labor-problem solved. His boys will be back from the front and from camp; doubtless the itinerant harvester will again take up his summer journey. Implements will be cheaper, and the farm overhead expense will be lessened.

Whether or not the farmer will accept graciously this decreased scale of doing business remains to be seen. If he sees in it an economic discrimination against him as a class, it will call for resentment. He has been somewhat bewildered by the immensity of government operations. The control of the railroads has presented to him chiefly the personal side — the increased cost of travel and freight. He has read of the increased wage to employees with some uncertainty as to its ultimate effect on the tax-payer. It is true that for years he was among the foremost in the demand for state legislation for regulation of the railroads, and in a general way believed that government ownership would bring a millennium, with nominal rates and greater accommoda-

tion. The experience of the first year of government control did not realize his dreams, and his views have undergone considerable revision. He may accept it as a permanent good, but he has not yet done so.

Probably no one subject is so near to his heart as the price of land. His business ideals have been based on the soil. With decreased income there may be a falling off in the market for the homestead. In the opinion of financial experts in the West, this is unlikely. With the growing population and the virtual limitation of fertile soil, they see a constant figure for the producing farm. They recall that Illinois and Indiana land-values rose steadily long before the war, and the farther plains states are not yet at a point where they are likely to be injured materially by such change in crop-values as is probable in the next few years. Except for the possibility of a continued series of short crops, or a panic, land is to-day the most staple article in America.

If the government develops a plan for colonization of returned soldiers on semi-arid or yet unploughed lands, as a method of starting hundreds of thousands in home-making, it will add to productivity; but that process is certain to require several years before any material results are accomplished. The Western states, however, welcome the movement, realizing that great results are possible provided the plan is carefully and scientifically systematized.

In a broader sense, the Middle West is facing some matters that must be settled calmly when the war-exaltation has passed. In education the decision as to military training must be made. Already the Western commonwealths are discussing it as a matter of the immediate future. Primarily the farming classes are unimpressed with the arguments for anything that may be twisted toward militarism. They are no less so

now than before we entered the war. The experiences of the past two years have by no means convinced them. Admitting the physical advantages, they hold yet a fundamental objection to the idea. Indications are that the support for the idea must come from other than the rural communities and it is not beyond probability that these will make their opinion felt strongly when the matter comes to a test.

The direction of legislation is certain to be affected by the history of the past four years. The acceptance of the big way of doing things, the awakening of ability to finance great charities, bond issues, and community efforts, have given impetus to plans for the future. On the one hand will be a hesitant note coming out of the decreased income probable; and on the other, the recognition of needs before the growing states. Equal suffrage will be universal in the West in a short time, and the women are by no means sitting idly by where they have the new privilege. They are demanding laws that make for social justice, and will obtain them. Prohibition is bringing new taxation programmes, and the inequalities of taxation methods are being recognized. The Non-Partisan League, with North Dakota firmly in hand, is planning to bond the state for state-owned flouring mills, packing-houses, storage-plants, warehouses, and other industrial concerns — a socialistic programme that is a marked feature of its propaganda. It has adopted the single tax. If the farmer sees his own products bringing less in the market, is it not possible that he will visit the cause on economic inequalities, and seek through some system of communism to correct what he conceives as injustice? This is not a mere hazard — it is to-day a very real factor in the peace programme of legislation. The war taught the lesson of thinking in large figures, and of doing

things in a colossal way, and the idea that the same process will apply to peace is likely to bring experiments that would not have been considered a half-decade ago.

In many ways a rural community is exceedingly sensitive to financial changes. The country merchant sees his trade vary from month to month as weather, road-conditions, or public interest in a crisis may dictate. So business in the West will feel sharply the first modification of price-levels, and their start on the down grade to a normal status. It will require some careful guiding to negotiate the road, on the part both of the banks and of the merchants. Undoubtedly, too, many producers have reached the mental attitude that assures them that present values are needed for successful business operations. They are going to be disappointed when changes occur, and may for a time, until the readjustment is complete, find much over which to become anxious. As they pass through this period, those whose task it is to finance them and wait on their needs, will have plenty to do making plans that will fit the altered situation.

That a widespread dissatisfaction with the basic law of many commonwealths exists is evident from the agitation for new constitutions. In a number of states constitutional conventions will be held within the year; others are preparing to secure such. Better financial systems especially are demanded, because of the steadily increased taxes without proportionate advantages. The application of the commission form of government to counties is advocated widely as one needed reform; budget systems, a greater solidarity of manage-

ment, and fewer boards and commissions are asked. With the return of the men who have been seeing what the world beyond our shores is like, and have gained a cosmopolitan experience in their army life, systematic government will receive a strong backing.

In other words, the Middle West is in a mood to 'clean house' at the end of the uprooting of conventions by the exigencies of war, and it need not be surprising if it is done thoroughly. The idea has been slumbering for two decades; it had an evanescent outcropping in the nineties; it showed itself again in the Progressive Party movement. Now the new order may easily come into its own, because so much that was accepted as established has been swept away.

As the Middle West feels its way back to a settled state, it acts with a self-confidence never before felt. Not only has it, during the past four years, accumulated a financial basis for its progress, — a reserve that will carry it over temporary reverses, — but it has learned lessons of organization most valuable to its progress.

As the hilarious celebration of the signing of the armistice was filling the air of a Mid-Western town with shouts and cheers and music, a group of farmers stood watching the parades.

'Now what will happen to our farm prosperity?' asked one.

'Look over there,' was the answer from an old-timer. A long freight train was puffing its way across the prairie eastward. 'That is the answer. We are the granary and the meat market of the world. While the sun shines and the rain falls, the West will always prosper.'

THE DEVASTATION OF NORTHERN FRANCE

BY GERMAIN MARTIN

I. THE MARTYRED LANDS

THE evolution of mankind toward a régime of justice and liberty could be accomplished only at the cost of much bloodshed. It was inevitable that men who were devoted to the principle of respect for individuals, creeds, and property, should clash with those elements of force and violence which assumed to impose their domination, with the sole aim of gratifying their desires and instincts.

The age-long struggle between the peoples devoted to these opposed doctrines has thrice been fought out in Northeastern France. Was it not on the banks of the Marne, between the cities to-day known as Sens and Troyes, that the battles took place, in which the Roman general Aëtius, aided by Theodoric King of the Visigoths, by Merwig and his Franks, by Gondicaire and his Burgundians, fought against the devastator Attila, who heaped up ruins under his horse's hoofs?

The Allies delivered Western Europe from this scourge, who claimed to be the messenger of God, on the Catalonian Fields, where 160,000 men lost their lives in a terrible battle. It was on this same ground, united in the same spirit of independence and liberty of the peoples, in July and August, 1918, that Americans, English, Belgians, Italians, and French, united in a common cult of independence and liberty, put to rout the red-handed Kaiser and his son, who prided themselves on spreading terror and creating havoc wherever they pass-

ed. Once more, hundreds of thousands of men have purchased with their lives their liberation; once more, thousands of villages have been plundered and burned down, and women, young girls, and children have died of hunger, terror, and shame, because of one cruel man's dream of establishing his domination by might in defiance of right.

When, in 1793 and 1794, Republican France had to defend herself against the coalition of European monarchies, it was in the north, at Wattignies, and again, beyond Charleroi, at Fleurus and at Tourcoing, that the Republican armies delivered France and completed the work of the conquerors of Valmy and Jemmappes.

The contests of 1792, 1793, and 1794, which were fought in the Argonne and in the north of France, left much ruin behind. But the devastation was not systematic. The country suffered because it was the main theatre of the struggle in defense of liberty and republican principles; but it had no experience of the complete destruction of dwellings and factories, the carrying off by force of young girls and men in contravention of all the precepts of the law of nations.

It was in 1914, and during the following years, that the soil which had witnessed heroic struggles sustained for centuries against the partisans of force organized to oppress the free peoples, suffered the worst outrages, and the maximum of cruelty.

It is hard for those who do not know the rôle which the north and the east played in the material existence of

France to understand why the Germans devoted themselves to this business of unnecessary destruction and massacre. On the other hand, the motive of the destruction is manifest when one learns by statistics the importance in the national economy of the occupied and devastated territories.

To blot out those prosperous and productive districts of the north and east of France was in the eyes of the Germans, in 1914, to make all resistance impossible, because the principal centres of production of metals and coal, indispensable for carrying on the war, were in the departments of the Nord, of the Ardennes, and of Meurthe-et-Moselle. They were protected by no defensive works, for Belgium, whose neutrality had been guaranteed by treaties signed by Germany, seemed to shelter the northern frontier from invasion from that direction.

When Germany saw that, despite the occupation of Northern France, the military resistance continued, and that the ingenuity of the national character, supplemented by importations of raw materials, especially from the United States, was prolonging the war, she decided to destroy systematically the agriculture and industry of Flanders and of Eastern France. She knew that by carrying out this barbarous plan, she would deprive France of all possibility of exportation for many years. Whatever the military result of the conflict, she would have won an economic victory. And that was the thing which was important to her.

II. THE IMPORTANCE OF THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES IN THE ECONOMIC STATUS OF FRANCE

The departments of the Nord, of the Pas de Calais, of the Aisne, of the Ardennes, of the Marne, and of Meurthe-et-Moselle, which suffered most from

the German occupation and from the fighting, are among the most productive, because of the variety and extent of their products. In these districts the earth beneath the surface is no less rich than the soil itself. In the departments of the Nord and of the Pas de Calais alone there were, in the former 22 concessions, in the latter 27, for coal-mines; and of a total production of 41,000,000 tons, in 1913, the Pas de Calais alone supplied 20,000,000. Paris received a great part of the coal required for its industrial and domestic needs from the Department of the Nord, which produced, annually, 27,000,000 tons.

Seventy-eight per cent of the total output of coke came also from these two departments.

The great centres of production of iron ore also were occupied by the enemy. The veins of the Moselle represented 90.6 per cent of the whole of the French output; and 85 per cent of all the cast-iron produced in France came from the departments of Meurthe-et-Moselle, the Nord, and the Pas de Calais. These same departments sold yearly 62 per cent of the pig iron manufactured in the whole country and 56 per cent of the finished products of the same material.

By hammering to pieces the blast-furnaces within range of their artillery, and by carrying away the tool-making machinery from the factories of the Lille district, the occupying forces deprived French industry of almost the whole of its means of large-scale production.

Indeed, to whatever branches, either of agriculture or of industry, we turn our attention, we find that these northern and eastern districts stood in the very front rank in production, in cultivation, and in a very great variety of manufactures.

For instance, 59.26 per cent of the hops crop was gathered in the Department of the Nord. The beets for distill-

ing raised in that department, and in the Pas de Calais and the Oise, made up 62 per cent of the whole French crop, and their distilleries produced more than 65 per cent of the industrial alcohol used in France.

The departments of the Aisne, the Pas de Calais, the Somme, the Nord, the Oise, and the Marne furnished 80 per cent of the crop of sugar-beets.

The greatest yield of wheat and oats was obtained from the fields of Santerre and in the Department of the Nord. Grazing land also was very abundant there. The two departments of the Pas de Calais and the Nord supplied one tenth of all the butter sold in France. There were 297,000 head of cattle in the Nord, and 245,000 in the Pas de Calais.

It would be easy to give more figures, which would place the Nord in the foremost rank in the production of flax, and also of coffee-chicory, which grew only in the districts occupied by the enemy.

This exceptional fertility of the soil helps us to understand how, in ordinary times, before the war, a population of three millions was able to live comfortably in the two departments of the Nord and the Pas de Calais. Large families were not rare. They found remunerative occupation in agricultural labor, in the mines, and in the many different industries of the region. No other department was nearly so densely populated as the Nord. While in the whole of France the average density to the square kilometre was 73, there it was 339.

The preparation of wool used for weaving, its transformation, and the same processes with flax, kept thousands of people employed. Roubaix had become the first town in the world for wool-combing.

III. THE SYSTEMATIC DEVASTATION

The absence of any military protection, in a region bordering on a neutral

country, made it possible for the Germans to occupy the Department of the Nord, a part of the Pas de Calais, the Department of the Ardennes, and a large part of the Marne. From the last months of the year 1914, down to the glorious days following the second victory of the Marne, in 1918, the Germans remained in the most fertile and busiest districts of France.

Farther to the east they occupied part of the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle, and had the most important factories within the range of their artillery.

How did they treat persons and property? The story has been told, and with abundant evidence to support it. They scorned all the rules of the law of nations which mankind prided itself upon having adopted. The doctrine of force, and its consequences, were the only rule of conduct of the conquerors.

The population was subjected to the most cruel harassments. Numerous summary executions on the most absurd pretexts, arrests and deportations of individuals, either to Germany, there to work in munition factories, or to the battle-lines, where they compelled children and young men to dig and construct offensive works against their brethren — these have been perpetrated so often and to such an extent that it can fairly be said that these barbarities have done woeful injury to all mankind.

But their most brutal crime was when they deported women and young girls from the cities of the north to Belgium and Germany. We may well wonder how it is possible that a people which called itself civilized could commit such a crime. It would continue to be incomprehensible were it not part of the deliberate scheme of devastation of the industrial districts of the north.

Economists know that certain industries, like weaving and mining, can be

developed only if the working population, specializing from generation to generation, has acquired the manual dexterity necessary to insure the superiority and fine finish of certain manufactures. Is not the absolute annihilation of the families of workers in the districts where such industries are located, a sure means of seriously impairing, for the future, the recruitment of labor?

The deeds of pure barbarism done upon the families of the cities of Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing were a part of the scheme of definitive destruction of the industries of Northern France.

The second manifestation of this purpose to destroy appears when we look into the process of carrying off tools and machinery from the factories.

According to the affidavits produced before the Chamber of Deputies by M. Louis Dubois, reporter of the Budget Committee on the questions of devastation and war-damage, the mines occupied by the enemy have been subjected to carefully planned demolition. In the war-zone one finds complete methodical destruction of means of communication — bridges, sluices, and railway lines; also the no less methodical destruction of surface structures and stocks of tools; together with the complete disappearance of food-supplies and the removal of machinery. Moreover, all the underground workings have been systematically flooded. And the deliberate purpose to impair the future output of the mines is further established by the dynamiting of a considerable proportion of the metal frames (*cuevelages*) which support the walls and prevent the caving in of the shafts sunk in soil which is especially susceptible to that danger.

The mines are thus made inaccessible in addition to being flooded. Taking those of the Pas de Calais group alone, the output of which amounted in 1913

to 14,000,000 tons, with a personnel, above and below the surface, of 66,000 men and women, they will have to go down to a depth of 400 to 500 metres, and drain 35,000,000 million cubic metres of water — an immense subterranean lake.

In the north supplies and machinery have been carried away, and in most cases the Germans have flooded the underground works, going so far as to divert the waters of a stream and turn them into the shafts of the mines.

The object of the work of destruction, thus deliberately performed, was not only to impede the industrial progress of Flanders, but also to strike a severe blow at the economic structure of the whole of France. Of a total output of 41,000,000 tons of coal, in 1913, from all districts, the departments of the Nord and the Pas de Calais produced 27,000,000. Now, the labor problems which must be dealt with in years to come, together with the continuing high price of raw materials, will tend to keep the price of coal very high, and will make it difficult to obtain it in such quantities as are essential for the resumption of business. The devastation of the mines in Flanders has therefore been carried out, not only with the purpose of impeding the progress of industry in that country itself, but in the hope that France, being absolutely compelled to procure coal, must in this way pay a war-tax to Germany indirectly, buying coal and coke at high prices, and thus providing her with the means of carrying on her enterprises in the east.

The plants for combing and spinning wool, jute, and cotton, in the Fourmies district, have been inspected by a parliamentary committee. It is interesting to record the facts noted in 74 factories. Of 735,000 spindles used in spinning the combed wool, about 651,500, or 88 per cent, have been destroyed; of 3550

looms, none remain; of 4500 carding-machines, 3000, or 75 per cent, have disappeared, as have all of the 100 frames for weaving carded wool. Also, all the jute-spindles and looms have been put out of commission.

And there are many other districts where the damage is just as great.

In the less specialized industries, outside of weaving, there has been the same systematic devastation. Take printing, for instance, which was actively carried on in the north: the presses have been carried away or destroyed; and the same is true of all the types. Here, the invader's purpose could not be dissembled: the Germans intended to procure a market for their type-founders and their makers of rotary presses, who, before the war, were distanced by their French competitors.

After the pillaging of the factories, we must not forget the devastation of the homes. In cities like Lens, out of 11,000 houses, not one is left standing. And from the affidavits read from the tribune in the Chamber of Deputies, during the sitting of December 19, 1918, it appears that 250,000 houses have been destroyed in the devastated districts, and that 250,000 others are more or less seriously damaged.

Woods and forests have been cut down indiscriminately. And lastly, more than 100,000 hectares of the best land in France is unfit for any sort of crops. Two million hectares have been laid waste; they will have to be cleared, first of all, of the infernal machines buried there.

It will cost more than twenty billions of francs to restore the buildings; more than ten billions' worth of furniture has been stolen or ruined. Moreover, it will cost at least ten billions to put the farms in condition for working. To replace the industrial material of the mines, of the carding, spinning, and weaving plants, of the electrical plants,

of the foundries, large and small, of breweries and sugar-refineries, distilleries and agricultural industries, oil-refineries, tan-yards, currying-shops, dye-works, bleacheries, plants for the manufacture of chemicals, glassware, and various by-products, will require an expenditure of at least twenty billions.

Finally, the great undertakings in the way of public works and means of transportation: railroads serving the public in general, railroads of local concern, tramways, waterways, seaports, roads and bridges, the distribution of electric power, post-offices, telegraphs and telephones, cannot be reconstituted unless at least ten billions are devoted to that purpose.

That is to say, approximately, and at the minimum figure, about sixty-five billions must be found, in order to provide the compensation promised to the people of Northern France and to complete successfully the work of restoration, which is, as all agree, a work of international justice; for Northern France has been the theatre of a conflict wherein were opposed, not simply two nations, but two forms of civilization.

It was in the name of the doctrine of might that these devastations were committed. It is by virtue of the doctrine of justice triumphant, that the ruin must be repaired.

IV. THE QUESTION OF RESTITUTION

But the problem of the economic reconstruction of Northern France cannot be solved by the payment of a sum equivalent to the value of the damage done.

In the first place, it is impossible to find the wherewithal for an immediate payment of sixty-five billions of francs. Moreover, if that sum were forthcoming, the combined efforts of French and Allied industries could not, before a number of years have passed, man-

ufacture sufficient machinery to re-equip in a few months the factories of Northern France, and also of the devastated portions of Belgium and Serbia, which countries also have been made victims of a deliberate system of spoliation.

And after all, to centre all the efforts of the manufacturing establishments of the Allied countries on the reconstruction of the pillaged regions would be helping German industry to secure an easy triumph in foreign markets, would it not? She would encounter no competitors, and would dominate the industries of the Allied countries, even more completely than before the war.

In the interest of justice as well of the future of the Allied nations, it is most important to provide in the treaty of peace a general requisition scheme, which would compel Germany to restore immediately everything she has taken; to reconstruct the buildings with her own materials; to furnish them with the furniture which she has carried off.

This is the more urgent because it is the only way of hastening the return to normal life in the north of France.

Have we not during the war constantly heard German military officers congratulating themselves because the ghastly scenes of the battlefield took place far from their own homes? It was in the name of might that they polluted French soil with fire and rapine. To-day, when might is on our side, it would be easy for us to carry pillage to the banks of the Rhine. We prefer, while in occupation of that territory, to respect property and persons. But this attitude, which is most humane and worthy of the cause which the Allies have defended, should not divert us from carrying on to the end the work of restitution. If we fail to do this, while victory will surely have crowned our heroes' brows with laurel, France will as surely have lost the war.

In fact, the most productive departments of France will for years remain depopulated, and her total product will be greatly impaired. Her whole rural and industrial economy will be shaken to its foundations. And if this state of affairs is prolonged, it is by no means certain that the joy of triumph may not some day be succeeded by the righteous anger due to undeserved misery.

This condition is understood by our Allies in the United States and England, who have decided that the supply of raw materials necessary for the resumption of industrial life shall first be ensured to Belgium and Northern France. But it is essential to have it distinctly understood that this allotment, this right of priority, shall extend, not merely to orders for goods that can be produced immediately, but to the extent of the full capacity of output before the war. Otherwise, the Germans would still occupy a commanding position, for they would be able to obtain stocks of cotton, wool, etc., when their victims would not be in a position to make up raw materials for which they have a promise of priority.

V. JUSTICE TO BE DONE BY THE PEACE CONGRESS

Therefore, when France demands that Germany be forced to make reparation for the damage which she has deliberately inflicted upon Belgium and Northern France, she seeks no material profit, as Germany did in 1871, when she imposed upon her foes a war indemnity of five billions. Then Germany had suffered no harm. Her territory was inviolate.

To-day, the conqueror might pillage in his turn, and even, while respecting the rules of international law from which he has never chosen to depart, make reprisals on lives and property. He refrains from doing so, voluntarily.

But in that case, according to the rules for the peace, as set forth by President Wilson and sanctioned by the will of the peoples concerned, and by the terms of the armistice of November 11, 1918, *it is most important that the work of reparation be complete and speedy.* It can be so only as the result of measures which will serve to rebuild the economic structure of the martyred peoples. It was Germany's hope, whatever might be the issue of the war, to destroy the power of production of those countries to which, as she declared, she had the good luck to carry the war. She reckoned upon her ability to resume her intensive economic life, as soon as the blockade should be raised. She had laid her plans for an economic victory, in blood, fire, and pillage.

It is necessary that the Allies exact reparation for the wrongs that have been done; if not, in spite of all their sacrifices of men and property, suffered during four years and a half in the common cause of all mankind, Belgium and France will have lost the war.

The peace cannot be just and remedial unless it provides for the work of economic reconstruction. We must present a plan of systematic restoration in opposition to the system of impoverishment conceived by German villainy.

And when, under the energetic pressure of the Allies, the work of reparation shall have been fully accomplished, the nation which unchained this terrible tragedy will have paid none too dear for the evils she has caused. For in the cemeteries of the cities of Louvain, of Lille, and Douai, there are graves of old

men, women, and children whose only sin it was to be Belgian and French. Their hearts were full of affection for their dear ones; their eyes rejoiced in the light of the sun. The Germans have taken their lives, thus violating all laws, divine and human.

Only reprisals could satisfy the sacred longing for vengeance. The fact that Germany is being spared such reprisals is a favor to her. And if, in addition to this, Kaiser William's Empire should escape the payment of the cost of restoration in Belgium and Northern France, it would be, not weakness merely, but downright injustice. In that case, the treaty of peace would place its sanction upon one of the most monstrous iniquities which has ever been inflicted on mankind.

To make Germany carry the whole burden of the restoration of Northern France is not demanding a war-indemnity; it is not giving form to a thirst for revenge which would prevent mankind from progressing toward a better future; it would, on the contrary, be the performance, by those who desired the war, — for they looked forward to it as something novel and enjoyable and profitable, — of an act of just restitution which presents itself as the first penalty to be imposed by the tribunal of the peoples upon those who strove to annihilate by virtue of their might the defenders of the right and of the liberty of the nations.

The restoration of Northern France and Belgium, at Germany's expense, should be the first result of the League of Nations.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WILLIAM JAMES: A BELATED ACKNOWLEDGMENT

LONG, oh, very long, ago, — as long ago as when I was eight years old, — my family betook itself for a part of the summer to a certain modest hotel on Cape Ann. (It was the only hotel which that stretch of the Cape then boasted, and it stood in the midst of a green and rocky wilderness. Ah, me!) I was the eldest child and, unlike my my small brother and sister, I 'came to the table.' My instructions were, not to speak there unless I was spoken to — a really distressing prohibition for a little girl 'as sociable as Montaigne,' whose sociability was rarely suppressed at home. And alas! nobody did speak to me for days. We sat, my mother and I (my father came down only for the Sundays), at the side of the long board; beyond her, a line of people with some of whom she chatted pleasantly through breakfast, dinner, and supper; but beyond unlucky little me, only a line of empty chairs. Chairs empty, at least, until, one never-to-be-forgotten midday, there slipped into the one next me a being who, at my first glance, made upon me an indelible impression.

He looked like no one I had ever seen before; he looked, though I did n't know that was it, foreign. He was very slender, his clothes were of an entrancing, unfamiliar cut, he had a little pointed beard, he wore a soft, flowing, blue-and-green-plaid necktie, its bows and ends outside his waistcoat. He had — child as I was, I instantly felt it — an 'air.' Here indeed was excitement! Oh, if *he* would only speak to me! — But at first he only ate his dinner —

I need hardly say that in that time and place the midday meal was dinner. Then, all at once, my attention was distracted even from him by a thrilling discovery. I was eating green corn and I had just finished my ear. 'Why!' — I lifted up my voice, rules and regulations thrown to the winds — 'Why! I've found out something. *Every ear of corn has an even number of rows.*'

An admonitory glance from my mother. But I *could* not hold my peace. 'But it's so! It *must* be. *I always butter two at a time, and I never have any left over.*'

'Well, well, dear, never mind.' My mother was only half attending. 'We don't want to hear about it now.'

'But is n't it so? *Is n't it?*'

'Oh, I don't know, dear; I don't believe it is. At any rate, mother wants you to be quiet now. Wait till after dinner.'

Then — oh, then — a champion rode into the lists! Up spoke my wonderful neighbor.

'Excuse me, madam, but the little girl is right. Every ear of corn *has* an even number of rows.'

O joy, O rapture, O triumph beyond compare!

'Dear me!' My mother changed her tune. 'Has it really? How interesting!'

And thereupon ensued a conversation in which, thanks to my new friend, — a friend I felt him to be, even then, — I was not only included but 'featured.'

After dinner word went round that the new arrival was Mr. William James, recently returned from Paris and now an instructor at Harvard.

Mr. James and I established forth-

with an intimacy — at least, it felt like intimacy to *me* — which lasted as long as he stayed. How long that was, I don't know. The period bulks so largely in my memory that it seems as if it might have been months; but I dare say it was no more than a fortnight or so. At all events, it 'made' my summer.

Not only at table did my friend and I converse. The beach, the cranberry marsh, a certain woodsy nook with a hammock in it: all these I remember as the scenes of confabulation with him. There must have been some understanding between him and my mother about it all. Otherwise I should never have been permitted so to 'tag' him. 'Don't let my little girl annoy you, Mr. James.' — 'Oh, she does n't annoy me at all.' I like to think that that was the way of it. Possibly he went so far as to say, 'She interests me,' or even, 'I enjoy her.' At any rate, it does me good to think he did and so I am going to think so. That is pragmatism, is n't it?

It *was* at table, though, that the pragmatist-to-be most egged me on to chatter. (And, as will have been apparent, egging on was the last thing I required.) I suspect this was partly to tease my mother. Most likely the two were having their fun over my head. Anyhow, I was incited to some startling deliverances. Once, apropos of I forget what, Mr. James asked me, quite gravely, how many languages I spoke. My reply came without a moment's hesitation: 'Three.'

On which my mother told me not to talk nonsense. But Mr. James ignored her.

'Three, eh? Dear me, that's a good many for a little girl. What are they?'

'English, French, and hog-Latin.' Had I not had, that very spring, half-a-dozen French lessons out of a little yellow primer? And as for hog-Latin, the reader must surely remember 'what-gery that-gery was-gery.'

'Well,' said my friend, 'that certainly seems to be three. And so you speak French. Could you speak a little for me? Perhaps you know some French poetry.'

'I do.'

'Won't you say some?'

I promptly obliged with a recitation. How must my accent have struck upon the ear of the quondam dweller in Paris!

Sois toujours comme la violette,
Aussi modeste et aussi nette.
Sois toujours pieuse, sois toujours bonne.
C'est Dieu qui te voit, si tu n'es vu de
personne.

I did not deem it necessary to mention that these lines comprised my entire *repertoire* of French 'poetry.'

Our best, our most penetrating talks, however, came off in *solitude à deux*. I recall one in particular. Mr. James is established in the hammock under the pines; I sit on the ground — at his feet literally as well as metaphorically. Across his knees lies a thin piece of board, and on it the gruesome remains of a frog. (He got the frog out of the cranberry-marsh. I was going along the path at the edge of the marsh, and I saw him — Mr. James, not the frog — springing from tuft to tuft over in the wet part. He had a tin pail and I called out, 'Are you going berrying?' But he shook his head.) He is doing things — deft, swift things — to the batrachian relics, with some bright little instruments, which he takes out of a small black-leather case. I look on, shrinking but fascinated. I have no faintest notion why anybody should want to kill a frog and cut it up; it seems cruel and horrid; but if Mr. James does it, it must be all right somehow.

Of the conversation there under the pine trees, no word remains with me, but its impress on my mind and spirit has proved permanent. In language suited to my understanding, the anat-

omist explained what he was doing and why he was doing it, and went on to tell and to show me things of absorbing interest, about frogs. And so I got — from William James! — my first glimpses into the wonder-worlds of physiology and psychology.

We presently passed to a discussion of my ambitions, of what I was going to be and do when I grew up. Of one thing I was certain: I was going to college. (Only a little while before, my imagination had been fired by hearing, for the first time, about girls going to college.) Mr. James said, well, I had better come to Harvard; they did n't let girls into Harvard now, but he thought they would by the time I wanted to come. Would *he* be there then? I asked. Yes, he guessed he would. And if I would let him know when I was ready, he would try to get me in. I straightway visualized an imposing edifice with a great door which my friend swung back while I, with head held high and his kind eyes upon me, passed through into the mysteries and glories of 'college.' And ever since that summer afternoon, this picture has risen before me oftener and more vividly than any of the scenes in which I actually beheld Mr. James.

Curiously enough, I remember nothing of the parting with my friend. I remember only the glow he left in my spirit. It lasted, that glow, a very long time. Indeed, it has never quite gone from me.

I never saw William James again. I was always expecting to encounter him

. . . round some corner in the streets of life.

Once, after tarrying a week in a certain small hotel, I learned that for the first two days of my stay he had been under the same roof, had sat only a few yards away from me in the dining-room; and at the moment, I was inconsolable over

having so narrowly missed him. But perhaps, after all, it was as well. Perhaps it is as well that we did not meet again at all; and that so there is no later impression to blur the image in my mind of the slender, upright figure, with the little pointed beard and the soft blue-and-green-plaid necktie, setting open for me, with a quick, free gesture, that massive, magic portal.

MY BOLSHEVIKI

My tailor has made me two suits since the Russian Revolution: one last autumn, and one this spring. When I was fitted for the heavier cloth, Keren-sky was still swaying in the precarious saddle. By the time I needed something thinner, Brest-Litovsk had intervened.

They are all Russian Jews, you see, though the proprietor has a German name and probably comes from the Baltic provinces. So German-Jewish does he look that, what with his name and his phlegmatic efficiency, I had never suspected him of Russian origin. But he told me this winter that he had been three years in the Russian army, and that the graft was sickening. The fitters might always have been anything that was not Western Europe.

It began with a headline in a newspaper which my mother had brought in to read as she sat waiting for my skirt — the heavy one — to be hung. The wild-eyed, bushy-haired little fitter, with the deft fingers, exclaimed. 'Kitten's ear' was nothing to him for the moment.

I took the paper, and read out the headlines. Then, while he pinned and basted and patted, his sibilant excitement welled over. He was a pot too full, set on a fire too hot.

'We have had a wonderful revolution!' he declared.

I agreed: up to that time, it had some claim to be called so. He was hard on

the Tsar, I remember, — which did not surprise me, — and said he must be tried by due process of law: otherwise the other countries would not respect Russia — not if they failed to try a traitor; not if they just weakly let him go to finish his days in England or Spain.

I expressed — as one did, in those days — hope of Kerensky, fear of the Bolsheviki; and the bushy-haired, stunted child of Russia looked into my face and told me gently that the Bolsheviki did not wish to kill anyone. The Bolsheviki were mild souls, with a pure thirst for the pure fountains of justice and mercy.

'And Kerensky?' I asked.

A baffling smile appeared, too old for his face. 'Oh, Kerensky is a good man.'

I might have known then where my fitter stood politically; for it was the tone in which we speak of harmless objectionables. When I consulted the German-Jewish-seeming proprietor later about some detail, I finished with a query about Kerensky.

The same smile, the same intonation: 'Oh, Kerensky is a good man.' But his eyes were not wild, nor was his calm shaken; and as I went out, I wondered if he were not perhaps the Socialist who 'had two pigs.'

I had another fitter for my spring suit; a somewhat more educated type, more documented and doctrinaire. He could quote, he could cite, he was a man who read; he wore — as he should — spectacles. I remembered the lama's letter in Kim: 'Education is greatest blessing if of best sorts. Otherwise no earthly use'; and decided that, if I were by way of being a Romanoff, I would rather be attacked by Bushy-Hair than tried by Spectacles. In Bushy-Hair's pack of emotions there might be a torn bit of what Anglo-Saxons call 'sportsmanship'; but I am sure that Spectacles keeps no such rags in his outfit. Specta-

cles is a thoroughgoing Humanitarian.

Yet by this time Spectacles was excited, too. (None of them, in other years, has ever been excited.) A very easy transition from some remark about clothes in war-time led straight to Lenin and Trotzky. I let him talk — had it not been the point of my petulance that no one could put her mind on finicking sartorial detail just now? And one by one the Bolshevik arguments rolled out. Emotion was there, but with a difference. Bushy-Hair was a child of nature; Spectacles was the child of the Soap-Box. I listened, checking the points off mentally, while he ripped an erring collar from its support. The treachery of the Ukraine; the faithlessness of Germany; the helplessness of Lenin and Trotzky before German methods; the certitude that the German army could not be beaten, but that the German people would rise and compel their rulers to make a just peace; the refusal to believe in any monarchy, even Italy; the deep distrust of Japan; and, along with the stolid statement that any revolution carried inevitably its horrors and atrocities with it, the calm counter-assurance that Lenin and Trotzky were not responsible, and never countenanced such excesses. I was fascinated by so detailed a rehearsal of the Bolshevik creed. I might have been reading Arthur Ransome's despatches from Petrograd or an article in the *New Republic*.

It was up to me to make some comment on this doctrinaire confusion, and at last I did. Then the fury of the Bolshevik turned upon me — not upon me, personally, but upon my deplorable ignorance. It was almost a wail; this might, for a moment, have been Bushy-Hair, not Spectacles.

'Your papers do not tell you the truth about Russia — about Lenin, about Trotzky. They told you that Kerensky left his wife and eloped with

an actress — they want to discredit the whole Revolution.'

'And that Lenin is in German pay,' I insinuated.

'Lenin in German pay! Oh, your papers! I could give you papers to read, and books — I have books that tell the truth. Lenin's brother was hanged, his sister was crucified. He is a martyr! I know Russia; I know these people; I know. The Allies will not let the truth about the Revolution be printed; they suppress it, they distort it.' (His English was excellent.) 'Of course I will not read your papers, that tell only what the Allies wish to have said. The only one' — and his face grew livid here with emotion — 'who understands, who sympathizes, who sees what Russia is trying to do, is our President. *He is the only one!*' And there was an echo, in that poignant cry, of 'Eli, eli, lama sabachthani.' In that moment, Spectacles was a man, not a humanitarian. Bushy-Hair was the froth; but I had seen, for an instant, the dregs stirred.

At our next encounter, that afternoon, Spectacles was all fitter. Not a word of anything but length and shape and correctness of line. Perhaps the Socialist-who-has-Two-Pigs had overheard and cautioned.

Hardly significant enough to report, I fancy people may think. But that poignant cry out of the dim depth of Bolshevism gave me pause, and I wondered. For Spectacles, believe me, has, properly speaking, no individuality; he is the very type of creature who has no meaning until he is multiplied by millions; who has no political consciousness except the consciousness of his class; whose voice is the simple echo of the mass-meetings of his kind. He was born to express, never himself, but a group. 'He is the only one who understands!' If that is the cry of Spectacles, you may be sure that it is the cry of thousands. It is a nice psychological question wheth-

er there could be a single Bolshevik; whether Bolshevism is not a mob-conviction, something that no single creature can feel in isolation. But in any case Spectacles — take my word for it — speaks for more than himself: he is a voice that needs the concurrence of vast numbers to become articulate and audible. He is not, intellectually speaking, Spectacles: he is One of Them. And it may be that crowds of American Bolsheviks feel in that way about 'our President.' Which, if so, is as fortunate as anything could well be. For before they can reject Lenin and Trotzky, they must pin their faith to someone else. Perhaps they will eventually learn something about the other things that President Wilson understands.

When my suit came home, I laughed very gently to myself. It did quite well enough for war-time, but it had not the perfect fit of the winter clothes. Was Bushy-Hair a better fitter than Spectacles? I tried to remember. No, I think not. When the winter suit was made, you see, Kerensky was still in power. That very little wrinkle near the arm when I bend forward — hardly worth mentioning — I shall have to lay to Lenin and Trotzky.

COMMUTING WITH AND BY BOOKS

In a way I am always glad to be carried past my station: it adds to the list one more of those books which are the solace and refreshment of the spirit. The material consideration, of course, presents a negative side. It is exhilarating to have discovered a book which can make you forget the plainness of contemporary life, as it goes riding along with you to its various commonplace destinations; on the other hand, while I have never dared compute the exact amount, I am conscious that these trips I have to make back from Purdy's

Station and Golden's Bridge effect a sizable addition to the already cruel cost of my commutation ticket. Reading the Book of Kings, I got as far as Croton Falls the other evening, and barely caught the down train, the last before midnight. I find these lapses embarrassing to explain to the conductor; many passengers go by their stations, but mostly — poor world-worn souls! — because they have fallen asleep. To go all the way to Croton Falls because you are reading the Bible does not sound plausible. I think this particular conductor, who has a small, literal eye, would not concede the possibility even had my book been some such absorbing affair as, let us say, *Sherlock Holmes*.

As a matter of fact, however, *Sherlock Holmes* could not have done it. The detective story has never failed to get me home on time and no excess fare, for I can always manage to finish with it by the time we reach Hartsdale. A professional book-reviewer taught me the depraved trick of reading story-books right down the middle of the page; and I defy any modern novelist, save, perhaps, dear old De Morgan, to keep his grasp on me beyond Crestwood; I am done with most by Scarsdale.

This is not the whole explanation, however. The commuter's measure of literary worth is of no value for the modern books; none of them, even the best, can draw one into complete forgetfulness of all the detailed reality that is round about one. This is not to say that modern books are poor, but only that they are too near us, too much of our external world, to be able to use a full leverage in lifting us out of our grooves. I have never been carried past by Shelley, Dickens, Emerson, or Ibsen, but *Troilus and Cressida* has left me with two stations too many. A friend made me a gift of a mellow copy of Tarkington's *Diaries of English Travels*,

and that night the train was delayed, and I waited over an hour in the rural solitude that is Purdy's. As I explained earlier, Kings took me all the way to Croton Falls, giving me time to get well into *Chronicles*, with the attendant opportunity of skipping past home on the way down again. The last time I read *Othello* was in the days before I was a commuter; I want very much to read it again, but I do not dare; my only leisure time is during these evening train-rides, and I am sure that *Othello* would never release me short of Brewster; and the midnight train would have gone, and I don't know what I should do.

There is something more than merely refreshing in the complete change that books which are both good and old infallibly afford. To pass into their different world, familiar in that human nature is the same there as here, but different in all its shows and outward movements, is more than mere relief, more than the feeling of the country housewife who begs to wash her hostess's luncheon dishes because they are different from those she has been washing three times a day for forty years; it is more, too, than that mere curiosity which seeks in novelties a superficial sort of freshening up. There is a deep desire in most of us for a temporary change, not only of our place but of our time; but it is the thirst for knowledge, not any empty hankering for change itself, which prompts it. Sir James Barrie's latest play, *Dear Brutus*, concerns itself with the supposition of possible second chances — an interesting and genuinely dramatic theme, but can we think of it as a universal one? In this best of all possible worlds, the number of those who sincerely believe that they could have done better with another chance is actually small: most of us are hopelessly satisfied, not with our lot, perhaps, but with ourselves,

and cannot but believe that our extraordinary talents will some day find recognition. On the face of it, I suppose this is a beneficent arrangement, in that it keeps us looking forward rather than back; but I have frequent qualms as to whether this business of straining the vision ahead is quite the educative process that poets and some statesmen would lead us to believe.

At all events, I feel that Barrie's assumption makes us out to be a little more occupied with our small selves than truly we are, and that he would have touched on a deeper and far more general desire had he portrayed his unhappy artist transported, not to the path he might have taken twenty years earlier, but to a wholly different century — let him have a week-end with Cellini, for example, and see how his principles of art and life would resolve themselves in the companionship of that active and gifted person. I do sincerely believe that most of us, shallow and vain as we are, are at bottom more concerned about the nature of truth and beauty than about our own personal failures or successes; the awful terror does not come when we realize that we are not as good as we ought to be or might have been, but when we become suddenly aware that we are not sure what goodness is.

Our own time furnishes its particular pattern of those noble ideals toward which man's life-endors always moves, but patterns are imperfect; if only we could slip back into another day, when great spirits defined law and justice and beauty according to their vision, should we not gain their image too, and by adding it to our own, know more of the truth than any men before us had been able to know? You reach a little uncertainly for the beauty in a Rodin statue or a Turner landscape, for you do not know what of these is imperishable and what only the myriad

externals of modern life and habit 'in your eye,' as the artists say. How much firmer your grasp would be if, still with your modern understanding, you could mingle for a few hours with some holiday crowd moving under the clear sky of Greece up the gray road to the Acropolis! You abhor tyranny and greed, and have convictions about forms of government; but as you read through the old records, something whispers in your ear, 'Circumstances alter cases.' If only you could slip back to the days of the Medicis or the Macca-bees, and learn just how much the circumstances matter, how much they can amend and what they leave intact and abiding!

There is no going forward to ascertain these things; we like to speculate how the world will be arranged a hundred years from our own period, but when we endeavor specifically to project ourselves, the result is something such as Mr. H. G. Wells furnishes, and enriches us all by precisely nothing. Shakespeare was a prophet, and we may enlarge our time's vision by his; but he did not make fanciful excursions into the future; he wrote historical plays, knowing that such truth as man can see is visible there and here, but not yonder.

We have to stay in our time; the spirit tugs at the fetters, but this material world is not the inconsequential thing some would have us believe. There is this much allowed us, however: the great men of the future can reach out no hand to us, but those of the past can, by the dear grace of books, open the gate to our eyes if not to our feet; we do not go through and mingle with the crowd, to be sure, but at least we can look on, and when the gate swings shut, and we come back, our own life is a little clearer and sweeter. And it has been no small guidance to discover what sort were the men who

have been able to perform this office; for they are not all such as we judge great men and skilful artists. Lord Bacon was a greater mind by far than John Bunyan; he can yet give us many valuable precepts and much illuminating analysis, but he never takes us away — we only sit by the car-window and turn his pages. The men who can make us ride past are not always artists, not always learned men, often parochial and partial in their understanding; ticking them off in my memory, I cannot find any common denominator of them save only sincerity, whole freedom from the taint of self-consciousness, absolute inability in anything to dissemble or deceive. To discover this eternal criterion of literary worth, there is, of course, no need to go back to the seventeenth century, or the third century, or to any other time than our own; but if the journey can reinforce the realization, it is not wasted.

If only it could be an actual journey, however; if only the body could follow where the spirit flutters to go, how infallibly could we wield the criterion, how wise, how good, how helpful we should be! Commuters, indeed! Is not that what we all wish to be, above everything else? One would not leave forever family and dog and garden and all the indisputable joys of this present existence, even in the interests of the truth; but to go off in the morning and spend the day a thousand years and a thousand miles away, and come home afterwards on the evening express — what magnificent fullness of life would that not be! what gratifying richness, what satisfaction of an appetite now half-fed with near-glimpses and baffling shadows! And not the least of the advantages would be the fact that we should no longer need to read on the way out, and so would never fail to get off at our proper station — so perverse

is the human desire to have its cake and eat it too, that in the midst of this glittering fancy I find myself complaining, 'But I should miss reading on the train.'

A DOMESTIC PYTHON

Reminiscent of Mr. Scully's 'South African Snakes'

It had been a hot day. The very leaves looked droopy in the garden, the cauliflowers a-wilt. Not even a bird-note trilled: and only the heat-loving insects gave a sound of joy. But they! — They gave all the suggestion of an active volcano or a frying-pan. Get out the hose!

I got it. Out of the glare, down in the cellar, it was dark and cool. I stumbled a bit among stray tool-handles in the semi-dusk; found the wheeled rack, and trundled it out; unrove the hose, and left it in a neat rattlesnake coil, with the brass nozzle low leveled across the upper line, glinting a venomous gleam. Then I passed the socket end in through a cellar-window, and went in and down to the laundry, to connect it with the faucet. In so doing, I disturbed Thomas.

Thomas had made a night of it, last night. Night is the time for mice, and the tall grass near the rock-pile rustled enticement to Thomas. Hours he sat by it, in tensest concentration; and all students know the fatigue of that. It calls for subsequent deep repose, quite undisturbed. So Thomas objected.

What made it noteworthy is the usual amiability of Thomas. Jet-black and handsome, twelve pounds or so of portliness, with a depth of fur the envy of many a miss, to hear his voice in protest of aught was a day's remark. Yet he rose from his couchant pose, unbared, slowly, each gleaming set of curved talons, and sheathed them slowly, — s-l-o-w-l-y, — as if reluctant to house them still unused, lifted his coal-

black standard to a fuzzy perpendicular, and stalked sulkily out and to the cellar-stair, making low remarks to himself at each resting-place. Thomas was cross. Yes, Thomas was sulky.

Confronting him was the coil of hose. Thomas paused. It had not been there when he passed that way before. It required investigation. Was it animate or not? Thomas's whiskers quivered as, his head raised and for the moment frozen, his eyes gleamed yellow topaz against the dark. No sound, no motion, no unknown scent. Relaxing, he strolled forward, sat up by the smooth, peaceful-looking coil, curled his tail around his toes and yawned deeply, soulfully, as he indifferently scanned its folds.

That second I turned on the water, quick and sharp — then off.

Through the dark tube shot the pressure, with the quiver of life in every coil; from it came a deadly hiss, menacing; and the sunlight flashed a gleam from the golden head on the topmost coil as it moved just the fraction of an inch — *Take care!*

And Thomas did. Full four feet, right up in air, he jumped; and when he landed, all four feet were running! No lost motion in 'getting set' for Thomas: no hay-tedder ever swiftnier kicked the grass than he! To the eye a broad,

black streak lay forty feet along the grass when Thomas stopped, and eyesight overtook him and coiled it up. The grass flew as he stopped, whirled, crouched for instant action.

A moment, then, hand on faucet, I loosed it slightly and turned it off. Life quivered through the coils again for just a breath. The eyes of Thomas turned to coals. Slowly a paw reached forward and secured a hold. Slowly the other forepaw passed its mate and set. Inch by inch a black tiger in miniature shortened distance, yards, more, — then a black bolt of lightning cleared the rest, and twenty talons and the Lord knows how many lancet teeth dug and stabbed at the coil, close in behind that brazen, gleaming head! Dug, stabbed — then one tremendous backward spring to a safety zone, and a crouch, and Thomas was on guard for what came next!

But the coil quivered flutteringly, faltering, — under the gentle impulse from the laundry, — and then lay at rest. A moment of vital inquiry, the certainty that his serpentine foe would move no more, and the tail of Thomas rose in air, and with a lordly air of casualness he strolled to the corner of the house, gave one more look back over his shoulder to make sure — and passed beyond our ken.

